MARVEL MASTERWORKS®
DAREDEVIL®
VOLUME 8

DAREDEVIL
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
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DAREDEVIL™
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
THIS IS IT, HERO! AS LONG AS THEY'RE GOING TO ACCUSE THE BLACK WIDOW OF MURDER--
--I MAY AS WELL LIVE UP TO MY REPUTATION!
ALL THIS--AND MR. HYDE TOO!

DAREDEVIL Nos. 75-84
& AMAZING ADVENTURES Nos. 1-8
GERRY CONWAY & GENE COLAN

MARVEL

MARVEL MASTERWORKS

PRESENTS

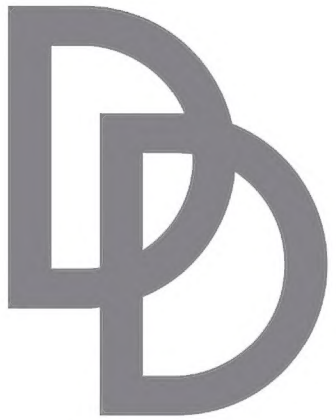
VOLUME 8

COLLECTING

DAREDEVIL Nos. 75-84

& AMAZING ADVENTURES Nos. 1-8

GERRY CONWAY • GENE COLAN



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STRANGE DAYS
BY GERRY CONWAY

I admit it: I'm a fanboy.

Nothing new or outrageous in that, of course. Most folks who work (or used to work) in comics are fanboys or fangirls to some degree. There's something about this particular medium that inspires an almost lunatic level of passion in both the people who create it, and the people who enjoy it as readers.

So, yes, I'm a fanboy. I love comics. I love the art, I love the stories, I love the characters; I love the people who create them; I love the history behind them.

That said, while I'm a fanboy, I'm not a true collector-obsessive. Not anymore. Oh, sure, I was up there with the most dedicated fanboys at one time. I collected original issues and original art. At one point I had a complete run of Marvel comics from 1962 into the mid-'70s. I had pages and pages of original art from the likes of Kirby, Ditko, Buscema, Colan, Romita, and Adams.

I owned a copy of *Amazing Fantasy* #15.

But that was long ago. Most of those comics and pretty much all of that art found other homes over the decades as life brought new demands on my time and my interests.

These days, the fanboy in me is satisfied by a neat collection of busts and statuettes and a small stockpile of comics representing my own contribution to the vast mythology we all enjoy. The evidence supporting my fanboy identity is pretty slim.

Except for two framed pieces of art, the only actual comic-related art on my walls:

A pencil drawing signed by its artist, Gene Colan, and a sketch by John Romita inked by Tom Palmer.

The subject in both pieces of art is the same:

Natasha Romanova.

The Black Widow.

* * *

The present volume of *Marvel Masterworks* represents a unique time in both Marvel's history and my own development as a writer.

The important part first: what you're looking at here is a transitional moment in Marvel's growth, from a small publisher producing about a dozen comics a month, to the behemoth it became just a few years later, issuing upwards of fifty titles monthly. I can pinpoint the moment this began by directing your attention to the credits for *Daredevil* 82: "Stan Lee, Editor-in-Absentia, presents."

Not to get too inside-baseball with you, people, but Stan was listed as "editor-in-absentia" because he was negotiating a new deal with the company that was buying Marvel from its long-time owner. That new deal would elevate Stan from editor to publisher, and change Marvel from a second-tier player in the comic book world to the world-striding juggernaut it's become.

And it happened right while the stories in this book were being written and drawn.

Piece'a history, folks.

On a less world-shaking note, this volume also represents the earliest phase of my (steep) learning curve as a Marvel writer. Before I took over the writing of *Daredevil* (which actually happened a story or two before the ones collected here) I'd never written a continuous feature before. I had no idea how to juggle plot lines and character arcs, or maneuver crossovers from one title to another. I was flying by the seat of my pants with static on the radio and no clear spot to land.

Strange days, indeed.

So, if the stories with my name on them in this volume are a little rough and ragged around the edge, please be kind and keep in mind that you're looking at the early work of a terrified teenager who was all too aware he was out of his depth, at least at the beginning.

That said, there's a lot in here that makes me kinda proud.

For starters, there's some awesome art by Gene Colan and Tom Palmer (and Jack Abel). There's an ambitious multi-character crossover arc involving this title, *Iron Man* and *Sub-Mariner* (two other books I started writing soon after I began on *Daredevil*). There's a tip of the hat to one of my favorite late-'60s science fiction writers, the late Keith Laumer (the references are all in the El Condor two-parter; I'll let you pick them out). And there's the creation of my first semi-successful Marvel super villain (meaning one who actually reappeared in a subsequent story), the Man-Bull.

(For some reason comic writers loved transposing the -Man suffix in the early '70s. Man-Bat, Man-Wolf, Man-Bull. Why didn't we ever come up with a Man-Man? Oh, yeah, He-Man, now I remember…)

Strange, strange days.

One thing more that makes me proud of the stories in this volume:

The introduction of the series' first strong female lead (sorry, Karen Page fans):

Natasha Romanova. The Black Widow.

* * *

Of course, being an unsophisticated kid from Queens who knew absolutely nothing about Russian nobility and the tradition of patronymic and matronymic naming, I was never quite sure at the time if Natasha's name was Romanova or Romanoff. But I did know that I thought she was a perfect match for Daredevil, both as a partner in adventure, and a possible partner in romance. Having written the character in a couple of her own short adventures (which you'll find at the beginning of this volume, along with great stories by Gary Friedrich and Mimi Gold) I was eager to bring her into the gritty world of the Man Without Fear. Given the reaction of the fans (which led to the Widow's name joining Daredevil's in the title) I think it was one of my (relatively few) smarter moves.

A word about the Black Widow in the Marvel Universe of the early 1970s.

Those of you who know Natasha (Natalia) from recent comics, or from her incarnation in the Marvel Cinematic Universe, may be a little appalled by the way she's portrayed in these pages. In her early appearances as a heroine she seems more concerned with fashion and romance than with butt-kicking and name-taking, and apparently feels the need to define herself in relationship to the men in her life. In other words, compared to the Natasha of today, she's not all that…evolved…as an independent woman.

I couldn't agree more.

But put all this in context. Back in 1970 and '71, when these stories were written and drawn, we were in the Paleolithic Age of what was known at the time as "woman's liberation." To say people of my generation were clueless about how to write empowered women without pandering to gender stereotypes is to state matters most charitably. When I read these stories today (along with other stories I wrote featuring minority characters) I sometimes cringe in horror—but you know what? That's a good thing. The fact we can look back at these tales and regard them as clueless says much about how far we've come as a culture. (And probably how far we have yet to go.) Yet, the fact remains, that for the time, the Black Widow pictured here was an incredibly empowered and remarkably independent woman—and a positive role model for characters who'd come after her. (Including much better versions of the Black Widow written by much more enlightened writers in much more enlightened times.)

So, let's cut her—and the writers and artists who told her stories, yours truly among them—a little slack.

We tried.

The incarnation of Black Widow seen here was heavily influenced by another powerful female character in adventure fiction from the 1960s: Modesty Blaise, created by Peter O'Donnell and Jim Holdaway as a newspaper strip character in Britain in 1963. While Black Widow is a wholly original creation, the inspiration provided by Modesty (and Diana Rigg as Emma Peel in the British TV Series *The Avengers*) is undeniable. Both women are international adventurers who skirt the bounds of the law (and in the process challenge the power of male domination). Both are exotic and independent, yet ally themselves with a man who treats them as an equal partner in adventure and life. Both are objects of desire who retain their power in spite of the men who want to control or manipulate them.

Yet Black Widow has something more, I think, which has enabled her to maintain and even expand her presence in the cultural zeitgeist. (Who today outside of a few faithful fans like me recalls the impact of Modesty Blaise?)

Natasha Romanova is more than just a hot chick in a leather catsuit who can kick bad guys into next week: At her core, she's a woman actively working to find her way in the world, redefining herself and her mission as she moves from one era to the next. The Natasha Romanova of 1971 is a different Black Widow from the Natalia Romanova of 2014…yet at her core, she remains the same iconic character:

Powerful, independent, mysterious, challenging.

That's why her picture is on my wall.

Twice.

2013

AMAZING ADVENTURES
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1
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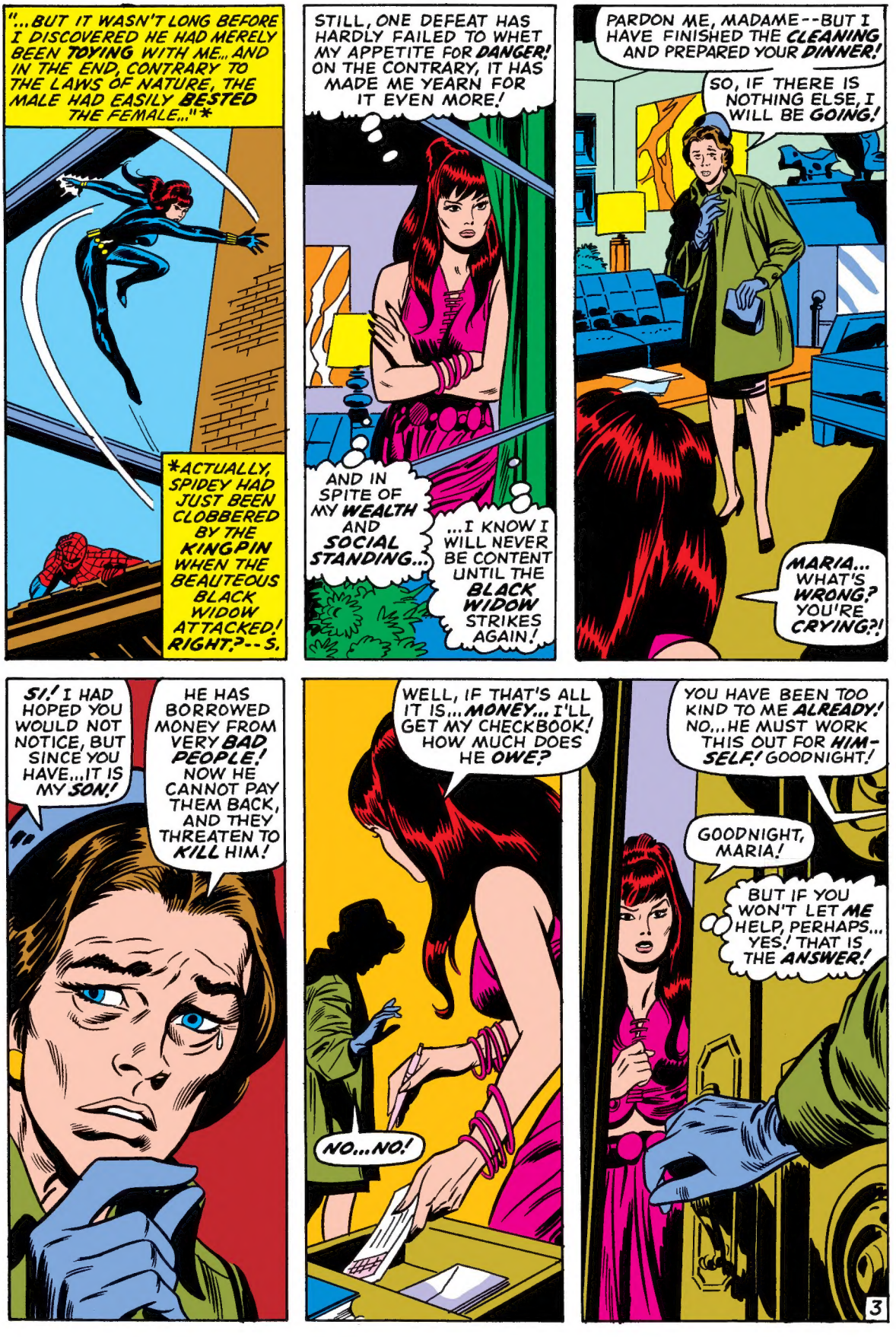
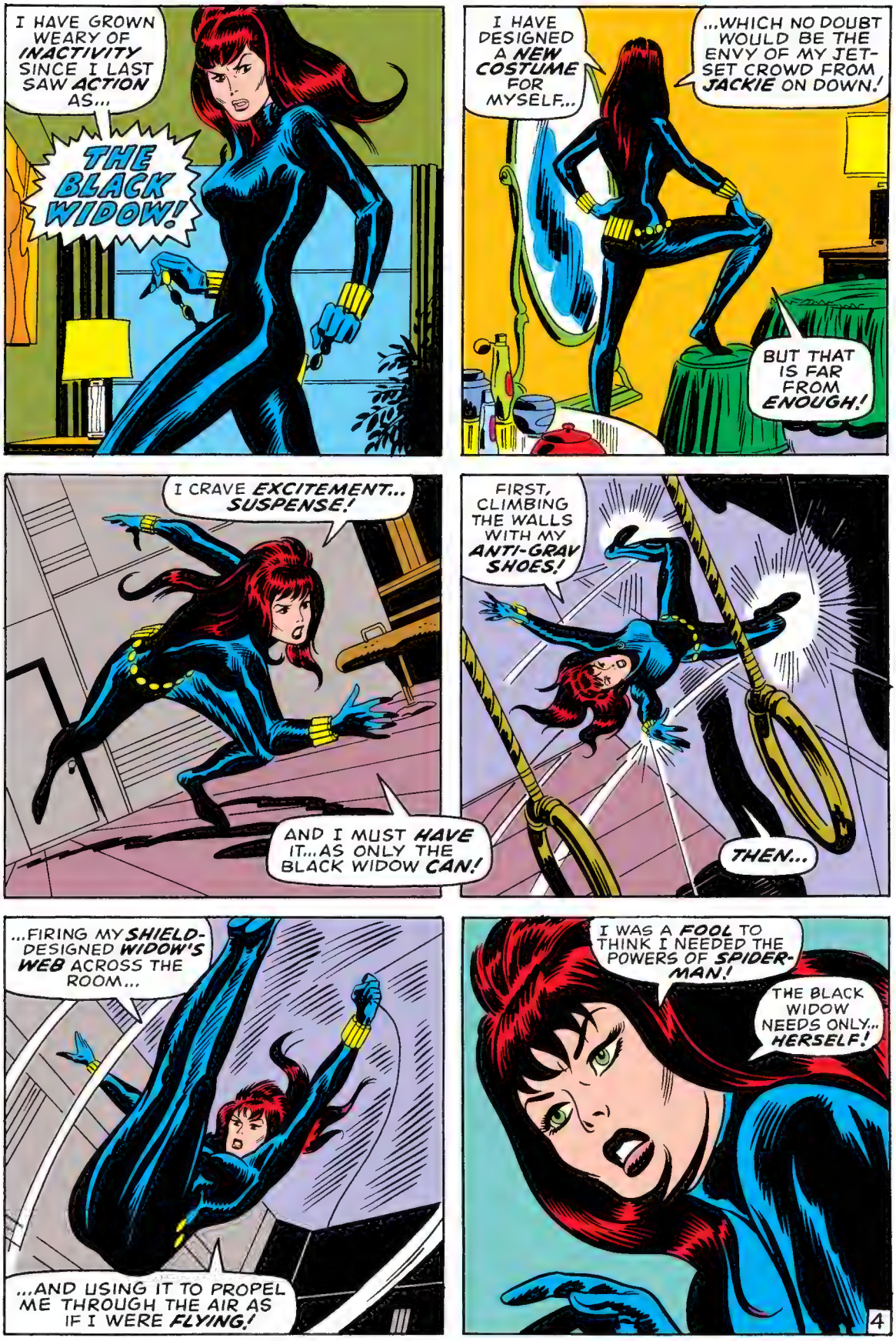
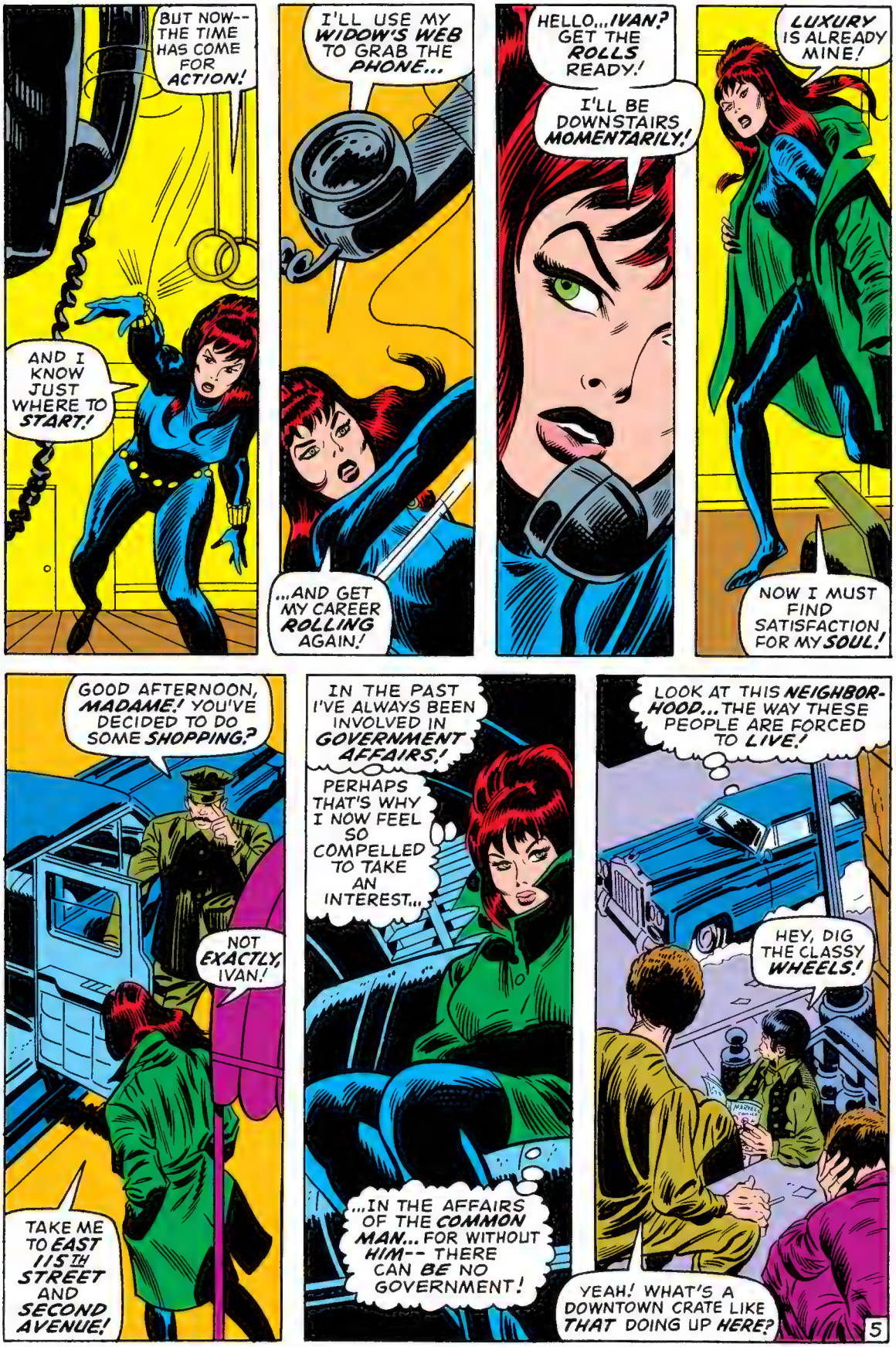
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
AMAZING ADVENTURES
THE INHUMANS AND THE BLACK WIDOW
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
IN ONE MAG TOGETHER.. BECAUSE YOU DEMANDED IT!!
BEWARE.. THE INHUMANS!
THE STING OF THE BLACK WIDOW!
DOUBLE DYNAMITE FROM MIGHTY MARVEL!

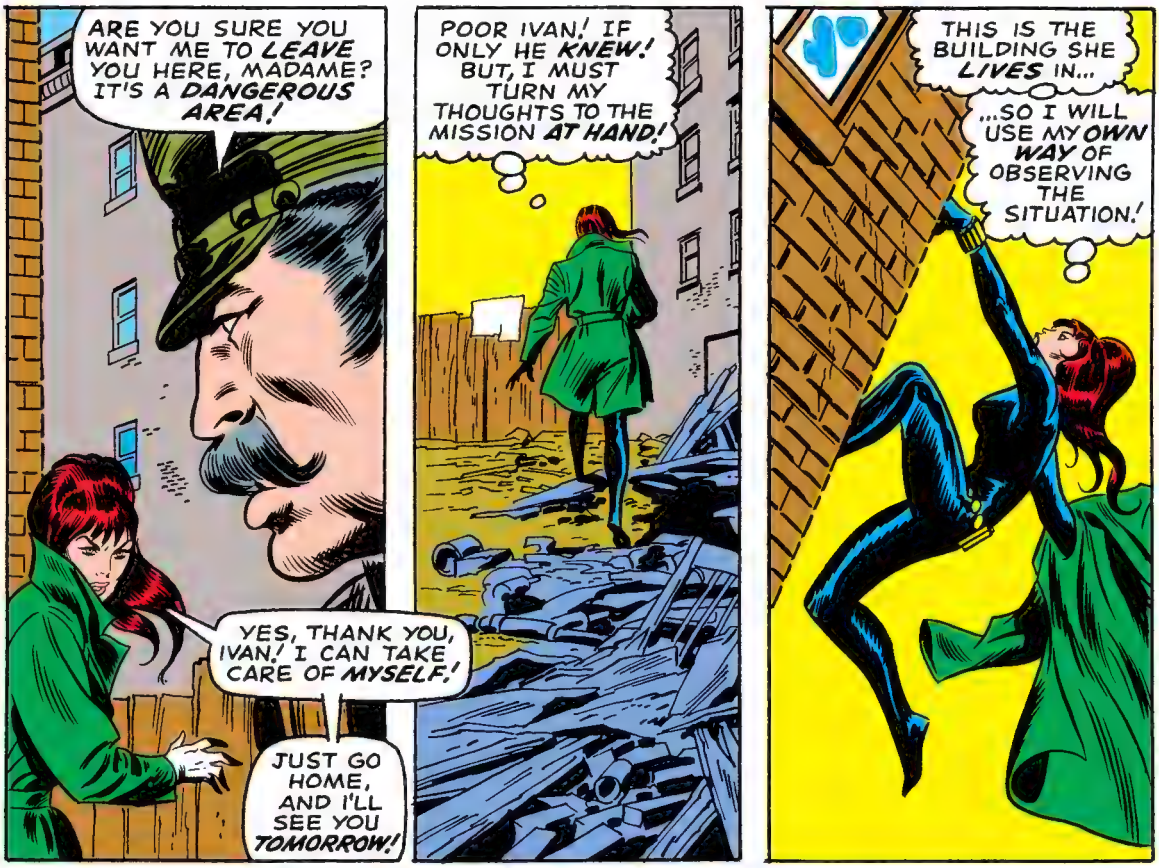
MIGHTY MARVEL PRESENTS...
A STAN LEE PRODUCTION
WRITTEN BY GARY FRIEDRICH
DRAWN BY JOHN BUSCEMA
INKED BY JOHN VERPOORTEN
LETTERED BY ARTIE SIMEK
THEN CAME...
the BLACK WIDOW
225 Z

IN A LUXURIOUS PENT-HOUSE HIGH ABOVE THE EAST RIVER, THE MYSTERIOUS MADAME NATASHA WHILES AWAY THE HOURS LIKE ANY OTHER INTERNATIONAL JET-SETTER...
Fashion
I'VE NEVER BEEN SO BORED! IF ONLY...
RRINNG!
HELLO... WHY OF COURSE I REMEMBER YOU! HOW ARE YOU, GUY?
GUY DESMOND... CALLING ME! SO MUCH FOR MY BOREDOM PROBLEM!
WHAT'S THAT... FLY TO SWITZERLAND WITH YOU FOR THE WEEKEND?
WELL, I...
I'D LOVE TO GO OUT WITH HIM! HE'S ONE OF THE BIGGEST FILM DIRECTORS IN THE WORLD!
AND ALSO ONE OF THE BIGGEST PLAYBOYS!
...IT SOUNDS LIKE A BALL! YOU CAN COUNT ON ME! SEE YOU AT THE AIRPORT FRIDAY!
GOODBYE, GUY!
WELL, THAT SHOULD KEEP ME BUSY FOR THE REST OF THE WEEK, BUT...
...SOMEHOW I'M NOT EXCITED ABOUT IT! I GUESS THERE'S ONLY ONE KIND OF EXCITEMENT FOR ME...
"...THE KIND I GOT AS THE BLACK WIDOW--WHEN I TACKLED SPIDER-MAN IN AN ATTEMPT TO LEARN THE SECRET OF HIS POWER..."*
* YOU SAW IT, TOO--IN SPIDEY#86! --STAN.
"...I SUFFERED A SLIGHT CASE OF EGO INFLATION AT FIRST, BECAUSE I WAS FAR HIS SUPERIOR! THE GREAT SPIDER-MAN WAS A PUSH-OVER FOR ME..."
2


"...BUT IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE I DISCOVERED HE HAD MERELY BEEN TOYING WITH ME... AND IN THE END, CONTRARY TO THE LAWS OF NATURE, THE MALE HAD EASILY BESTED THE FEMALE..."*
*ACTUALLY, SPIDEY HAD JUST BEEN CLOBBERED BY THE KINGPIN WHEN THE BEAUTEOUS BLACK WIDOW ATTACKED! RIGHT?--S.
STILL, ONE DEFEAT HAS HARDLY FAILED TO WHET MY APPETITE FOR DANGER! ON THE CONTRARY, IT HAS MADE ME YEARN FOR IT EVEN MORE!
AND IN SPITE OF MY WEALTH AND SOCIAL STANDING...
...I KNOW I WILL NEVER BE CONTENT UNTIL THE BLACK WIDOW STRIKES AGAIN!
PARDON ME, MADAME--BUT I HAVE FINISHED THE CLEANING AND PREPARED YOUR DINNER!
SO, IF THERE IS NOTHING ELSE, I WILL BE GOING!
MARIA... WHAT'S WRONG? YOU'RE CRYING?!
SI! I HAD HOPED YOU WOULD NOT NOTICE, BUT SINCE YOU HAVE...IT IS MY SON!
HE HAS BORROWED MONEY FROM VERY BAD PEOPLE! NOW HE CANNOT PAY THEM BACK, AND THEY THREATEN TO KILL HIM!
WELL, IF THAT'S ALL IT IS... MONEY... I'LL GET MY CHECKBOOK! HOW MUCH DOES HE OWE?
NO...NO!
YOU HAVE BEEN TOO KIND TO ME ALREADY! NO...HE MUST WORK THIS OUT FOR HIMSELF! GOODNIGHT!
GOODNIGHT, MARIA!
BUT IF YOU WON'T LET ME HELP, PERHAPS... YES! THAT IS THE ANSWER!
3

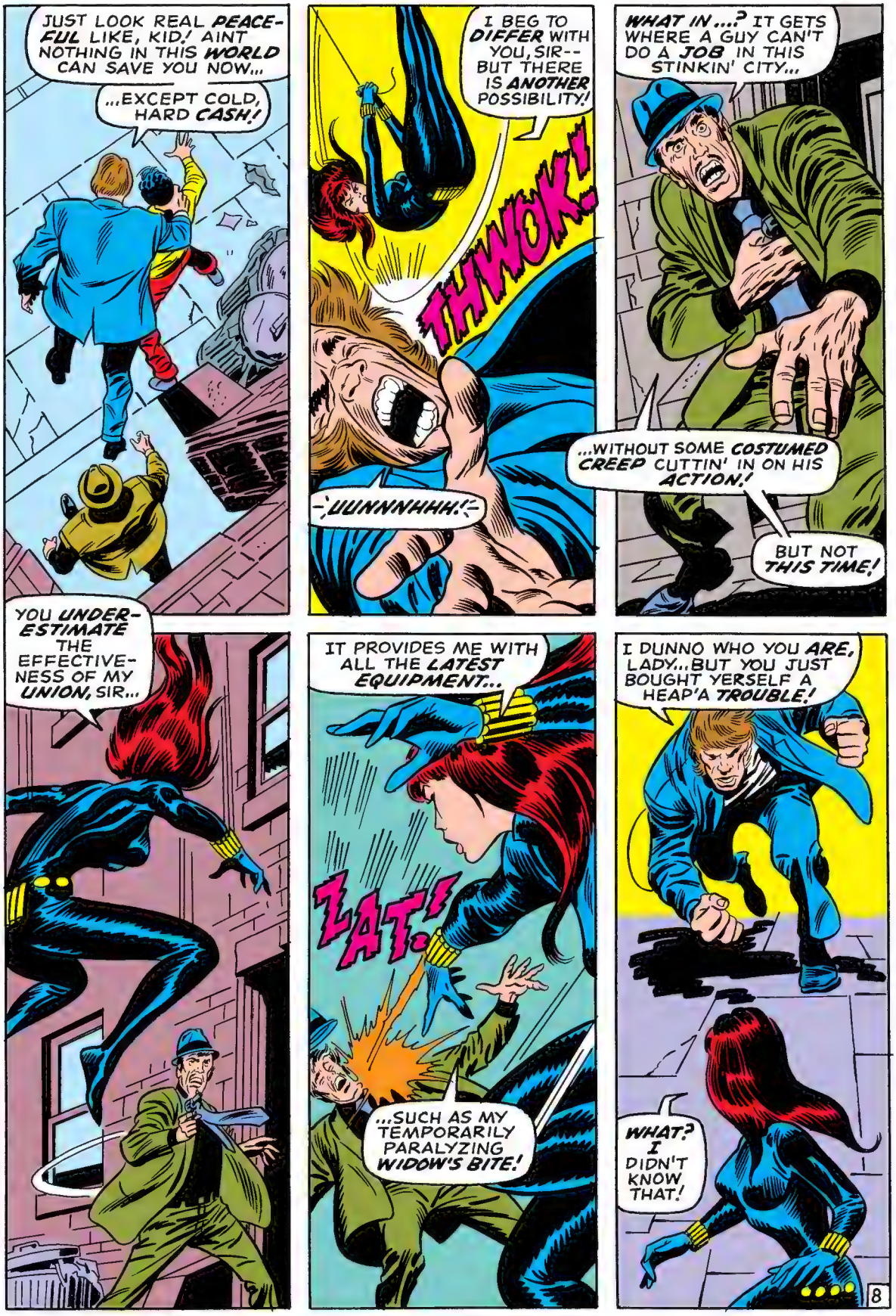

I HAVE GROWN WEARY OF INACTIVITY SINCE I LAST SAW ACTION AS...
THE BLACK WIDOW!
I HAVE DESIGNED A NEW COSTUME FOR MYSELF...
...WHICH NO DOUBT WOULD BE THE ENVY OF MY JET-SET CROWD FROM JACKIE ON DOWN!
BUT THAT IS FAR FROM ENOUGH!
I CRAVE EXCITEMENT... SUSPENSE!
AND I MUST HAVE IT...AS ONLY THE BLACK WIDOW CAN!
FIRST, CLIMBING THE WALLS WITH MY ANTI-GRAV SHOES!
THEN...
...FIRING MY SHIELD-DESIGNED WIDOW'S WEB ACROSS THE ROOM...
...AND USING IT TO PROPEL ME THROUGH THE AIR AS IF I WERE FLYING!
I WAS A FOOL TO THINK I NEEDED THE POWERS OF SPIDER-MAN!
THE BLACK WIDOW NEEDS ONLY... HERSELF!


BUT NOW-- THE TIME HAS COME FOR ACTION!
AND I KNOW JUST WHERE TO START!
I'LL USE MY WIDOW'S WEB TO GRAB THE PHONE...
...AND GET MY CAREER ROLLING AGAIN!
HELLO...IVAN? GET THE ROLLS READY!
I'LL BE DOWNSTAIRS MOMENTARILY!
LUXURY IS ALREADY MINE!
NOW I MUST FIND SATISFACTION FOR MY SOUL!
GOOD AFTERNOON, MADAME! YOU'VE DECIDED TO DO SOME SHOPPING?
NOT EXACTLY, IVAN!
TAKE ME TO EAST 115TH STREET AND SECOND AVENUE!
IN THE PAST I'VE ALWAYS BEEN INVOLVED IN GOVERNMENT AFFAIRS!
PERHAPS THAT'S WHY I NOW FEEL SO COMPELLED TO TAKE AN INTEREST...
...IN THE AFFAIRS OF THE COMMON MAN... FOR WITHOUT HIM-- THERE CAN BE NO GOVERNMENT!
LOOK AT THIS NEIGHBORHOOD... THE WAY THESE PEOPLE ARE FORCED TO LIVE!
HEY, DIG THE CLASSY WHEELS!
YEAH! WHAT'S A DOWNTOWN CRATE LIKE THAT DOING UP HERE?


ARE YOU SURE YOU WANT ME TO LEAVE YOU HERE, MADAME? IT'S A DANGEROUS AREA!
YES, THANK YOU, IVAN! I CAN TAKE CARE OF MYSELF!
JUST GO HOME, AND I'LL SEE YOU TOMORROW!
POOR IVAN! IF ONLY HE KNEW! BUT, I MUST TURN MY THOUGHTS TO THE MISSION AT HAND!
THIS IS THE BUILDING SHE LIVES IN...
...SO I WILL USE MY OWN WAY OF OBSERVING THE SITUATION!

THIS IS IT, ALL RIGHT! I HEAR HER VOICE COMING FROM WITHIN!
ALONG WITH MALE VOICES WHICH ARE WITHOUT PUERTO RICAN ACCENTS SUCH AS HER OWN!
IT'S THIS WAY, LADY! THE KID BORROWED THE MONEY--AND WE EXPECT HIM TO PAY IT BACK... WITH INTEREST, NATCH!
AND IF HE CAN'T PAY IT-- WE'LL HAVE TA TAKE IT OUTTA HIS HIDE!

PLEASE... MR. RIZZO, I BEG OF YOU! WE WILL GET THE MONEY! BUT WE NEED MORE TIME!
THAT IS RIGHT! I HAVE A JOB NOW, AND...
SORRY, KID, BUT THE BOSS WON'T TAKE HALF-A-BUCK A WEEK!
OKAY... JUST DO NOT HURT MY MOTHER, POR FAVOR!
HEAR THAT, OLD LADY...?
YER KID'S WORRIED ABOUT YOU! HE OUGHTTA CARE SO MUCH ABOUT HIS DEBTS!
BUT, SINCE WE'RE SO BIG-HEARTED, WE'RE GONNA GIVE 'IM A CHANCE! YOU COME UP WITH THE BREAD, AND WE'LL LET 'IM LIVE!
BUT YOU ONLY GOT TWELVE HOURS! YOU DON'T COME THROUGH BY THEN--AND HE'S HAD IT, LADY!
YOU HEARD WHAT THE MAN SAID, KID!
NOW COME ON, OR I'LL KILL YA ON THE SPOT!
WELL, SO MUCH FOR WATCHING!
IF I'M EVER GOING TO GET BACK INTO THE SWING OF SUPER-HEROING...
...IT LOOKS AS IF THIS IS THE TIME AND THE PLACE!
I'LL JUST GO OVER THE TOP OF THE BUILDING...
...AND DROP AT THE FRONT DOOR!
HERE IS HOPING I HAVEN'T GROWN TOO RUSTY FROM INACTIVITY!


JUST LOOK REAL PEACE-FUL LIKE, KID! AINT NOTHING IN THIS WORLD CAN SAVE YOU NOW...
...EXCEPT COLD, HARD CASH!
I BEG TO DIFFER WITH YOU, SIR-- BUT THERE IS ANOTHER POSSIBILITY!
THWOK!
-UUNNNHHH!-
WHAT IN...? IT GETS WHERE A GUY CAN'T DO A JOB IN THIS STINKIN' CITY...
...WITHOUT SOME COSTUMED CREEP CUTTIN' IN ON HIS ACTION!
BUT NOT THIS TIME!
YOU UNDER-ESTIMATE THE EFFECTIVE-NESS OF MY UNION, SIR...
IT PROVIDES ME WITH ALL THE LATEST EQUIPMENT...
ZAT!
...SUCH AS MY TEMPORARILY PARALYZING WIDOW'S BITE!
I DUNNO WHO YOU ARE, LADY...BUT YOU JUST BOUGHT YERSELF A HEAP'A TROUBLE!
WHAT? I DIDN'T KNOW THAT!

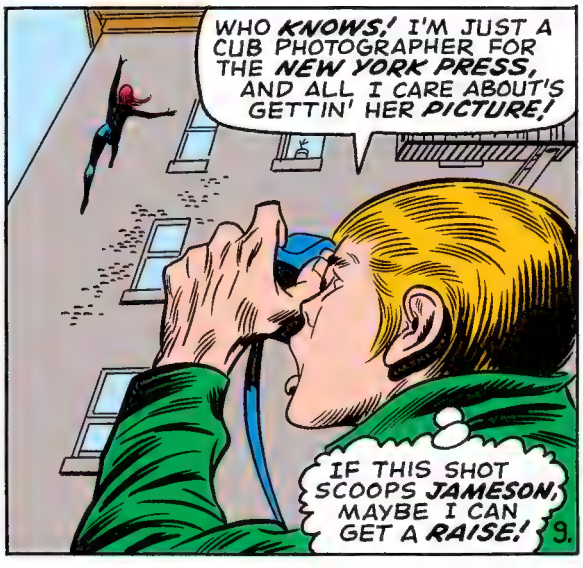
BUT I BELIEVE YOU ARE GOING TO BE TOO TIED UP TO GIVE ME THE TROUBLE OF WHICH YOU SPEAK!

NOT THAT I EXPECT YOU TO REMEMBER IT!
KER-WHAK!

SO MUCH FOR THEM! THEY HARDLY PROVIDED AN ADEQUATE WORKOUT!
AND, NOW THAT THE BOY IS SAFE, PERHAPS I'D BEST DEPART--BEFORE THE POLICE ARRIVE WAIT! HERE THEY COME NOW!

COUPLE'A GUYS ON THE SIDE-WALK OVER THERE! LET'S CHECK IT OUT!
THAT AINT THE HALF OF IT, SAL! LOOKIT THAT DAME IN THE SCUBA-DIVIN' OUTFIT!

THERE SHE GOES, OFFICER! SHE'S GETTING AWAY!
WHO THE DEVIL IS SHE?
WHAT'D SHE DO TO THESE GUYS?


WHO KNOWS! I'M JUST A CUB PHOTOGRAPHER FOR THE NEW YORK PRESS, AND ALL I CARE ABOUT'S GETTIN' HER PICTURE!
IF THIS SHOT SCOOPS JAMESON, MAYBE I CAN GET A RAISE!

COME ON, KID! JUST TELL US WHAT YOU SAW!
THOSE MEN, THEY WANTED TO KILL ME... BUT THE LADY IN BLACK, SHE SAVED MY LIFE!
THEY SEEM TO BE MORE INTERESTED IN ME THAN IN THOSE WOULD-BE KILLERS, BUT THAT SHOULD NOT SURPRISE ME!
AFTER ALL, PEOPLE ARE IMMEDIATELY SUSPICIOUS OF ANYTHING THEY CANNOT UNDERSTAND!
BUT, THE IMPORTANT THING IS THAT THE BOY IS SAFE... AT LEAST FOR NOW!
WELL, SHE PICKED HERSELF A COUPLE OF BIG ONES!
YEAH, THEY BOTH GOT RECORDS A MILE LONG...
...BUT I CAN'T HELP BUT WONDER ABOUT HER!
I DO NOT THINK THEY RECOGNIZED ME, BUT THEY VERY EASILY MIGHT HAVE!
IF THE WORLD LEARNS I AM THE BLACK WIDOW, IT WOULD MEAN THE END OF MY PRIVATE LIFE!
I SHOULD HAVE CONSIDERED THAT WHEN I DESIGNED MY MASKLESS NEW COSTUME!
I WILL HAVE TO THINK ABOUT THAT WHEN I RETURN HOME!
AND I MUST ALSO DECIDE WHETHER OR NOT THERE WILL CONTINUE TO BE A BLACK WIDOW!
IS THERE REALLY A PLACE FOR HER IN A WORLD SUCH AS THIS?
NEXT
THE DEADLY DECISION!
10

AMAZING ADVENTURES
AMAZING ADVENTURES
15¢
2
SEPT
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
THE INHUMANS AND THE
BLACK WIDOW
NATASHA TAKES ON THE ENTIRE UNDER-WORLD!
-- WHILE THE UNCANNY INHUMANS MUST FACE AND DEFEAT -- THE FANTASTIC FOUR!
'NUFF SAID!

THE BLACK WIDOW!™

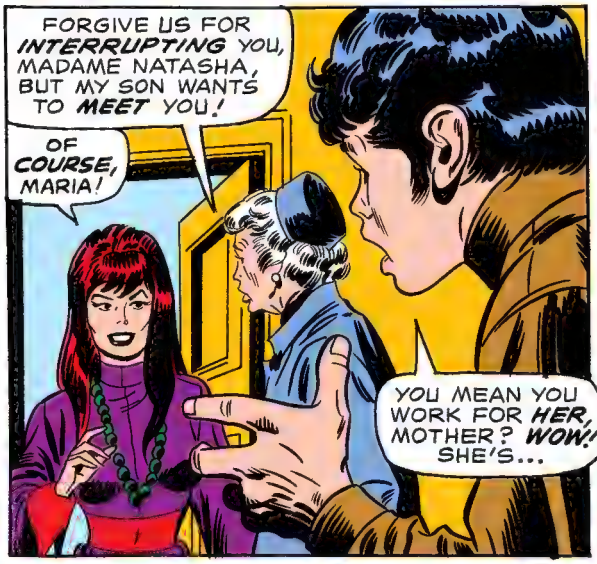
THE YOUNG WARRIORS!

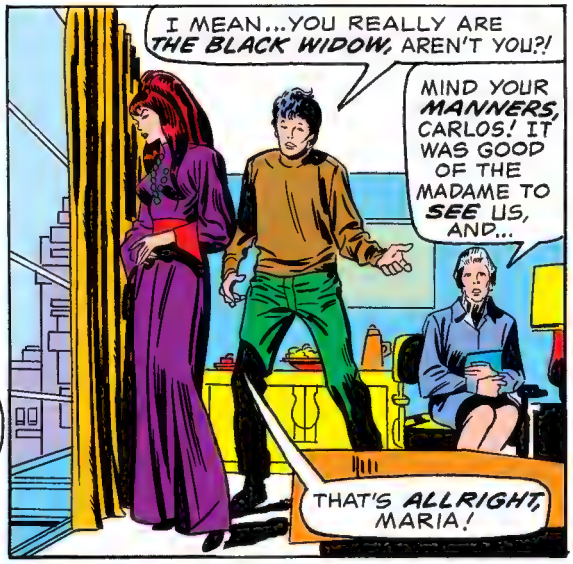
EDITED BY **STAN LEE** • WRITTEN + PLOTTED BY **GARY FRIEDRICH** • PENCILLED BY **JOHN BUSCEMA** • INKED BY **JOHN VERPOORTEN** • LETTERED BY **JEAN IZZO**

MARTINI... VERY DRY, I BELIEVE... COMING UP!
EXCELLENT, NATASHA! YOUR MEMORY IS TO BE COMMENDED!
NONSENSE! IT IS NOT EASY TO FORGET THE TASTES OF ROMAN WILSON!
I HOPE YOU ARE SERIOUS... NOT BECAUSE I AM A FAMOUS DIRECTOR...
...BUT BECAUSE YOU CARE FOR ME... AS A HUMAN BEING... AND, MOST IMPORTANT... AS A MAN!
I HOPE YOU WON'T FEEL ME IMPETUOUS... BUT I MUST KISS YOU!
I'D BE INSULTED IF YOU DIDN'T...!
HIS KISS IS SO WARM... SO THRILLING! YET, I CAN'T HELP BUT COMPARE IT WITH THAT OF HAWKEYE!
...OR WITH THAT OF MY LATE HUSBAND, THE ONLY MAN I LOVED ENOUGH TO MARRY... THE RED GUARDIAN!
I... I'M SORRY, ROMAN!
I'VE SUDDENLY DEVELOPED A TERRIBLE HEADACHE! WILL YOU PLEASE--EXCUSE ME? I MUST BE ALONE--!
WELL, I... CERTAINLY! I'M A GENTLEMAN, EVEN IF I DON'T UNDERSTAND YOU!
2

I AM SO SORRY, AND I HOPE YOU WON'T BE OFFENDED!
DON'T GIVE IT ANOTHER THOUGHT! I'LL CALL YOU NEXT TIME I'M IN NEW YORK!
PERHAPS ANOTHER TIME, THINGS WILL...
GOODBYE!

WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME? HAWKEYE AND MY HUSBAND ARE THINGS OF THE PAST!
BZZZZ!
WHY CAN'T I FORGET THEM AND-- THE DOORBELL!


FORGIVE US FOR INTERRUPTING YOU, MADAME NATASHA, BUT MY SON WANTS TO MEET YOU!
OF COURSE, MARIA!
YOU MEAN YOU WORK FOR HER, MOTHER? WOW! SHE'S...


I MEAN...YOU REALLY ARE THE BLACK WIDOW, AREN'T YOU?!
MIND YOUR MANNERS, CARLOS! IT WAS GOOD OF THE MADAME TO SEE US, AND...
THAT'S ALLRIGHT, MARIA!

SO MUCH FOR MY SECRET IDENTITY WORRIES! IF CARLOS RECOGNIZES ME...
... I CAN GIVE THAT UP FOR LOST!
YES, CARLOS... THE BLACK WIDOW AND I ARE ONE AND THE SAME!

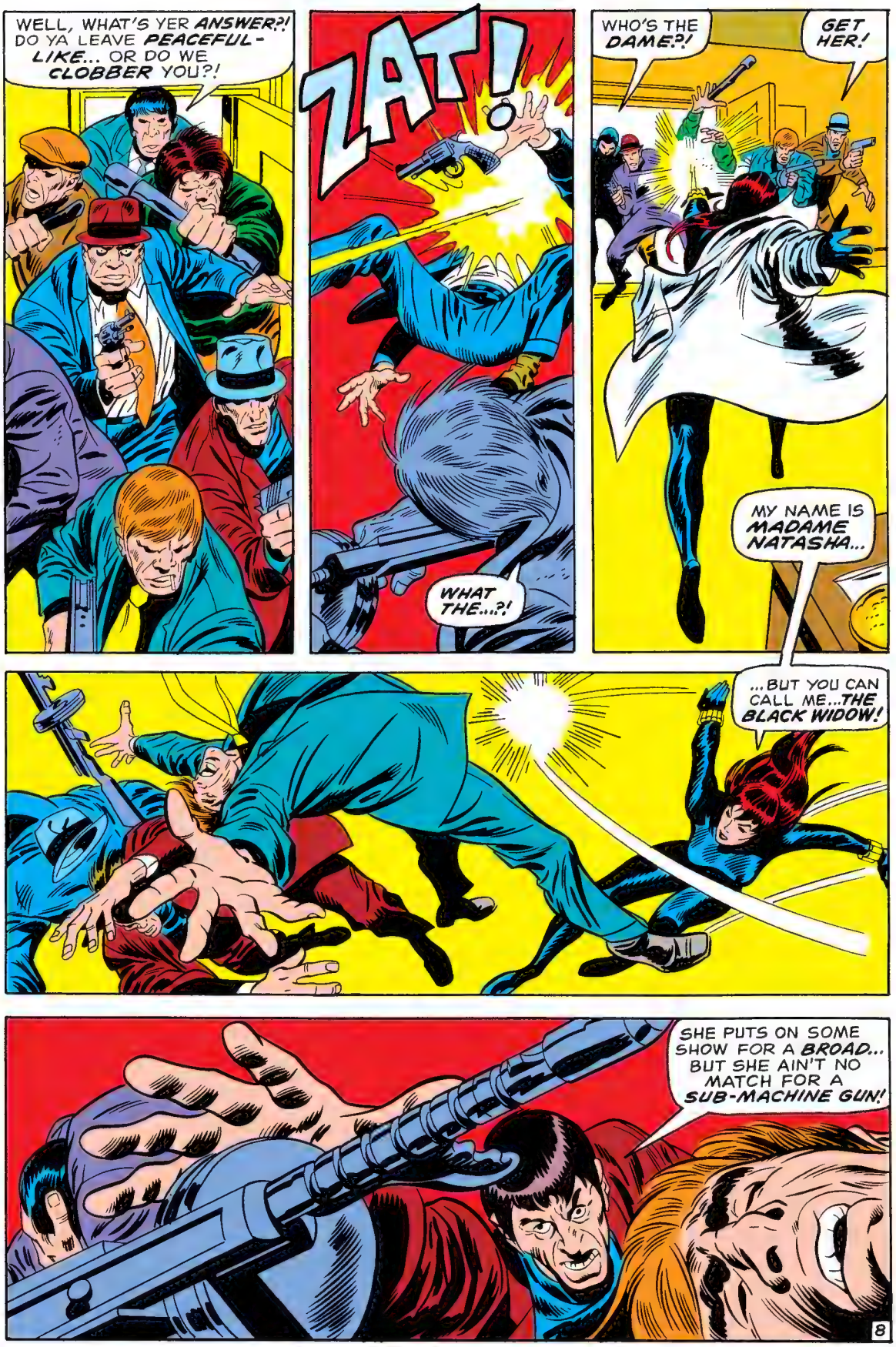
AND, IF YOU'LL FOLLOW ME, I'LL BE HAPPY TO PROVE IT TO YOU!
JUST MAKE YOURSELF COMFORTABLE, AND I'LL BE BACK TO GIVE YOU A DEMONSTRATION!
3

WOW! IT IS THE BLACK WIDOW!
THWAK!
4

YOU...YOU ARE EVERYTHING I HOPED... AND EVEN MORE!
FLATTERY WILL GET YOU EVERYWHERE, BOY!
I HOPE YOU MEAN THAT, BECAUSE I HAVE COME TO ASK YOU A FAVOR! I AM A LEADER OF THE YOUNG WARRIORS...
... AND IT IS OUR INTENTION TO TAKE OVER A BUILDING IN SPANISH HARLEM, WHICH WE WILL USE AS A CENTER FOR UNDERPRIVILEGED CHILDREN!
IF THERE IS TROUBLE, WE WOULD LIKE FOR YOU TO BACK US!
IT SOUNDS LIKE A NOBLE CAUSE, BUT YOU CAN'T JUST TAKE A BUILDING!
OF COURSE WE CAN... IF IT IS BEING USED BY THE BAD... AND WE CAN USE IT FOR GOOD!
PERHAPS, BUT I WON'T MAKE ANY PROMISES UNTIL I GET ALL THE FACTS!
THEN, THE NEXT MORNING...
I TELL YA, BOSS... I DON'T CARE IF THEY ARE YOUR PEOPLE, THOSE KIDS CAN CAUSE TROUBLE!
VOTE FOR ANTHONY SCAROLA
THEY WANT THIS BUILDING, AND IF YOU DON'T GO TALK...
STOP SWEATIN', SNAKE-EYES! THEY WOULDN'T DARE TRY TO BUST IN HERE! THEY OWE ME EVERYTHING THEY GOT!
5

WE OWE YOU NOTHING, PULL-PEDDLER! COOL IT! YOU OWE US--AND WE'RE COLLECTING OUR DEBT--RIGHT NOW!
WE'RE CLAIMING YOUR OFFICES... IN THE NAME OF THE YOUNG WARRIORS!
WHA...?! WHY YOU MISERABLE PUNKS! YOU'D ALL BE STARVING IF IT WEREN'T FOR ME!
YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TO BARGE IN HERE THIS WAY!
IF YOU DON'T LEAVE IMMEDIATELY, I'LL...
YOU'LL WHAT, CANDIDATE?
CALL IN YOUR MUSCLEMEN TO BEAT US UP?!
YEAH... I MEAN, NO! THERE ARE OTHER WAYS TO HANDLE YOU PUNKS!
YOU'VE WON THIS ROUND, BUT I'LL BE BACK WITH SOMETHING YOU'LL UNDERSTAND... AND THAT'S A PROMISE FROM ANTHONY SCAROLA!
HELLO... IVAN?! I'VE BEEN READING THE PAPERS... AND I THINK I WANT TO GO TO SPANISH HARLEM!
COULD YOU HAVE MY CAR WAITING... IN ABOUT THIRTY MINUTES?! THANK YOU, IVAN!
IT MUST BE JUST AHEAD, IVAN... WHERE THAT HUGE CROWD IS GATHERING!
PULL IN RIGHT HERE... AND THE BLACK WIDOW WILL TAKE OVER!

THAT'S RIGHT, MY FRIENDS... FREE BREAKFAST FOR ALL THE CHILDREN!
BRING THE KIDS THIS WAY... COURTESY OF THE YOUNG WARRIORS!
JUST LOOK AT THE HUNGRY CHILDREN BEING FED... AND TELL ME WE ARE WRONG!
FOR THE FIRST TIME, OUR PEOPLE ARE EATING FOOD INSTEAD OF CAMPAIGN PROMISES FROM THE MOUTHS OF SOCIAL CRIMINALS!
I'M IN FAVOR OF WHAT YOU'RE DOING, CARLOS! IT'S THE WAY YOU'RE GOING ABOUT IT THAT WORRIES ME!
AND YET, WHAT OTHER WAY COULD YOU HAVE-- WHAT-?
EVERYBODY FREEZE! ANYBODY MAKES A MOVE... AND THEY'VE HAD IT!
THE BOSS THOUGHT ABOUT GOIN' TO COURT TO GET RIDD'A YOU CREEPS... BUT HE DECIDED THIS WAY MIGHT WORK BETTER!
...SO YOU GOT THIRTY SECONDS TO CLEAR OUT... OR WE MAKE HAMBURGER OUTTA YOU!


WELL, WHAT'S YER ANSWER?! DO YA LEAVE PEACEFUL-LIKE... OR DO WE CLOBBER YOU?!
ZAT!
WHAT THE...?!
WHO'S THE DAME?!
GET HER!
MY NAME IS MADAME NATASHA...
...BUT YOU CAN CALL ME...THE BLACK WIDOW!
SHE PUTS ON SOME SHOW FOR A BROAD... BUT SHE AIN'T NO MATCH FOR A SUB-MACHINE GUN!

AND WITHOUT IT--YOU'RE NO MATCH FOR THE BLACK WIDOW!
:UUNNNHHH!:
THAT'S NOT BAD FOR STARTERS... BUT WHAT CHANCE DO WE HAVE AGAINST ALL OF THEM?
A PRETTY GOOD ONE, BLACK WIDOW!
SI! ALL WE NEEDED WAS THE ADVANTAGE OF SURPRISE... WHICH YOU GAVE TO US!
OKAY! EVERYBODY HOLD IT... RIGHT THERE!
ANYBODY THAT MOVES'LL BE IN REAL BAD TROUBLE!
NOW I KNOW WHAT YOU KIDS ARE DOIN' HERE... AND I CAN APPRECIATE IT...
I'LL HAVE THESE PUNKS THAT ATTACKED YOU PUT AWAY, BUT I HAVE ANOTHER JOB TO DO FIRST!
I'VE GOT A COURT ORDER FOR YOU TO VACATE THIS BUILDING INSIDE OF 24 HOURS!
DO LIKE IT SAYS, BOYS... AND SAVE YOURSELVES A LOT OF TROUBLE!
NO! WE'VE JUST STARTED OUR PROGRAM... AND WE WON'T BE STOPPED BY ESTABLISHMENT PRESSURE!
IF YOU DON'T, LAD... I'M AFRAID THE ESTABLISHMENT WILL STOP YOU!
9

I THINK YOU'D BETTER LISTEN, CARLOS! WE'LL FIND YOU A BUILDING YOU CAN HAVE LEGALLY!
NO! WE'VE GOT EVERYTHING SET UP HERE! THE PEOPLE KNOW WHERE TO COME! WE WON'T GIVE UP WITHOUT A FIGHT!
BRAVE WORDS, YOUNG FELLOW, BUT I WONDER HOW FAR THEY'LL GET YOU WITHOUT THE HELP OF THE BLACK WIDOW!
FAR ENOUGH... IF ONLY THEY'LL LISTEN TO REASON... AND WORK WITHIN THE BOUNDS OF THE LAW!
STRANGE WORDS, COMING FROM A SUPER-HEROINE WHO'S ALIGNED HERSELF WITH THE MILITANCY OF THE YOUNG WARRIORS!
I'M PAUL HAMILTON! I'M A COLUMNIST FOR THE NEW YORK PRESS, AMONG OTHER THINGS!
PERHAPS YOU DON'T KNOW IT, BUT SOME OF THE PAPERS HAVE ALREADY MADE A RED-EYED RADICAL OUT OF YOU!
INCLUDING, UNFORTUNATELY, MY OWN!
DAILY PRESS ★★★
BLACK WIDOW ALIGNS WITH MILITANTS
I... I DON'T UNDERSTAND! I WAS ONLY TRYING TO HELP! I CERTAINLY DON'T CONDONE THE LAWLESS TAKING OVER OF PUBLIC PROPERTY, BUT--
I'M HIP, LADY... BUT THE PUBLIC WON'T BE! PERHAPS WE COULD TALK ABOUT IT!
I'M SYMPATHETIC TO THE WARRIORS' CAUSE... AND TO WHAT YOU'VE DONE TO HELP THEM! MAYBE MY COLUMN CAN HELP BOTH OF YOU! WE'LL SEE!
YES... I GUESS WE WILL!
IF I HAVEN'T ALREADY WASHED MY ENTIRE CAREER DOWN THE PROVERBIAL DRAIN!
NEXT: A CITY AGAINST HER!!
10

AMAZING ADVENTURES
15¢
3
NOV
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
AMAZING ADVENTURES
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
THE INHUMANS
AND THE
BLACK WIDOW
HOW MUCH ACTION CAN YOU TAKE?
THE BATTLE OF DOOM! INHUMANS VS. THE MANDARIN!
DEATH TO THE BLACK WIDOW!
TWO MORE REASONS WHY MIGHTY MARVEL IS ON THE MOVE AGAIN!

THE BLACK WIDOW!™

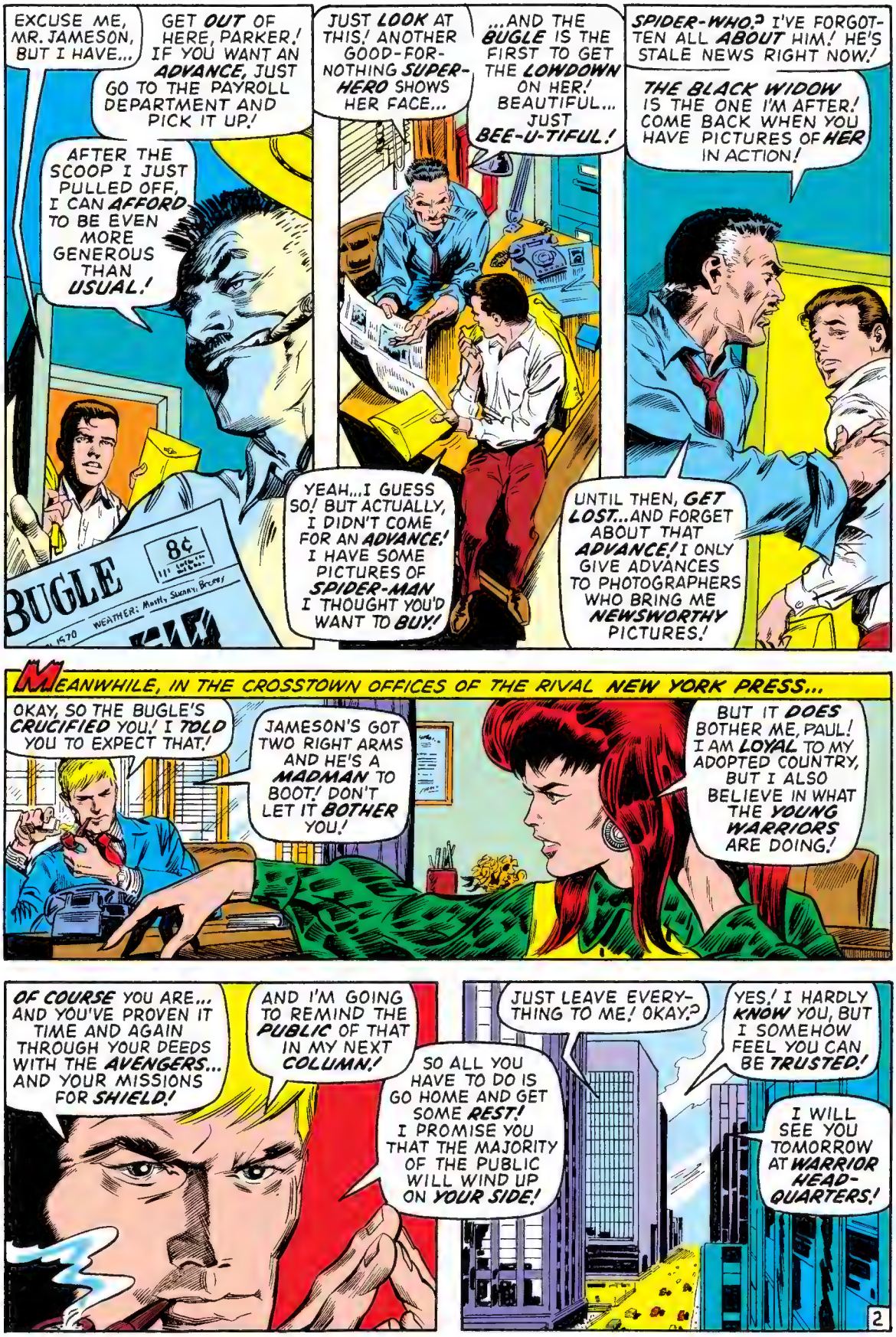
THE WIDOW AND THE MILITANTS!

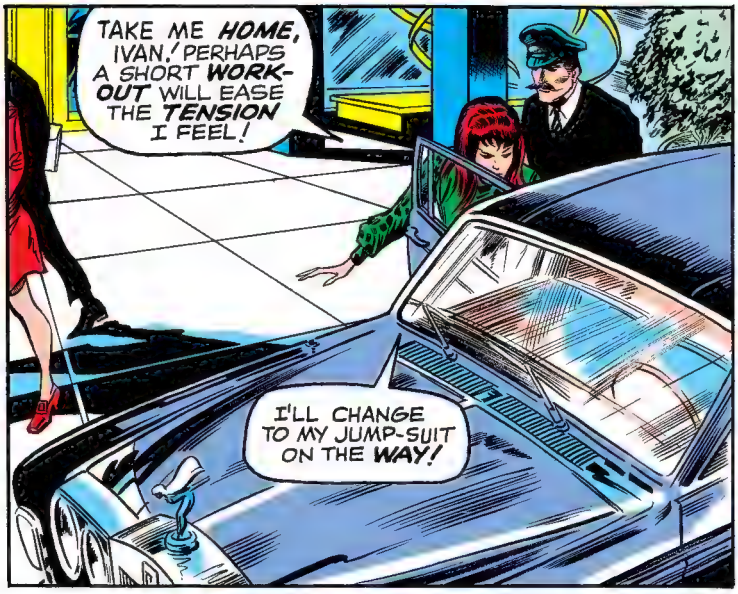
DAILY BUGLE, SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1970

SUPER-HEROINE LINES UP WITH MILITANT YOUT

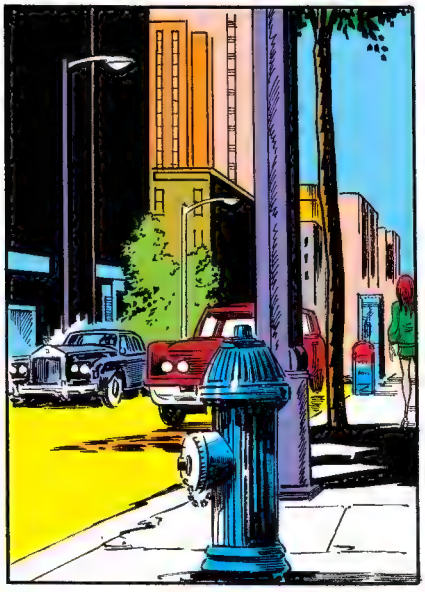
STAN LEE EDITOR
GENE COLAN ARTIST
GARY FRIEDRICH WRITER
BILL EVERETT INKER
ARTIE SIMEK LETTERER

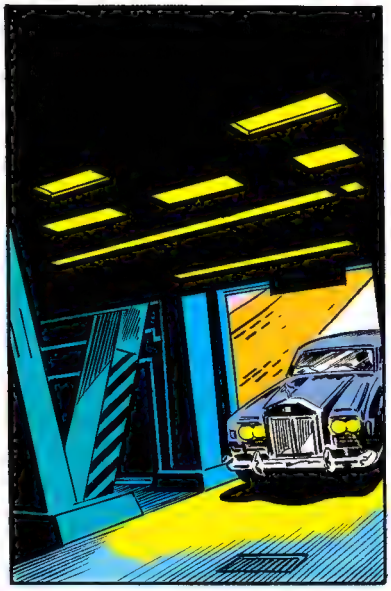
The Bugle presents photographic proof that the Black Widow is solidly on the side of the militant Young Warriors. In these pictures she is shown battling the aides of Mario Scarola, candidate for House of Representatives, after they attempted to remove the hostile youths from his office. See the editorial by J. Jonah Jameson, the Bugle's publisher, on page 50.

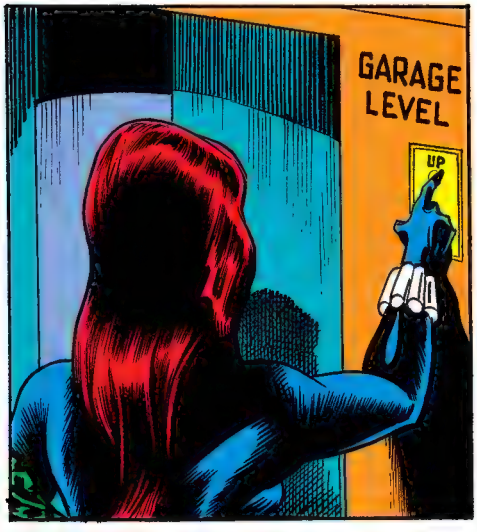

EXCUSE ME, MR. JAMESON, BUT I HAVE...
GET OUT OF HERE, PARKER! IF YOU WANT AN ADVANCE, JUST GO TO THE PAYROLL DEPARTMENT AND PICK IT UP!
AFTER THE SCOOP I JUST PULLED OFF, I CAN AFFORD TO BE EVEN MORE GENEROUS THAN USUAL!
BUGLE
8¢
WEATHER: Mostly Sunny, Breezy
JUST LOOK AT THIS! ANOTHER GOOD-FOR-NOTHING SUPER-HERO SHOWS HER FACE...
...AND THE BUGLE IS THE FIRST TO GET THE LOWDOWN ON HER! BEAUTIFUL... JUST BEE-U-TIFUL!
YEAH...I GUESS SO! BUT ACTUALLY, I DIDN'T COME FOR AN ADVANCE! I HAVE SOME PICTURES OF SPIDER-MAN I THOUGHT YOU'D WANT TO BUY!
SPIDER-WHO? I'VE FORGOTTEN ALL ABOUT HIM! HE'S STALE NEWS RIGHT NOW!
THE BLACK WIDOW IS THE ONE I'M AFTER! COME BACK WHEN YOU HAVE PICTURES OF HER IN ACTION!
UNTIL THEN, GET LOST...AND FORGET ABOUT THAT ADVANCE! I ONLY GIVE ADVANCES TO PHOTOGRAPHERS WHO BRING ME NEWSWORTHY PICTURES!
MEANWHILE, IN THE CROSSTOWN OFFICES OF THE RIVAL NEW YORK PRESS...
OKAY, SO THE BUGLE'S CRUCIFIED YOU! I TOLD YOU TO EXPECT THAT!
JAMESON'S GOT TWO RIGHT ARMS AND HE'S A MADMAN TO BOOT! DON'T LET IT BOTHER YOU!
BUT IT DOES BOTHER ME, PAUL! I AM LOYAL TO MY ADOPTED COUNTRY, BUT I ALSO BELIEVE IN WHAT THE YOUNG WARRIORS ARE DOING!
OF COURSE YOU ARE... AND YOU'VE PROVEN IT TIME AND AGAIN THROUGH YOUR DEEDS WITH THE AVENGERS... AND YOUR MISSIONS FOR SHIELD!
AND I'M GOING TO REMIND THE PUBLIC OF THAT IN MY NEXT COLUMN!
SO ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS GO HOME AND GET SOME REST! I PROMISE YOU THAT THE MAJORITY OF THE PUBLIC WILL WIND UP ON YOUR SIDE!
JUST LEAVE EVERYTHING TO ME! OKAY?
YES! I HARDLY KNOW YOU, BUT I SOMEHOW FEEL YOU CAN BE TRUSTED!
I WILL SEE YOU TOMORROW AT WARRIOR HEADQUARTERS!
2


TAKE ME HOME, IVAN! PERHAPS A SHORT WORK-OUT WILL EASE THE TENSION I FEEL!
I'LL CHANGE TO MY JUMP-SUIT ON THE WAY!

EYES FRONT, IVAN!





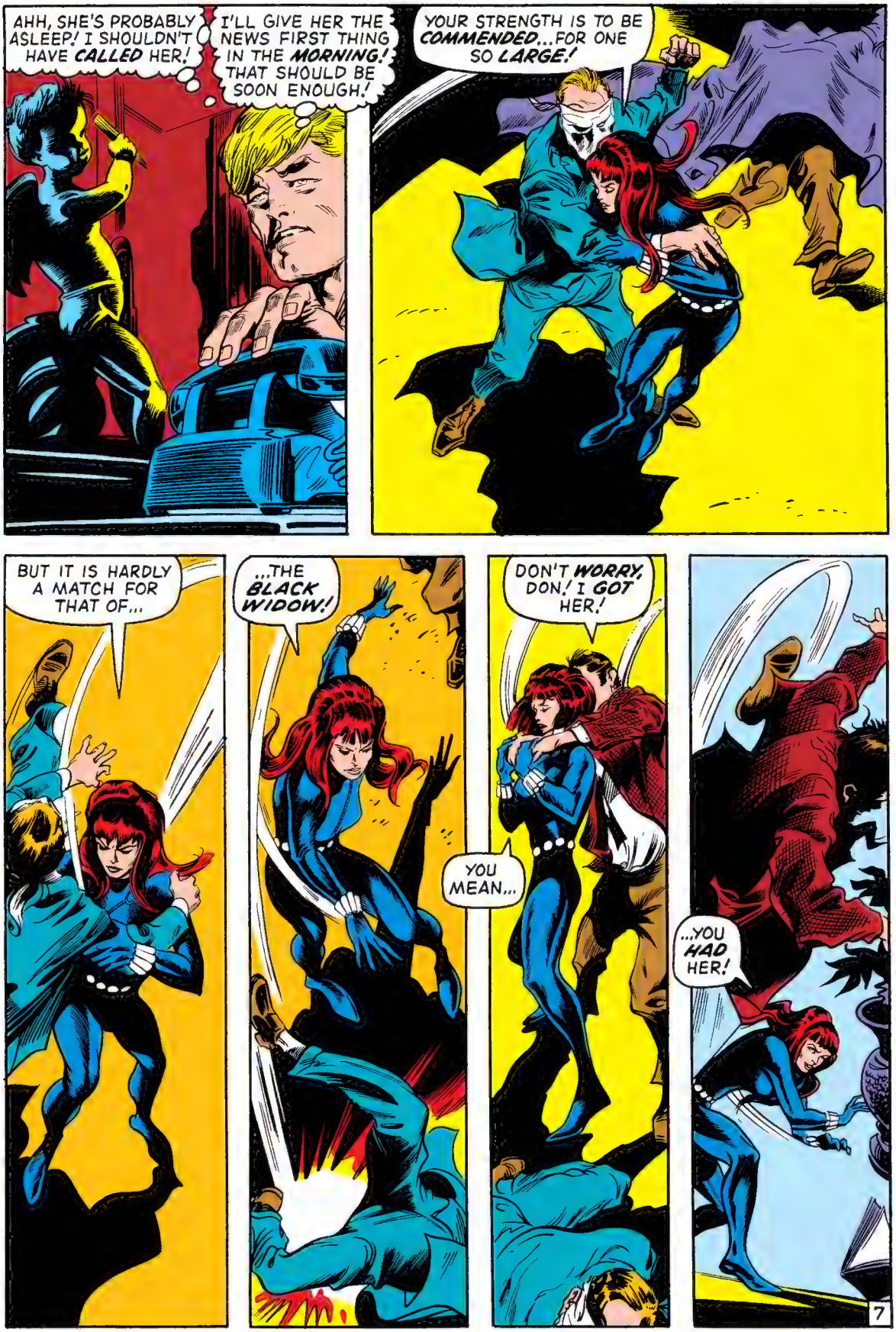

GARAGE LEVEL
UP

3

MEANWHILE, MUCH FARTHER UPTOWN IN THE OFFICES WHICH THE YOUNG WARRIORS HAVE "LIBERATED" FROM CANDIDATE SCAROLA...
WE INTEND TO IGNORE THE POLICE ORDERS TO VACATE THESE QUARTERS!
IF THEY COME TO THROW US OUT IN THE MORNING, THEN THEY HAD BETTER COME PREPARED FOR A FIGHT...
...BECAUSE WE WILL NOT LEAVE UNLESS THEY CAN FORCE US TO!
OUR MOTTO IS... UP AGAINST THE WALL, ESTABLISHMENT! AND OUR CREED IS... POWER TO THE PEOPLE!
WHEN THE GOVERNMENT CEASES TO CARE ABOUT THE PEOPLE...
...THEN THE PEOPLE MUST BEGIN TO CARE ABOUT EACH OTHER! AND THAT IS WHAT WE ARE TRYING TO DO!
OUR PEOPLE ARE HUNGRY, AND WE ARE TRYING TO FEED THEM! IS THAT SO WRONG?
WE DO NOT KNOW HOW OTHERS FEEL, BUT WE DO KNOW ONE THING!
IF AND WHEN THE POLICE COME, WE WILL STAND OUR GROUND AND FIGHT FOR WHAT IS RIGHTFULLY OURS UNDER THE UNITED STATES CONSTITUTION!

GOOD EVENING, MADAME NATASHA! I TRUST THE CHLOROFORM MY MEN FORCED ON YOU HAS WORN OFF SUFFICIENTLY THAT WE CAN TALK!
WHO ARE YOU? WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS?
MY TRUE IDENTITY IS OF LITTLE IMPORTANCE...BUT MY FOLLOWERS KNOW ME AS...THE DON!
BUT THE REASON FOR MY HOLDING YOU PRISONER IS OF GREAT IMPORTANCE!
YOU SEE, I INTEND TO KEEP YOU HERE UNTIL THE POLICE ARREST ALL OF YOUR PUERTO RICAN FRIENDS...

...AND THE PUBLIC BECOMES FIRMLY CONVINCED THAT THEIR ACTIONS WERE THE RESULT OF COMMUNIST INSPIRATION ...SUPPLIED BY THE BLACK WIDOW!
R-RING
R-RING
R-RING
6


AHH, SHE'S PROBABLY ASLEEP! I SHOULDN'T HAVE CALLED HER!
I'LL GIVE HER THE NEWS FIRST THING IN THE MORNING! THAT SHOULD BE SOON ENOUGH!
YOUR STRENGTH IS TO BE COMMENDED...FOR ONE SO LARGE!
BUT IT IS HARDLY A MATCH FOR THAT OF...
...THE BLACK WIDOW!
DON'T WORRY, DON! I GOT HER!
YOU MEAN...
...YOU HAD HER!
7

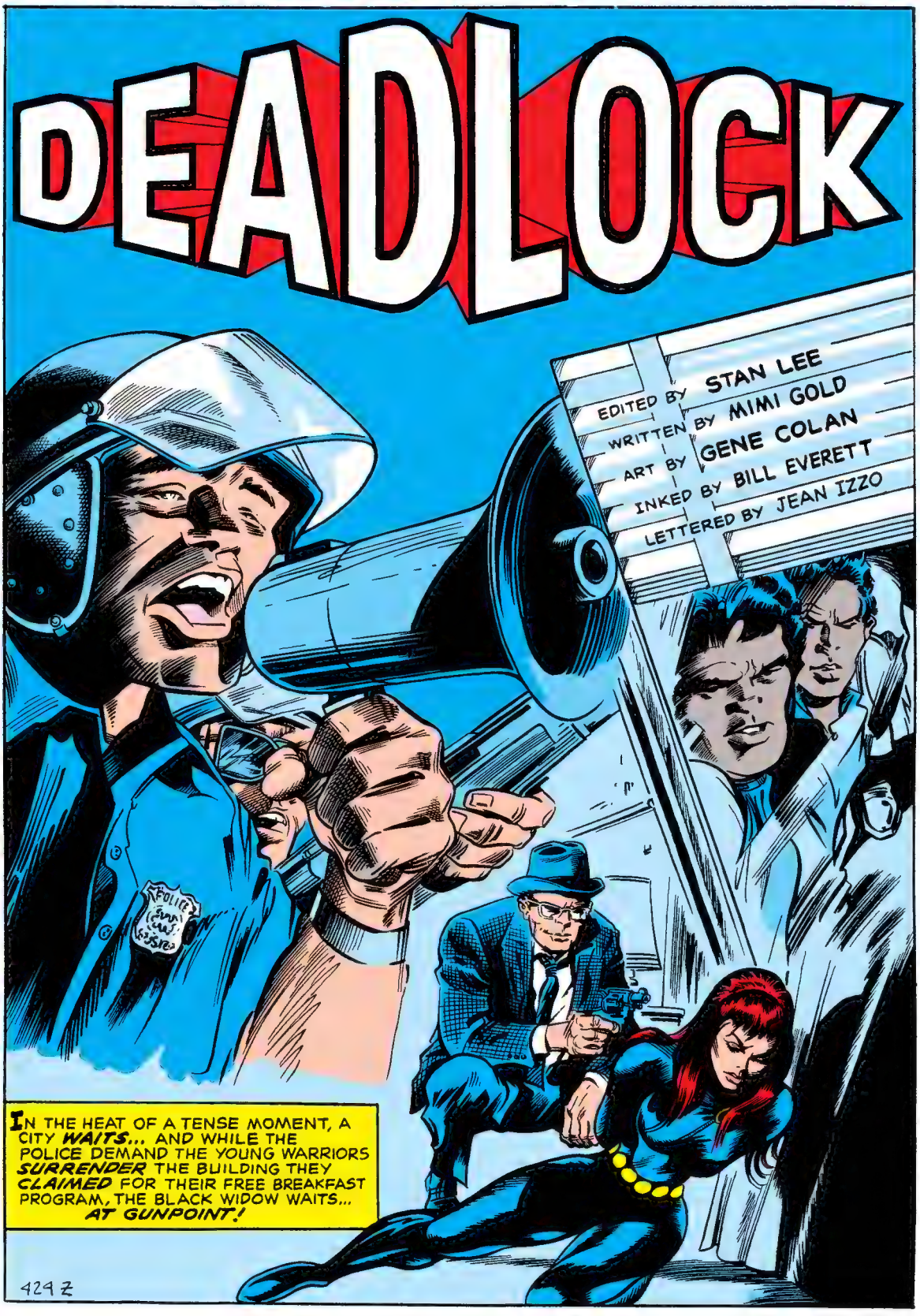
AND NOW, LET US SEE IF THE DON CAN FARE ANY BETTER THAN HIS LACKEYS!
ZAAT!
I CAN ASSURE YOU THAT I WILL!
UUNNHHHH!
THUK!
IN SPITE OF YOUR CONSIDERABLE TALENTS...
...YOU ARE STILL ONLY A WOMAN...
...AND NO WOMAN IS A MATCH FOR THE DON!
OOOOFFFF!
YOU WERE SAYING...?

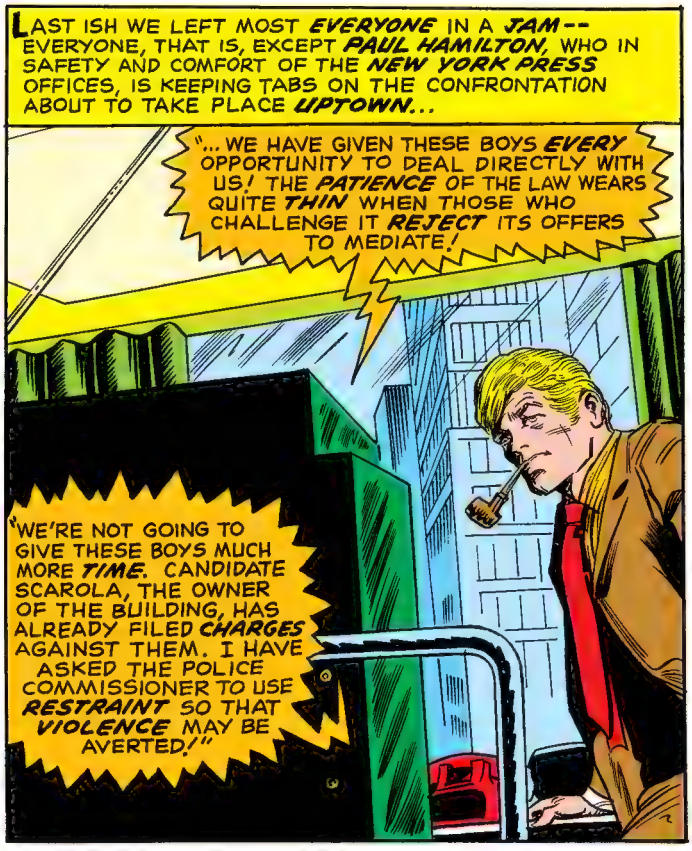
NOW, YOU CAN SAVE ME TROUBLE BY REMOVING YOUR MASK AND REVEAL YOUR IDENTITY...
...OR WILL YOU FORCE ME TO REMOVE IT MYSELF?
MY IDENTITY WILL BE OF NO USE TO YOU!
I WILL BE THE JUDGE OF THAT! NOW TAKE IT OFF!
SHE DOESN'T SEE MARIO GETTING UP!
IF ONLY I CAN STALL HER FOR A FEW SECONDS LONGER!
ALL RIGHT! YOU WIN!
LET ME GET UP-- AND I'LL REMOVE IT!
JUST A FEW SECONDS MORE!
WAK!
OOOHHHHH!
WELL DONE, MARIO!
NOW TIE HER UP... QUICKLY!
THEN YOU WILL STAND GUARD OVER HER UNTIL YOU HEAR FROM ME!
AS YOU WISH, GODFATHER!
WATCH HER CAREFULLY WHILE I AM AWAY... AND IF ALL GOES WELL, WE WILL HAVE WON WITHIN TWELVE HOURS!
THE YOUNG WARRIORS WILL BE IN JAIL...
...AND THE BLACK WIDOW WILL BE LOOKED UPON BY THE PUBLIC AS A COMMUNIST INSURGENT!
9

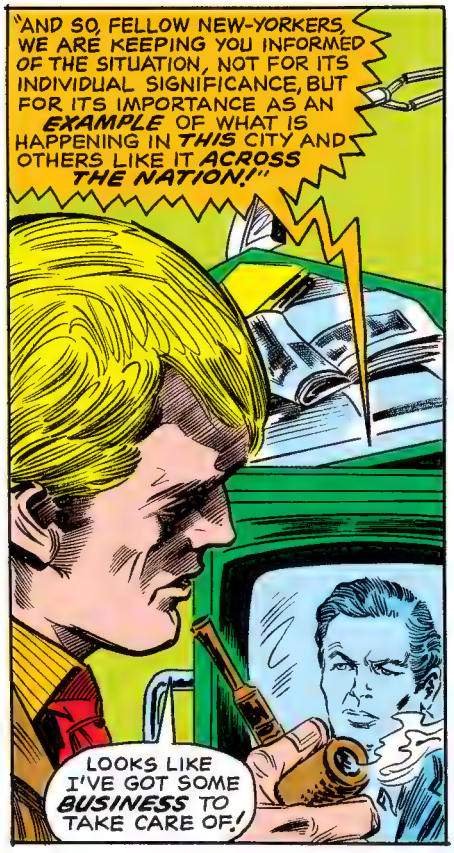
AND SO I PERSONALLY APPEAL TO THE YOUNG WARRIORS TO TALK WITH US...TO REASON WITH US!
IF THEY WILL, I AM CONFIDENT THAT WE CAN COME TO A MEETING OF THE MINDS...
...AND THAT THEIR GRIEVANCES CAN BE LAWFULLY WORKED OUT!
HOWEVER, IF THEY ARE UNWILLING TO TALK WITH US AND WORK WITHIN THE BOUNDS OF THE LAW...
...THEN THIS CITY WILL HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO EVICT THEM FORCEFULLY FROM THE PREMISES THEY ARE ILLEGALLY OCCUPYING!
WELL, NOW WE KNOW WHERE THE MAYOR STANDS! IT'S JUST A QUESTION OF WHETHER OR NOT THOSE KIDS WILL LISTEN TO REASON!
...AND WHETHER OR NOT NATASHA CAN MAKE THEM SEE THAT THE MAYOR IS TRYING TO HELP THEM!
CLICK
WELL, COMPADRES, YOU HAVE HEARD THE WORD OF THE ESTABLISHMENT!
THEY WANT US TO GIVE UP WHAT WE HAVE FOUGHT FOR...AND IN RETURN THEY ONLY OFFER US MORE EMPTY PROMISES!
CLICK
WILL WE BE TRICKED BY THEM AGAIN, OR WILL WE STAND OUR GROUND AND FIGHT?!
FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!
SI! WE WILL FIGHT TO THE END! AND WITH THE BLACK WIDOW ON OUR SIDE...WE WILL WIN THE FINAL VICTORY!
10
NEXT: THE POWER AND THE PEOPLE!

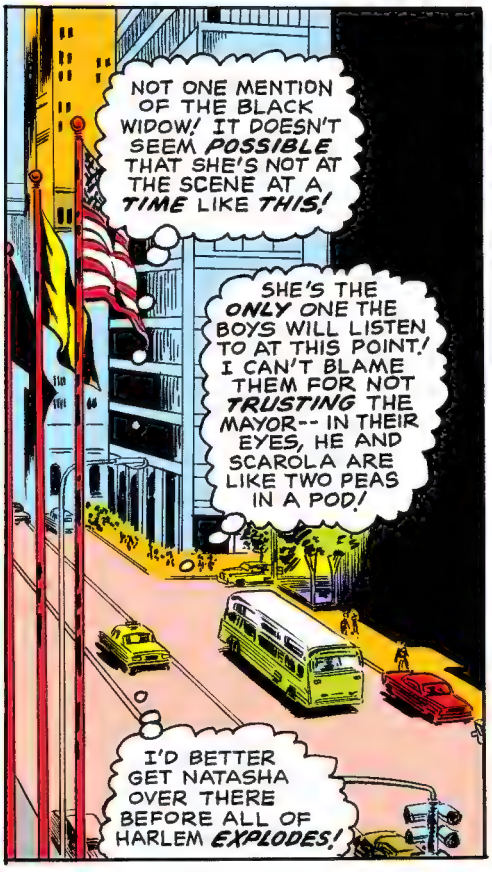
AMAZING ADVENTURES
15¢
4
JAN
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
AMAZING ADVENTURES
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
THE INHUMANS AND THE
BLACK WIDOW
P.D.
P.D.
TWO MORE MARVEL ACTION BLOCK-BUSTERS!
THE NAME OF THE GAME IS--
DEADLOCK!
WITH THESE RINGS--I THEE KILL!!

THE BLACK WIDOW!™

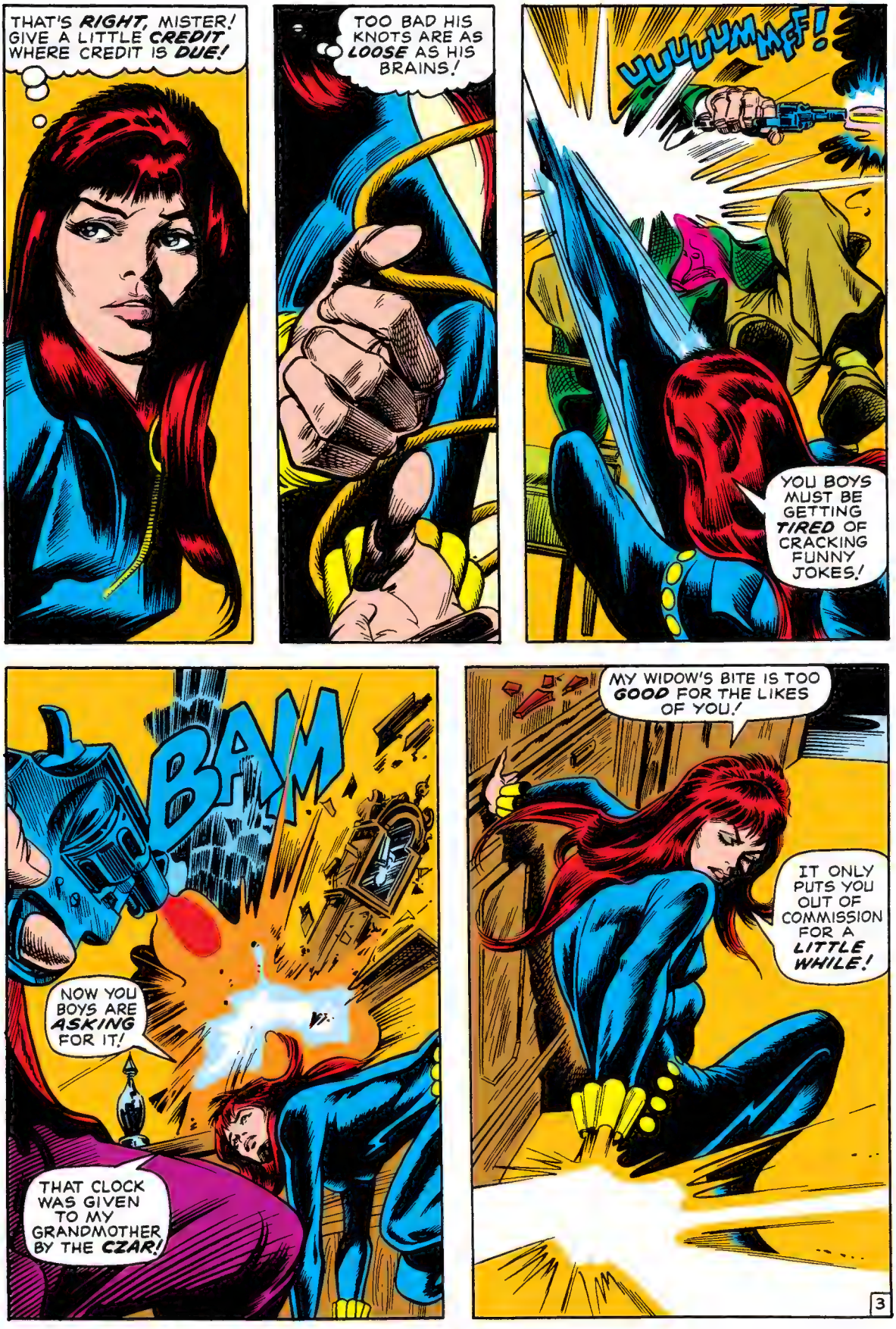

DEADLOCK
EDITED BY STAN LEE
WRITTEN BY MIMI GOLD
ART BY GENE COLAN
INKED BY BILL EVERETT
LETTERED BY JEAN IZZO
POLICE
IN THE HEAT OF A TENSE MOMENT, A CITY WAITS... AND WHILE THE POLICE DEMAND THE YOUNG WARRIORS SURRENDER THE BUILDING THEY CLAIMED FOR THEIR FREE BREAKFAST PROGRAM, THE BLACK WIDOW WAITS... AT GUNPOINT!
424 Z


LAST ISH WE LEFT MOST EVERYONE IN A JAM -- EVERYONE, THAT IS, EXCEPT PAUL HAMILTON, WHO IN SAFETY AND COMFORT OF THE NEW YORK PRESS OFFICES, IS KEEPING TABS ON THE CONFRONTATION ABOUT TO TAKE PLACE UPTOWN...
"... WE HAVE GIVEN THESE BOYS EVERY OPPORTUNITY TO DEAL DIRECTLY WITH US! THE PATIENCE OF THE LAW WEARS QUITE THIN WHEN THOSE WHO CHALLENGE IT REJECT ITS OFFERS TO MEDIATE!
"WE'RE NOT GOING TO GIVE THESE BOYS MUCH MORE TIME. CANDIDATE SCAROLA, THE OWNER OF THE BUILDING, HAS ALREADY FILED CHARGES AGAINST THEM. I HAVE ASKED THE POLICE COMMISSIONER TO USE RESTRAINT SO THAT VIOLENCE MAY BE AVERTED!"


"AND SO, FELLOW NEW-YORKERS, WE ARE KEEPING YOU INFORMED OF THE SITUATION, NOT FOR ITS INDIVIDUAL SIGNIFICANCE, BUT FOR ITS IMPORTANCE AS AN EXAMPLE OF WHAT IS HAPPENING IN THIS CITY AND OTHERS LIKE IT ACROSS THE NATION!"
LOOKS LIKE I'VE GOT SOME BUSINESS TO TAKE CARE OF!

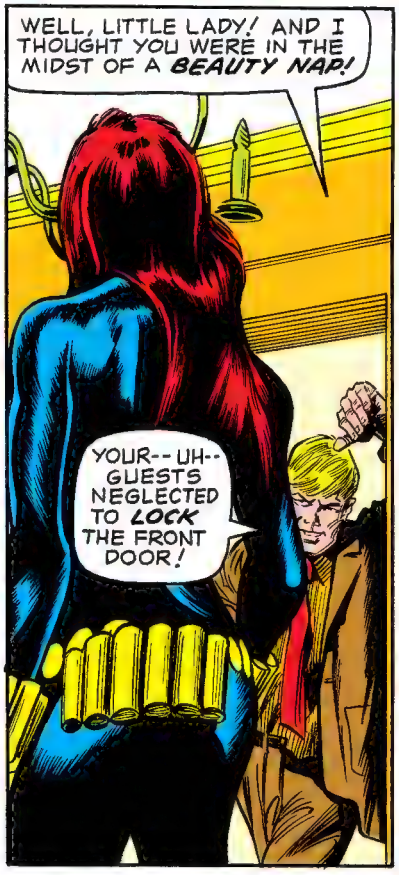

NOT ONE MENTION OF THE BLACK WIDOW! IT DOESN'T SEEM POSSIBLE THAT SHE'S NOT AT THE SCENE AT A TIME LIKE THIS!
SHE'S THE ONLY ONE THE BOYS WILL LISTEN TO AT THIS POINT! I CAN'T BLAME THEM FOR NOT TRUSTING THE MAYOR-- IN THEIR EYES, HE AND SCAROLA ARE LIKE TWO PEAS IN A POD!
I'D BETTER GET NATASHA OVER THERE BEFORE ALL OF HARLEM EXPLODES!

BUT PAUL WILL NEED A LITTLE MORE THAN CONVINCING TO GET NATASHA TO GO WITH HIM!
SIT TIGHT, LADY! YOU AIN'T GOT NO APPOINTMENTS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE AFTERNOON, HAVE YA?
OR MAYBE YOU'RE EXPECTIN' SOMEONE FOR TEA?
LAY OFF, WILL YA? CAN'T YA SEE THIS AIN'T A DUMB CHICK!
SHE'S PROBABLY FIGURIN' RIGHT NOW HOW TO KNOCK YOUR BLOCK OFF!


THAT'S RIGHT, MISTER! GIVE A LITTLE CREDIT WHERE CREDIT IS DUE!
TOO BAD HIS KNOTS ARE AS LOOSE AS HIS BRAINS!
UUUUUMMF!
YOU BOYS MUST BE GETTING TIRED OF CRACKING FUNNY JOKES!
BAM
NOW YOU BOYS ARE ASKING FOR IT!
THAT CLOCK WAS GIVEN TO MY GRANDMOTHER BY THE CZAR!
MY WIDOW'S BITE IS TOO GOOD FOR THE LIKES OF YOU!
IT ONLY PUTS YOU OUT OF COMMISSION FOR A LITTLE WHILE!
3

ZZZZZAAT!

LOOKS LIKE I'LL HAVE TO CALL THE POLICE TO TIDY UP THE PLACE A BIT!
THE CITY JAIL MUST BE BIGGEST GARBAGE DUMP AROUND!


WELL, LITTLE LADY! AND I THOUGHT YOU WERE IN THE MIDST OF A BEAUTY NAP!
YOUR--UH-- GUESTS NEGLECTED TO LOCK THE FRONT DOOR!

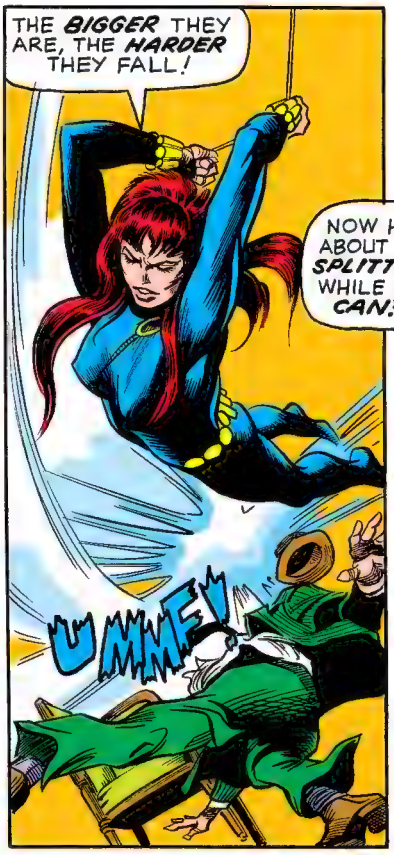
THESE "GENTLEMEN" ARE EMPLOYED BY SOME CHARACTER CALLED "THE DON"!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY WANT FROM ME, BUT I THINK I'LL LET THE POLICE FIND THAT OUT!
WELL, MAKE IT QUICK! WE'VE GOT TO GET YOU UPTOWN BEFORE SCAROLA BECOMES PUBLIC MARTYR #1!

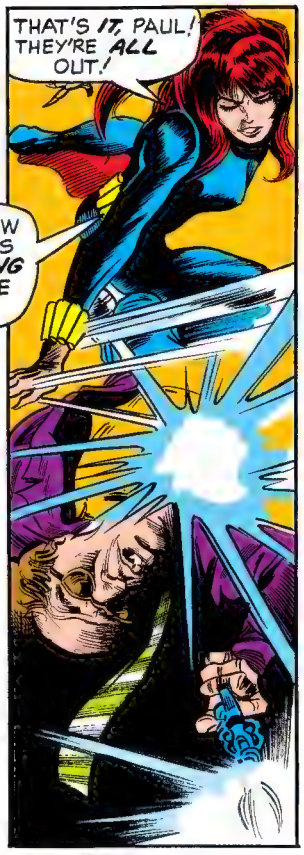
I SUGGEST YOU PUT THE PHONE DOWN GENTLY-- VERY GENTLY!
WHAT DO YOU CREEPS WANT WITH THE BLACK WIDOW ANYWAY!

WHILE JUST A TEN MINUTE DRIVE AWAY...
DON'T THOSE COPS EVER GET TIRED? FOR ALL THEIR BIG TALK, THEY HAVEN'T MADE A MOVE YET!
YOU CRAZY, MAN? YOU DON'T WANT 'EM GASSIN' US OUTTA HERE, DO YOU?
HEY, CARLOS! YOU SAID THE BLACK WIDOW WOULD FIX EVERYTHING! LOOKS LIKE SHE COULDN'T CARE LESS ABOUT US-- AND WHAT WE'RE TRYIN' TO DO!
IF THE BLACK WIDOW'S NOT HERE, SHE'S GOT HER REASONS! BUT WITH HER OR WITHOUT HER-- I SAY WE DON'T GIVE UP-- NO MATTER WHAT!
RIGHT ON, MAN! WE WALK OUTTA THIS JOINT...
...AND SCAROLA WILL HAVE THE ELECTION TIED UP LIKE A PIG ON A SPIT!
WE GOTTA LET EVERYONE KNOW HOW HE'S BEEN DRAINING THE GUTS OUTTA THIS COMMUNITY!
WE'RE GIVING YOU FIFTEEN MORE MINUTES... AND THAT'S OUR FINAL OFFER!
POLICE
THIS IS GONNA BE THE LONGEST FIFTEEN MINUTES I EVER SPENT!
IF ONLY THOSE KIDS WOULD COME OUT AND TALK TO THE MAYOR! FROM SOME O' THE THINGS I'VE HEARD ABOUT SCAROLA, I CAN'T BLAME THEM FOR BEING SO STUBBORN!
LOOKS LIKE ZERO HOUR IS-- 2:45!
5

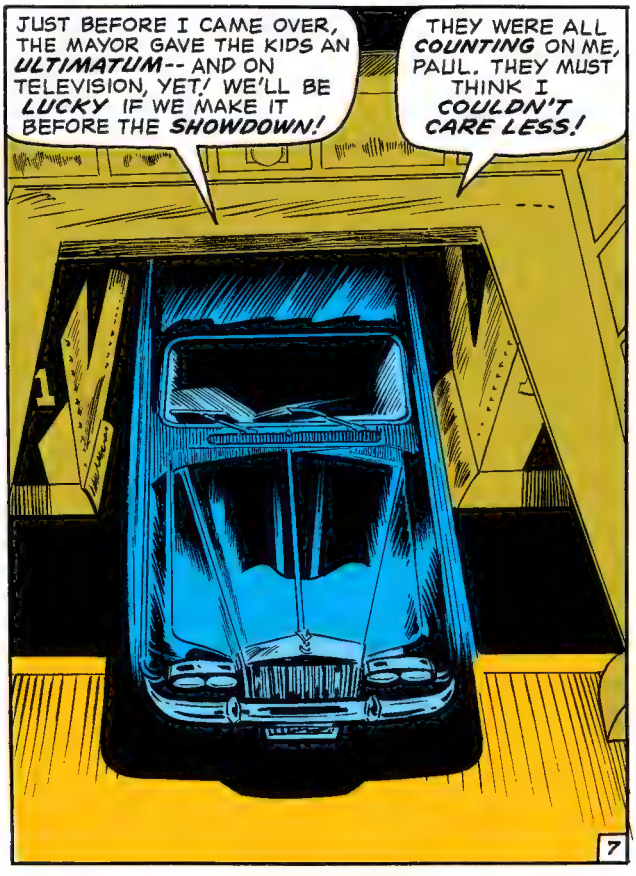
BUT THE BLACK WIDOW HAS A VERY GOOD REASON FOR NOT SHOWING UP...
AND SO YOU SEE, MY DEAR, THE COPS HAVE TO RUN THOSE PUNKS OUT OF THAT BUILDING! YOU MUST UNDERSTAND HOW I HATE COMPETITION!
ONCE THOSE RADICALS ARE LOCKED UP WHERE THEY BELONG, THE PUBLIC WILL BACK THE MACHINE!
NOT NECESSARILY SO!
AND WHY NOT? IT IS THE POLITICIAN WHO IS THE REVOLUTIONARY'S SCAPEGOAT, AND ONCE THOSE TROUBLE MAKERS ARE PUT AWAY...
...THE PUBLIC WILL HAVE TO SHOW THEIR GRATITUDE BY BACKING THE POWERS THAT BE!
AND THEY, MY DEAR, ARE WHAT KEEPS ME IN BUSINESS!
COUGH--COUGH! HEY, CUT THAT OUT! I'M GONNA GAG TO DEATH!
SO PAUL'S GOT A BATTLE PLAN, HAS HE!
HE'S SMOKING UP THE ROOM ENOUGH TO DISTRACT EVERYONE! HE'S A PRETTY SHARP OPERATOR-- FOR A NEWSPAPER GUY...
THIS'LL GIVE ME JUST ENOUGH TIME TO LAUNCH MY WIDOW'S WEB!
LOOKS LIKE THIS IS THE FIRST TIME POLLUTION DID ANY GOOD!
WHAT'S THE MATTER, BOYS? YOU ALL CHOKED UP ABOUT ME?
COUGH!
COUGH!
WHOMP!
6

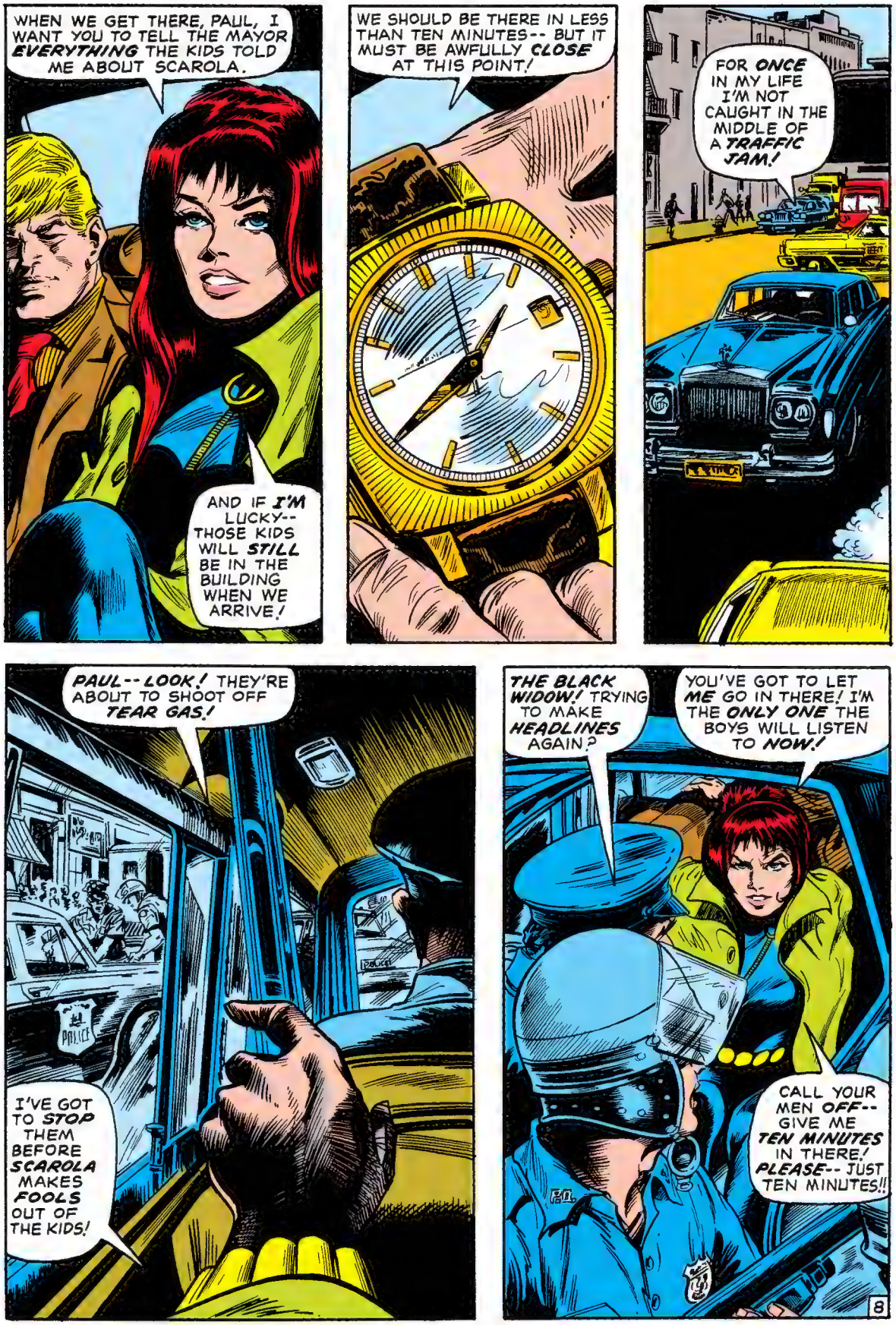
I CAN'T SAY I BLAME THEM, NATASHA! YOU'RE QUITE A GIRL!
SWAKK!
I WOULDN'T DO THIS FOR JUST ANYONE Y'KNOW!

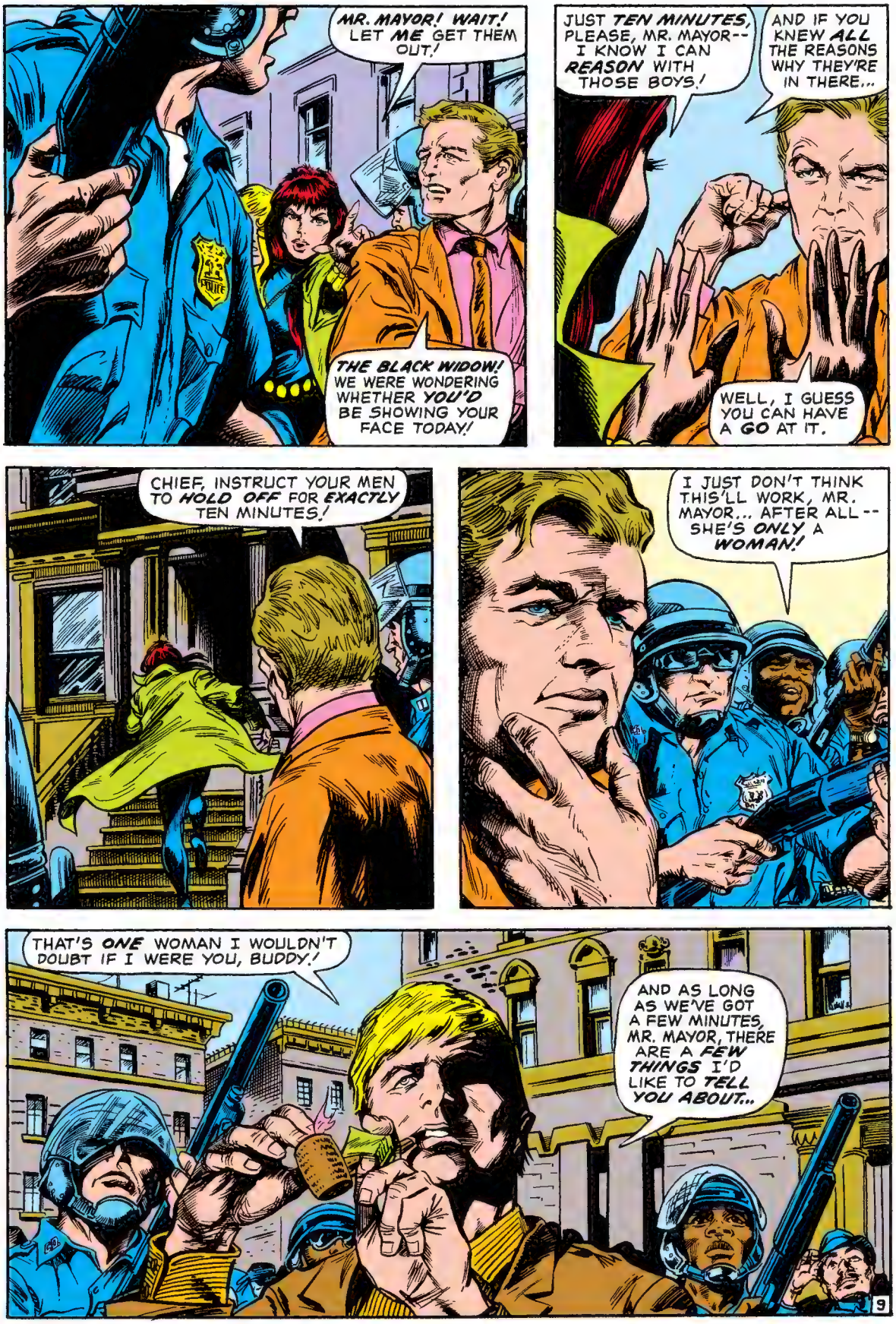

THE BIGGER THEY ARE, THE HARDER THEY FALL!
NOW HOW ABOUT US SPLITTING WHILE WE CAN?
UMMF!

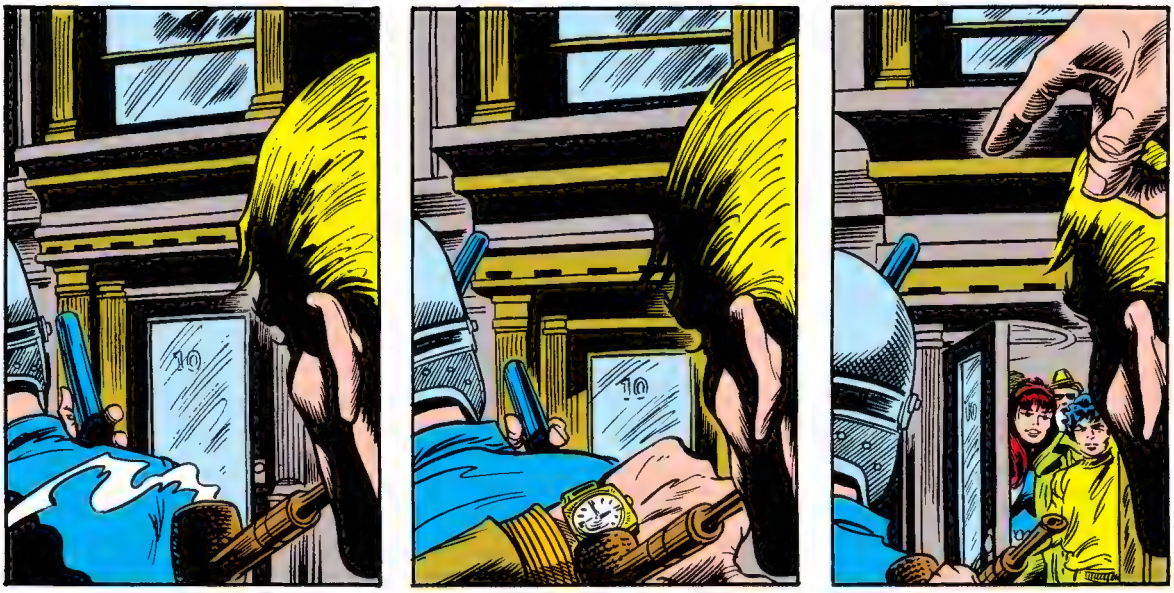

THAT'S IT, PAUL! THEY'RE ALL OUT!

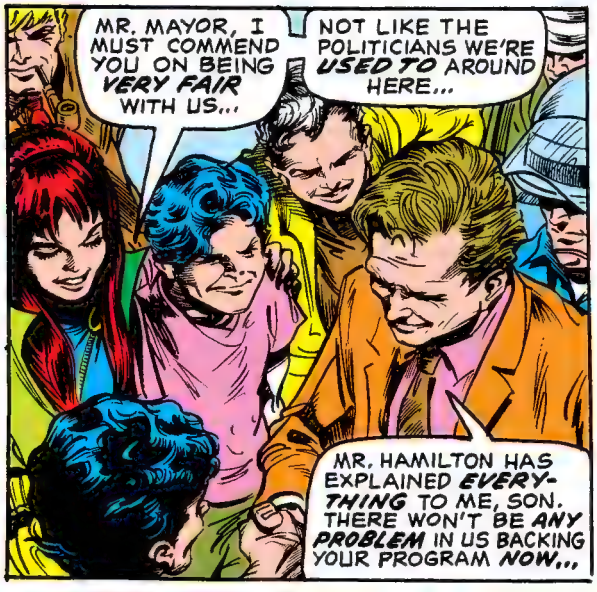
WE CAN SPARE A MINUTE, NATASHA-- I'VE GOT TO SEE WHO THAT BIG JERK IN THE MASK IS!
I THINK GETTING UPTOWN IS MORE IMPORTANT AT THE MOMENT... YOU CAN LOOK FOR A STORY ELSEWHERE, NEWSPAPER MAN!


JUST BEFORE I CAME OVER, THE MAYOR GAVE THE KIDS AN ULTIMATUM-- AND ON TELEVISION, YET! WE'LL BE LUCKY IF WE MAKE IT BEFORE THE SHOWDOWN!
THEY WERE ALL COUNTING ON ME, PAUL. THEY MUST THINK I COULDN'T CARE LESS!

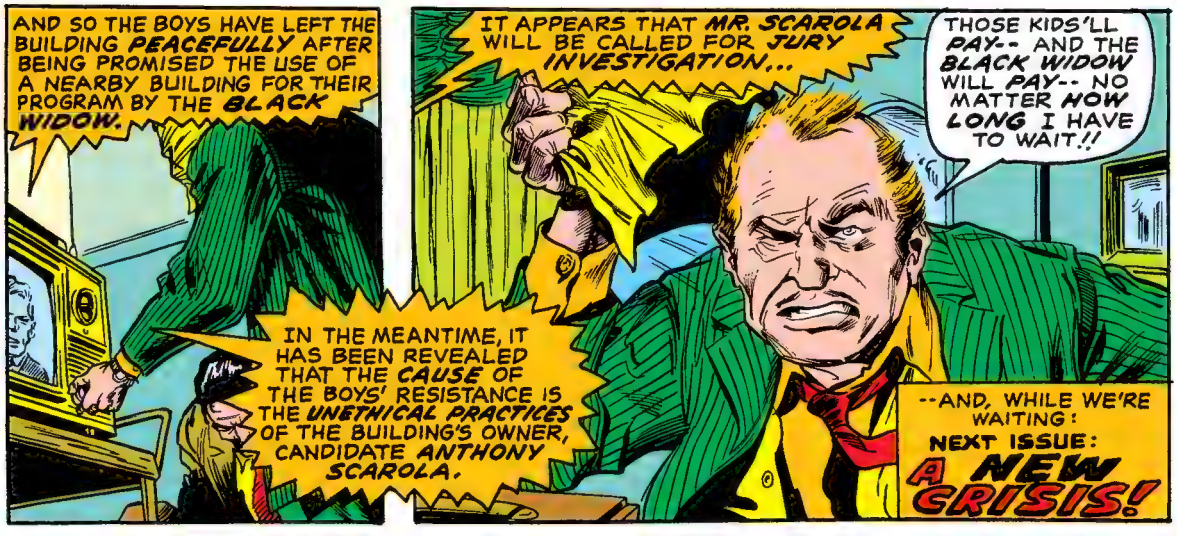

WHEN WE GET THERE, PAUL, I WANT YOU TO TELL THE MAYOR EVERYTHING THE KIDS TOLD ME ABOUT SCAROLA.
AND IF I'M LUCKY-- THOSE KIDS WILL STILL BE IN THE BUILDING WHEN WE ARRIVE!
WE SHOULD BE THERE IN LESS THAN TEN MINUTES-- BUT IT MUST BE AWFULLY CLOSE AT THIS POINT!
FOR ONCE IN MY LIFE I'M NOT CAUGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF A TRAFFIC JAM!
PAUL--LOOK! THEY'RE ABOUT TO SHOOT OFF TEAR GAS!
I'VE GOT TO STOP THEM BEFORE SCAROLA MAKES FOOLS OUT OF THE KIDS!
THE BLACK WIDOW! TRYING TO MAKE HEADLINES AGAIN?
YOU'VE GOT TO LET ME GO IN THERE! I'M THE ONLY ONE THE BOYS WILL LISTEN TO NOW!
CALL YOUR MEN OFF-- GIVE ME TEN MINUTES IN THERE! PLEASE-- JUST TEN MINUTES!!
8


MR. MAYOR! WAIT! LET ME GET THEM OUT!
THE BLACK WIDOW! WE WERE WONDERING WHETHER YOU'D BE SHOWING YOUR FACE TODAY!
JUST TEN MINUTES, PLEASE, MR. MAYOR-- I KNOW I CAN REASON WITH THOSE BOYS!
AND IF YOU KNEW ALL THE REASONS WHY THEY'RE IN THERE...
WELL, I GUESS YOU CAN HAVE A GO AT IT.
CHIEF, INSTRUCT YOUR MEN TO HOLD OFF FOR EXACTLY TEN MINUTES!
I JUST DON'T THINK THIS'LL WORK, MR. MAYOR... AFTER ALL-- SHE'S ONLY A WOMAN!
THAT'S ONE WOMAN I WOULDN'T DOUBT IF I WERE YOU, BUDDY!
AND AS LONG AS WE'VE GOT A FEW MINUTES, MR. MAYOR, THERE ARE A FEW THINGS I'D LIKE TO TELL YOU ABOUT...




MR. MAYOR, I MUST COMMEND YOU ON BEING VERY FAIR WITH US...
NOT LIKE THE POLITICIANS WE'RE USED TO AROUND HERE...
MR. HAMILTON HAS EXPLAINED EVERY-THING TO ME, SON. THERE WON'T BE ANY PROBLEM IN US BACKING YOUR PROGRAM NOW...

THAT WILL MAKE THINGS EASIER FOR EVERYONE-- BECAUSE THE BLACK WIDOW HAS PROMISED TO OBTAIN A FREE LEASE FOR A NEARBY BUILDING.
IT LOOKS LIKE OUR BREAKFAST PROGRAM WILL WORK AFTER ALL...


AND SO THE BOYS HAVE LEFT THE BUILDING PEACEFULLY AFTER BEING PROMISED THE USE OF A NEARBY BUILDING FOR THEIR PROGRAM BY THE BLACK WIDOW.
IN THE MEANTIME, IT HAS BEEN REVEALED THAT THE CAUSE OF THE BOYS' RESISTANCE IS THE UNETHICAL PRACTICES OF THE BUILDING'S OWNER, CANDIDATE ANTHONY SCAROLA.
IT APPEARS THAT MR. SCAROLA WILL BE CALLED FOR JURY INVESTIGATION...
THOSE KIDS'LL PAY-- AND THE BLACK WIDOW WILL PAY-- NO MATTER HOW LONG I HAVE TO WAIT.!!
--AND, WHILE WE'RE WAITING!
NEXT ISSUE:
A NEW CRISIS!

AMAZING ADVENTURES
THE INHUMANS AND THE BLACK WIDOW
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
AMAZING ADVENTURES
15¢
5
MAR
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
IF BLACK BOLT SPEAKS... A CITY DIES!
MERRY CHRISTMAS, WIDOW--FROM THE ASTROLOGER!!

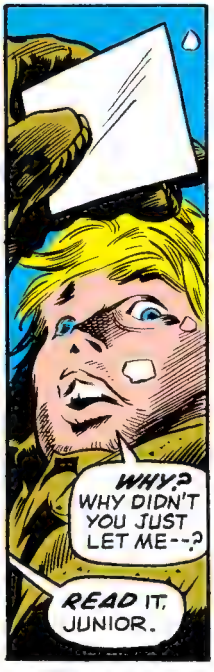
...AND TO ALL A GOOD NIGHT

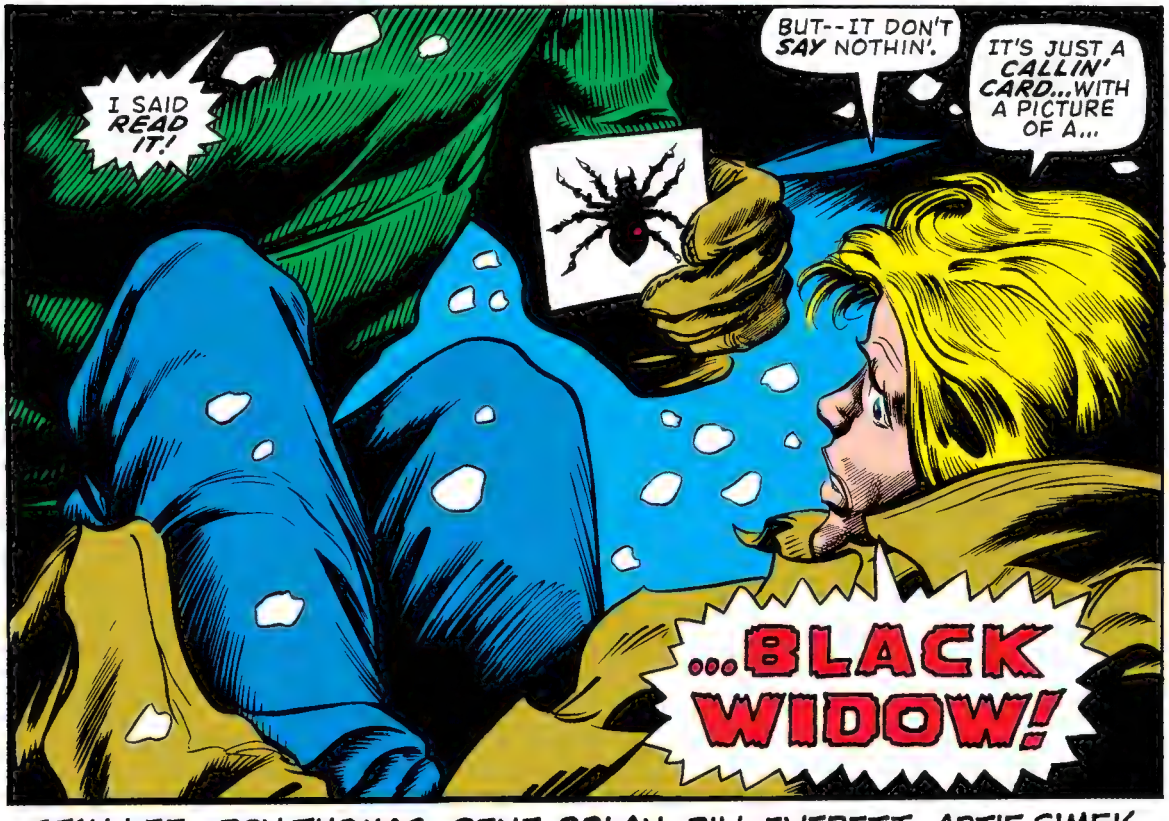
IT IS ALWAYS A DARK DECEMBER IN **SOMEONE'S** SOUL...A NIGHT TO STAND ATOP A SNOW-FLECKED **BRIDGE** AND GAZE FORLORNLY INTO SWIRLING, FILTH-LADEN **WATERS**...

THERE IS ALWAYS **SOMEONE** TO WHOM THOSE WATERS SEEM MORE INVITING THAN LIFE ITSELF...

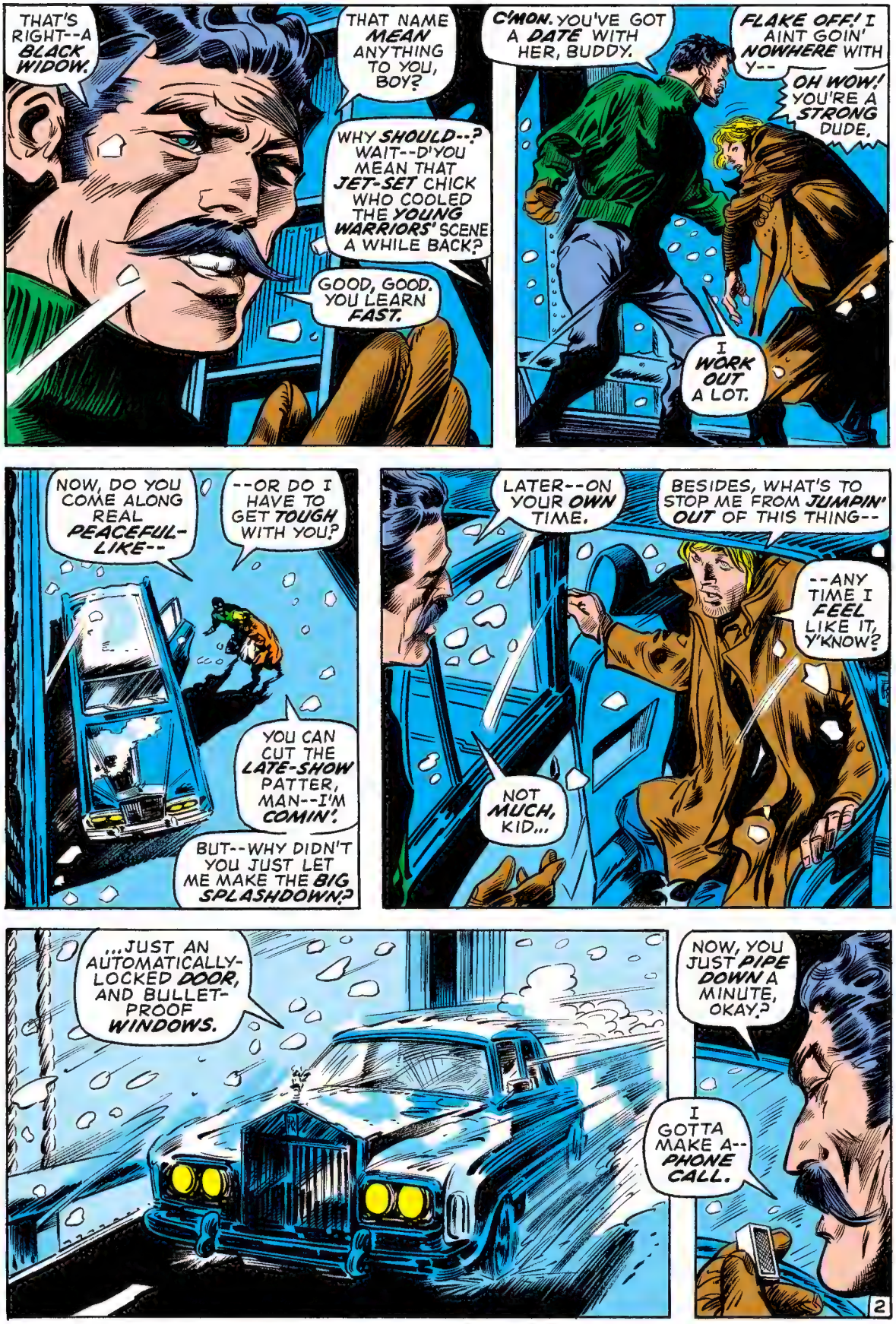
BUT SOMETIMES, JUST **SOMETIMES,** THERE IS ALSO SOMEONE TO PULL HIM FIRMLY **BACK** FROM THE PRECIPICE...

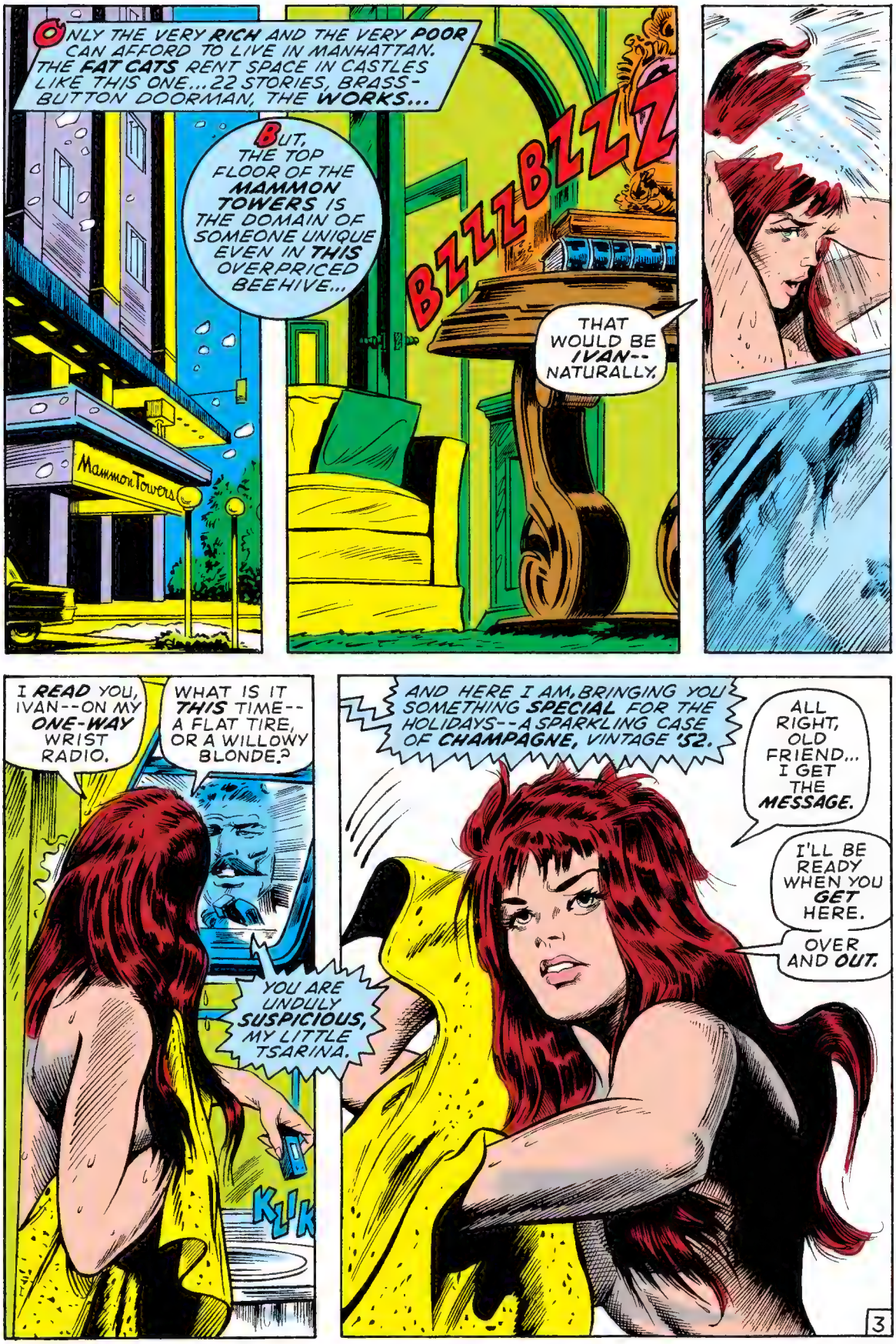
...BACK TO THE WORLD OF THE **LIVING!**

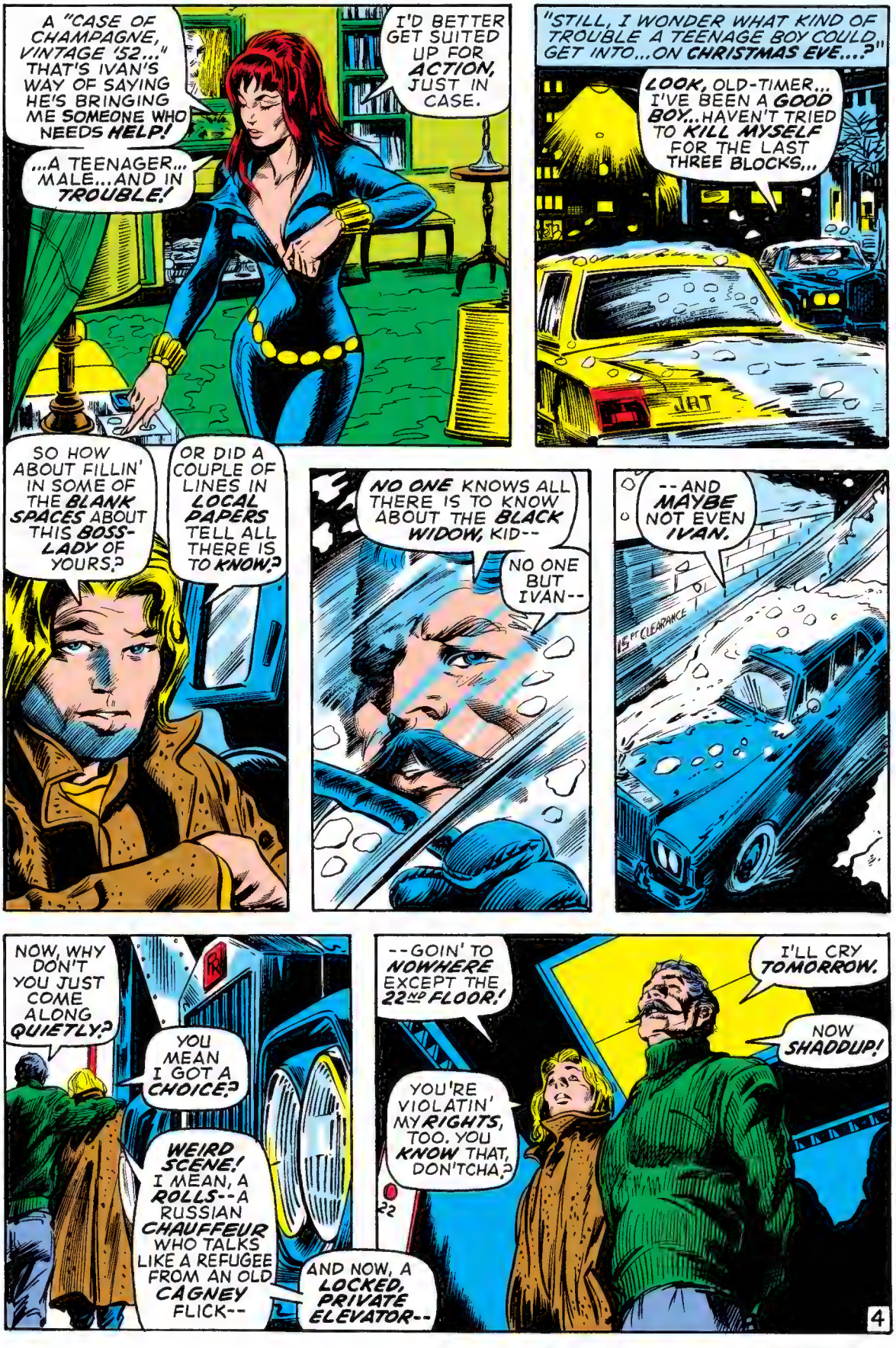


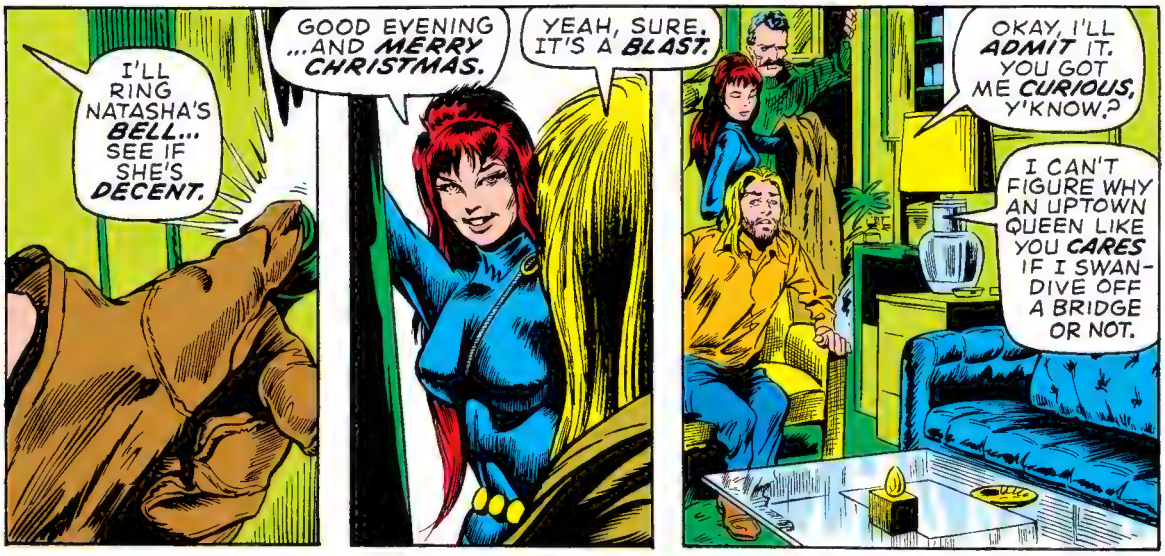


STAN LEE . ROY THOMAS . GENE COLAN . BILL EVERETT . ARTIE SIMEK
EDITOR WRITER ARTIST INKER LETTERER


THAT'S RIGHT--A BLACK WIDOW.
THAT NAME MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU, BOY?
WHY SHOULD--? WAIT--D'YOU MEAN THAT JET-SET CHICK WHO COOLED THE YOUNG WARRIORS' SCENE A WHILE BACK?
GOOD, GOOD. YOU LEARN FAST.
C'MON. YOU'VE GOT A DATE WITH HER, BUDDY.
FLAKE OFF! I AINT GOIN' NOWHERE WITH Y--
OH WOW! YOU'RE A STRONG DUDE,
I WORK OUT A LOT.
NOW, DO YOU COME ALONG REAL PEACEFUL-LIKE--
--OR DO I HAVE TO GET TOUGH WITH YOU?
YOU CAN CUT THE LATE-SHOW PATTER, MAN--I'M COMIN'!
BUT--WHY DIDN'T YOU JUST LET ME MAKE THE BIG SPLASHDOWN?
LATER--ON YOUR OWN TIME.
BESIDES, WHAT'S TO STOP ME FROM JUMPIN' OUT OF THIS THING--
--ANY TIME I FEEL LIKE IT, Y'KNOW?
NOT MUCH, KID...
...JUST AN AUTOMATICALLY-LOCKED DOOR, AND BULLET-PROOF WINDOWS.
NOW, YOU JUST PIPE DOWN A MINUTE, OKAY?
I GOTTA MAKE A--PHONE CALL.
2


ONLY THE VERY RICH AND THE VERY POOR CAN AFFORD TO LIVE IN MANHATTAN. THE FAT CATS RENT SPACE IN CASTLES LIKE THIS ONE...22 STORIES, BRASS-BUTTON DOORMAN, THE WORKS...
BUT, THE TOP FLOOR OF THE MAMMON TOWERS IS THE DOMAIN OF SOMEONE UNIQUE EVEN IN THIS OVERPRICED BEEHIVE...
Mammon Towers
BZZZBZZZ
THAT WOULD BE IVAN--NATURALLY.
I READ YOU, IVAN--ON MY ONE-WAY WRIST RADIO.
WHAT IS IT THIS TIME--A FLAT TIRE, OR A WILLOWY BLONDE?
YOU ARE UNDULY SUSPICIOUS, MY LITTLE TSARINA.
K'K
AND HERE I AM, BRINGING YOU SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR THE HOLIDAYS--A SPARKLING CASE OF CHAMPAGNE, VINTAGE '52.
ALL RIGHT, OLD FRIEND... I GET THE MESSAGE.
I'LL BE READY WHEN YOU GET HERE.
OVER AND OUT.

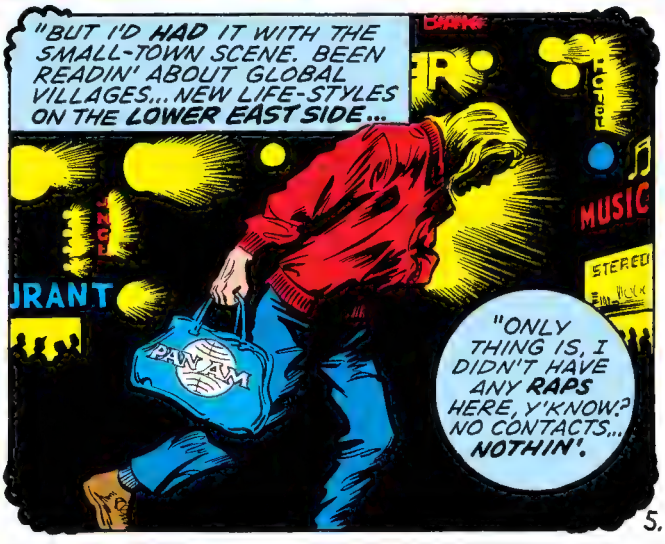

A "CASE OF CHAMPAGNE, VINTAGE '52..." THAT'S IVAN'S WAY OF SAYING HE'S BRINGING ME SOMEONE WHO NEEDS HELP!
...A TEENAGER... MALE...AND IN TROUBLE!
I'D BETTER GET SUITED UP FOR ACTION, JUST IN CASE.
"STILL, I WONDER WHAT KIND OF TROUBLE A TEENAGE BOY COULD GET INTO...ON CHRISTMAS EVE...?"
LOOK, OLD-TIMER... I'VE BEEN A GOOD BOY...HAVEN'T TRIED TO KILL MYSELF FOR THE LAST THREE BLOCKS...
JAT
SO HOW ABOUT FILLIN' IN SOME OF THE BLANK SPACES ABOUT THIS BOSS-LADY OF YOURS?
OR DID A COUPLE OF LINES IN LOCAL PAPERS TELL ALL THERE IS TO KNOW?
NO ONE KNOWS ALL THERE IS TO KNOW ABOUT THE BLACK WIDOW, KID--
NO ONE BUT IVAN--
--AND MAYBE NOT EVEN IVAN.
15FT CLEARANCE
NOW, WHY DON'T YOU JUST COME ALONG QUIETLY?
YOU MEAN I GOT A CHOICE?
WEIRD SCENE! I MEAN, A ROLLS--A RUSSIAN CHAUFFEUR WHO TALKS LIKE A REFUGEE FROM AN OLD CAGNEY FLICK--
AND NOW, A LOCKED, PRIVATE ELEVATOR--
--GOIN' TO NOWHERE EXCEPT THE 22ND FLOOR!
YOU'RE VIOLATIN' MY RIGHTS, TOO. YOU KNOW THAT, DON'TCHA?
22
I'LL CRY TOMORROW.
NOW SHADDUP!
4


I'LL RING NATASHA'S BELL... SEE IF SHE'S DECENT.
GOOD EVENING ...AND MERRY CHRISTMAS.
YEAH, SURE. IT'S A' BLAST.
OKAY, I'LL ADMIT IT. YOU GOT ME CURIOUS, Y'KNOW.?
I CAN'T FIGURE WHY AN UPTOWN QUEEN LIKE YOU CARES IF I SWAN-DIVE OFF A BRIDGE OR NOT.

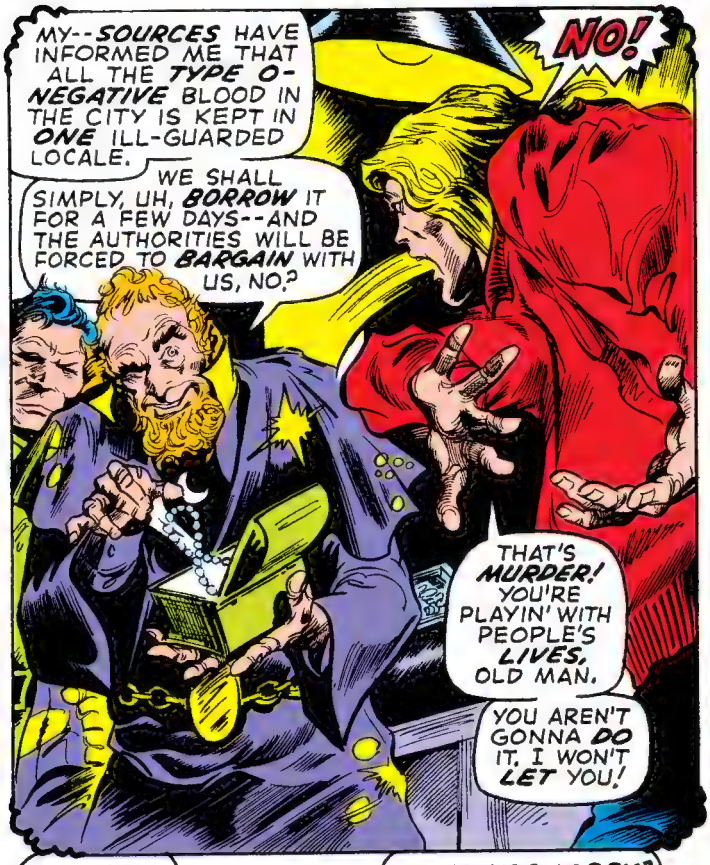
AN' THIS WHOLE SET-UP! YOU BOTH GOT RUSSIAN NAMES, BUT HE SOUNDS LIKE BRESHNEV TRYIN' TO DO A BOGEY--AND YOU GOT ALMOST NO ACCENT.
IN MY CASE, THE RESULT OF LONG, EXPENSIVE HOURS AT BERLITZ.
--WHILE IVAN LEARNED ALL HIS ENGLISH WATCHING OLD MOVIES ON TV.
NOW, WANT TO TELL ME ABOUT THE BRIDGE?

YEAH, OKAY, WHY NOT?
A GUY THAT CAN'T EVEN PULL OFF A SUICIDE--WHAT'S HE GOT LEFT TO DO BUT TALK?
Y'KNOW, WHERE I MADE MY MISTAKE--I SHOULD'A LOOKED UP THAT BRIDGE FIRST DAY I GOT HERE.
THEN YOU'RE FROM... OUT OF TOWN?

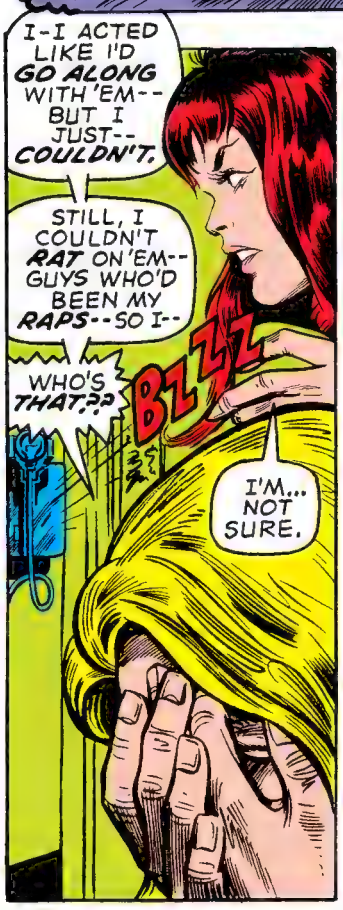
"WAY OUT, MAN--LIKE UTAH. OLD STORY. YOU PROB'LY HEAR IT A LOT, YOUR LINE OF WORK...
"ARRIVED IN TOWN WITH A DIME IN MY POCKET--SAWDUST IN MY SKULL...

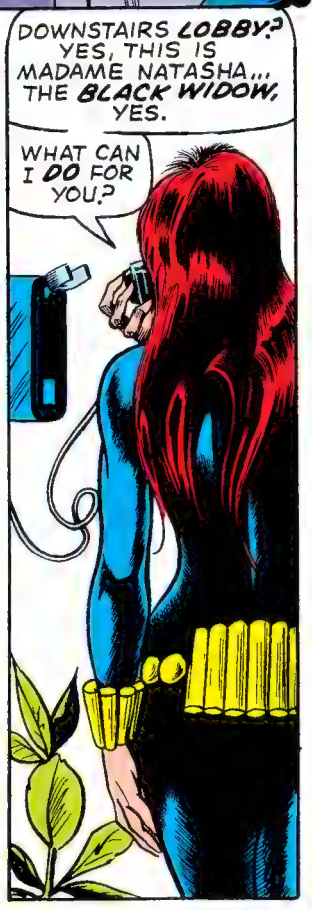

"BUT I'D HAD IT WITH THE SMALL-TOWN SCENE. BEEN READIN' ABOUT GLOBAL VILLAGES... NEW LIFE-STYLES ON THE LOWER EAST SIDE...
MUSIC
PAN AM
"ONLY THING IS, I DIDN'T HAVE ANY RAPS HERE, Y'KNOW? NO CONTACTS... NOTHIN'.

"SO I SACKED OUT IN PARKS, MOSTLY--BUMMED QUARTERS, GROOVED WITH THE SCENE, Y'KNOW.?--BUT IT STARTS GETTIN' COLD, COME ABOUT OCTOBER--
"THEN, ONE DAY JUST THIS SIDE'A PNEUMONIA--
IF YOU BELIEVE IN THE STARS, SON--I'VE GOT A PLACE FOR YOU TO LIVE.
M-MISTER, YOU P-PUT ME UP--AND I'LL S-SWEAR I BELIEVE IN FLYIN' SAUCERS.
"HE ACTED LOONEY, BUT WHAT'D I HAVE TO LOSE? THEN--
LAD--MEET MY HAPPY LITTLE FAMILY.
"NOBODY IN THE CRASH PAD EVER CALLED HIM ANYTHING BUT THE ASTROLOGER--AND HE WAS LOONEY, 'CAUSE HE PLANNED CRIMES FOR US TO DO--PLANNED 'EM BY THE STARS, HE CLAIMED...
"WHAT'D WE CARE? WE WERE ALL THERE 'CAUSE WE HATED THE ESTABLISHMENT--SO WE PLAYED ROBIN HOOD--
"ROBBED FROM THE RICH--AN' GAVE TO THE POOR--US!
"THEN, TONIGHT, SUDDENLY IT WASN'T SO NICE ANY MORE--
WE'VE DONE VERY WELL, CHILDREN.
BUT, SOMETHING LARGER LOOMS IN THE STARS.
LARGER? WE GONNA BLOW A BANK, ASTROLOGER?
YES, LAD--A BANK.
TO BE PRECISE--A BLOOD BANK.


MY--SOURCES HAVE INFORMED ME THAT ALL THE TYPE O-NEGATIVE BLOOD IN THE CITY IS KEPT IN ONE ILL-GUARDED LOCALE.
WE SHALL SIMPLY, UH, BORROW IT FOR A FEW DAYS--AND THE AUTHORITIES WILL BE FORCED TO BARGAIN WITH US, NO?
NO!
THAT'S MURDER! YOU'RE PLAYIN' WITH PEOPLE'S LIVES, OLD MAN.
YOU AREN'T GONNA DO IT. I WON'T LET YOU!

"FUNNY, I NEVER NOTICED THOSE GUYS THAT HUNG AROUND WITH THE ASTROLOGER BEFORE--
"BUT I SURE NOTICED 'EM THEN!"
FROM NOW ON, YOU SPEAK WHEN YER SPOKE TO!
YA HEAR ME, PUNK?

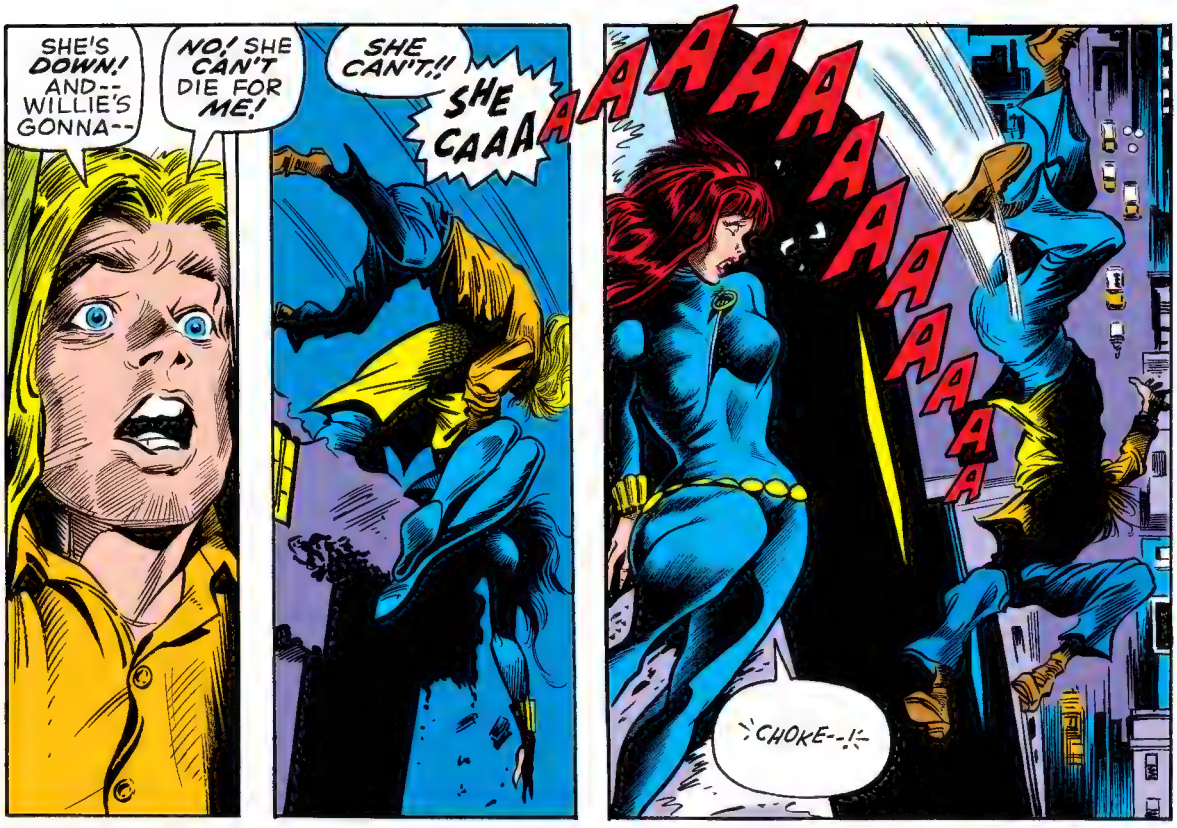

I-I ACTED LIKE I'D GO ALONG WITH 'EM--BUT I JUST--COULDN'T.
STILL, I COULDN'T RAT ON 'EM--GUYS WHO'D BEEN MY RAPS--SO I--
BZZZ
WHO'S THAT??
I'M... NOT SURE.

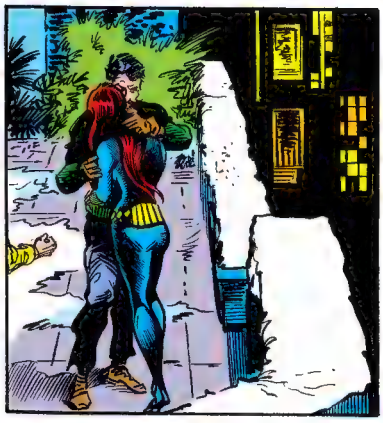

DOWNSTAIRS LOBBY? YES, THIS IS MADAME NATASHA... THE BLACK WIDOW, YES.
WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

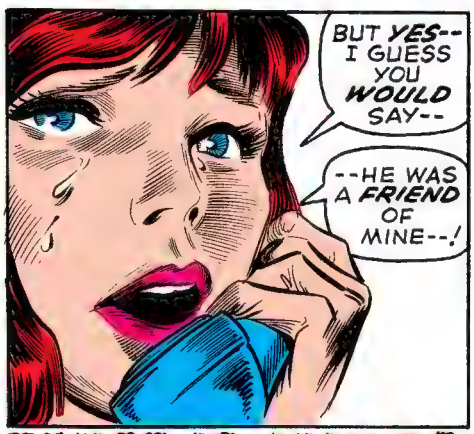
IT AINT WHAT YOU CAN DO FOR US, LADY.
IT'S WHAT MY BUDDIES AND ME'RE GONNA DO TO YOU.
YOU, AN' THAT STOOL-PIGEON HIPPIE WE KNOW IS SPILLIN' OUT HIS GUTS TO YOU.
SEE, YA SOON. 'BYE.

SOME OF THE OLD MAN'S GUNNIES --AFTER OUR GUEST.
WELL, THE REGULAR ELEVATOR WILL BRING THEM ONLY AS FAR AS THE 21ST FLOOR.
IVAN--YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO?
SINCE STALINGRAD, SWEETHEART--WHEN YOU WERE KNEE-HIGH TO A TARANTULA!
THUS, MOMENTS LATER, WHILE NATASHA CONTINUES HER QUESTIONING--
YOU LOOKING FOR SOMEBODY, RATS?
IT'S THE BROAD'S DRIVER!
GET 'IM!
22
YOU MEAN CHAUFFEUR--NOT DRIVER. DON'T YOU JERKS TALK ENGLISH?
SPANG!
VIIIIP!
TWINNG!
--THEY MUST'VE SPOTTED ME GETTIN' INTO THE ROLLS--TAILED ME HERE.
BUT HOW COME YOU WANNA GET MIXED UP IN--?
HUH? WHAT'S THAT SOUND?
SOMEONE CLIMBING DOWN FROM THE ROOF.
THE SERVICE ELEVATOR GOES THERE. I FORGOT.
BE RIGHT BACK.
NOW, WHILE YOU'RE WAITIN' TO SEE IF YOUR SLUGS HIT PAY-DIRT, AS THEY SAY--
WELCOME TO THE 22ND FLOOR! EVERYBODY OUT!
AND I DO MEAN OUT!

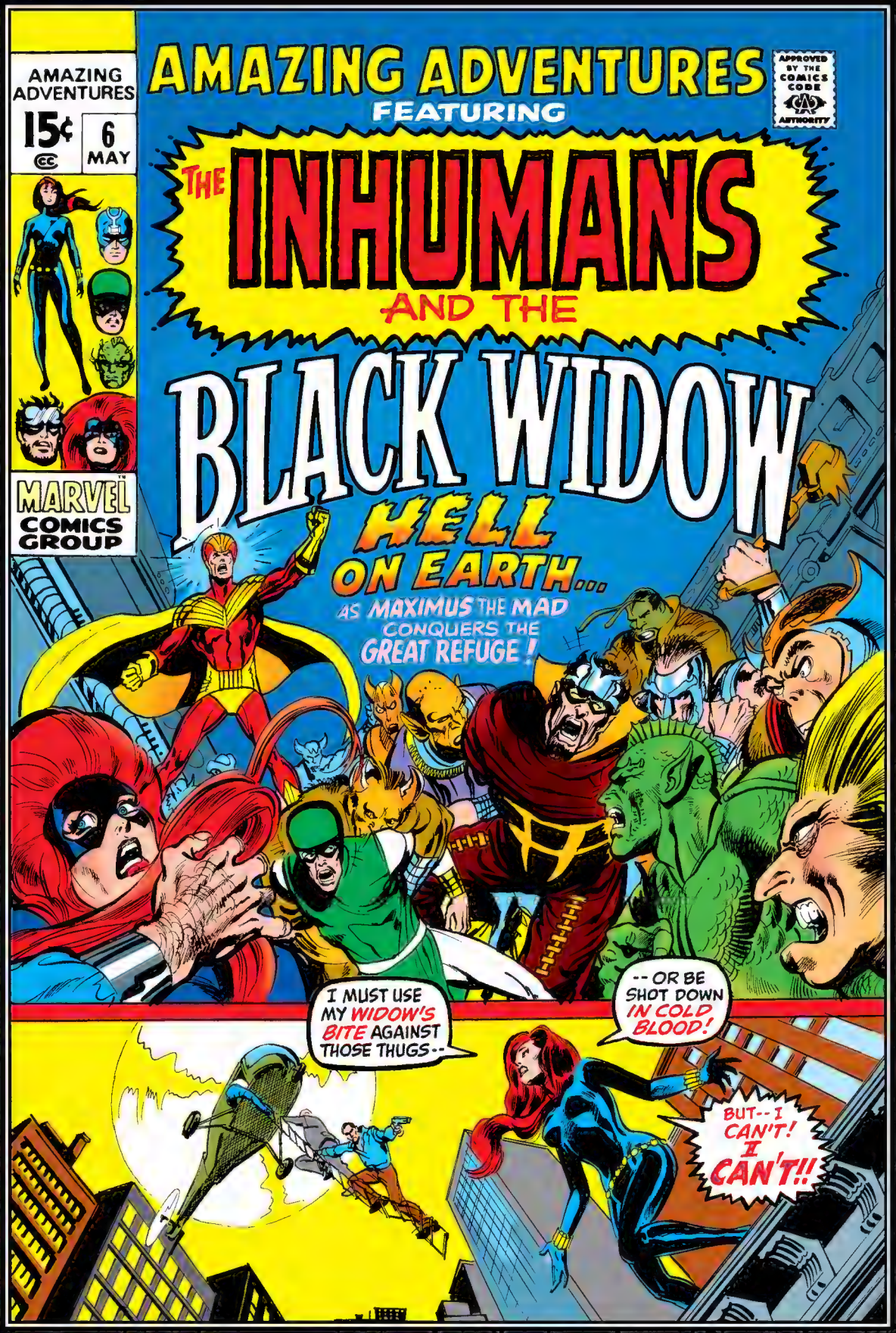
THIS OUGHTTA--
HEY! SOMEBODY'S WAITIN' FOR US, WILLIE--OUT ON THE TERRACE!
NOBODY DOWN HERE BUT US DEFENSELESS WOMEN AND CHILDREN, BOYS.
DON'T SWEAT IT, MAX... IT'S ONLY A FEMALE.
MMMFF!
THERE'S NOTHING SO ONLY ABOUT BEING FEMALE, FELLAS.
YOU OUGHT TO TRY IT SOMETIME.
AT LEAST I'M NOT TRYING TO KILL AN UNARMED TEENAGER WHO NEVER--
WHAT--?
DON'T WORRY, I WON'T TOSS YOU TOO FAR.
YOU MIGHT GO OVER THE LEDGE. GETS MESSY.
S'FUNNY, WIDOW-WOMAN--
WE DON'T PLAN TO WORRY HALF THAT MUCH ABOUT YOU!
9







NEXT: THE WIDOW CRIES: VENGEANCE IS MINE!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BLACK WIDOW
HELL ON EARTH...
AS MAXIMUS THE MAD CONQUERS THE GREAT REFUGE!
I MUST USE MY WIDOW'S BITE AGAINST THOSE THUGS--
--OR BE SHOT DOWN IN COLD BLOOD!
BUT--I CAN'T! I CAN'T!!

THE BLACK WIDOW!™

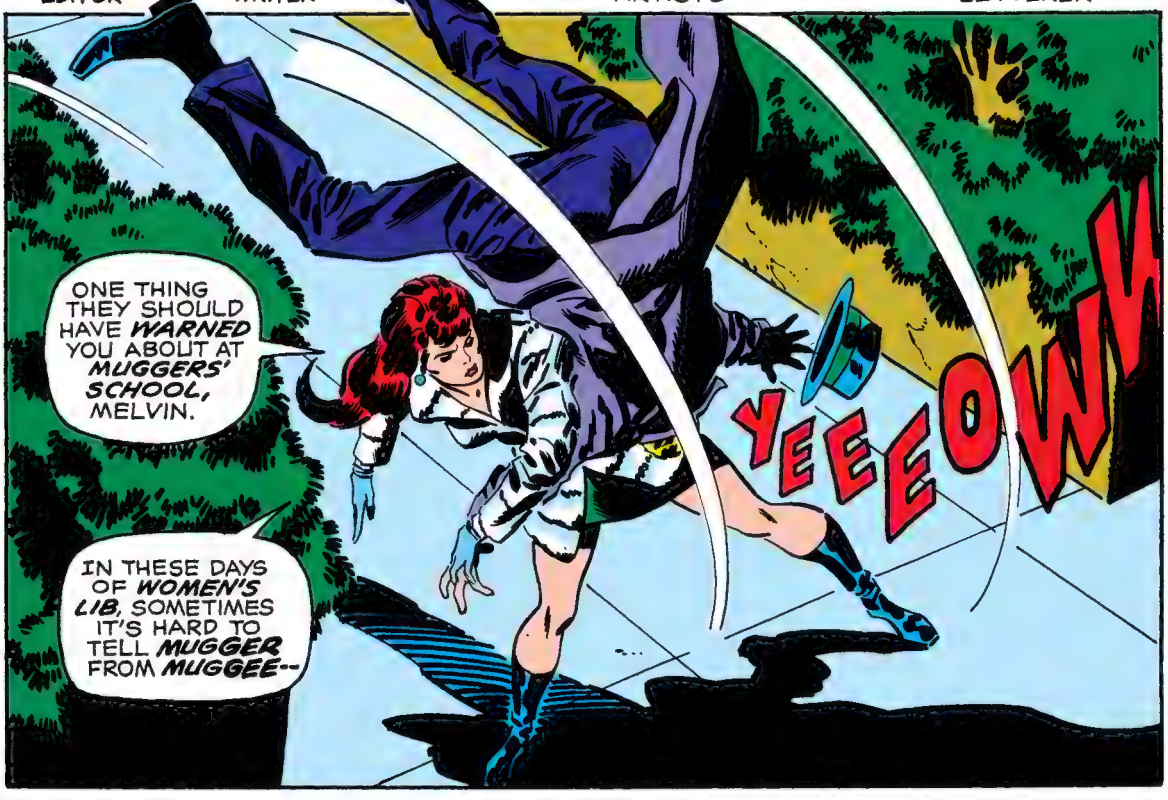
BLOOD WILL TELL!

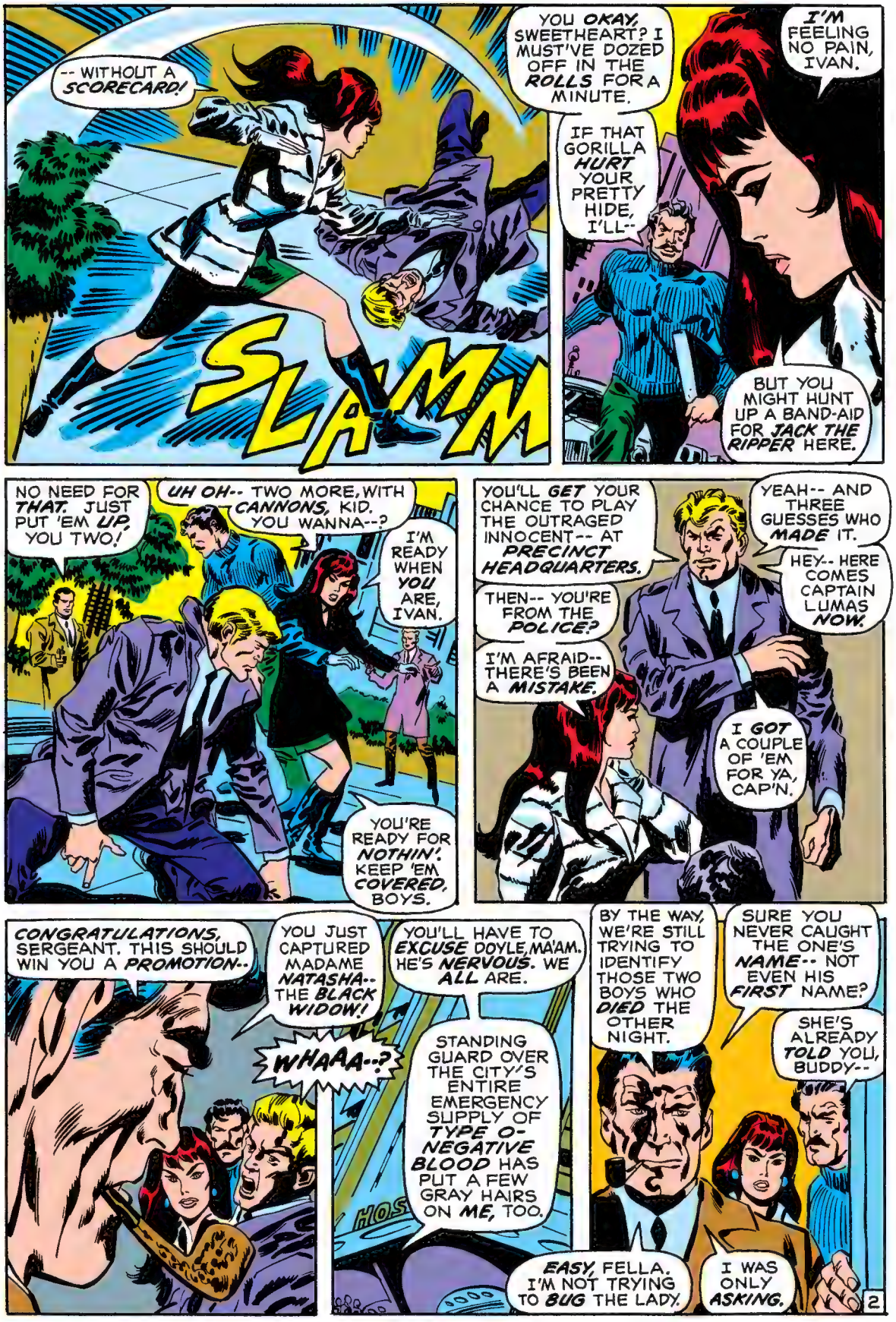
STAN LEE
EDITOR

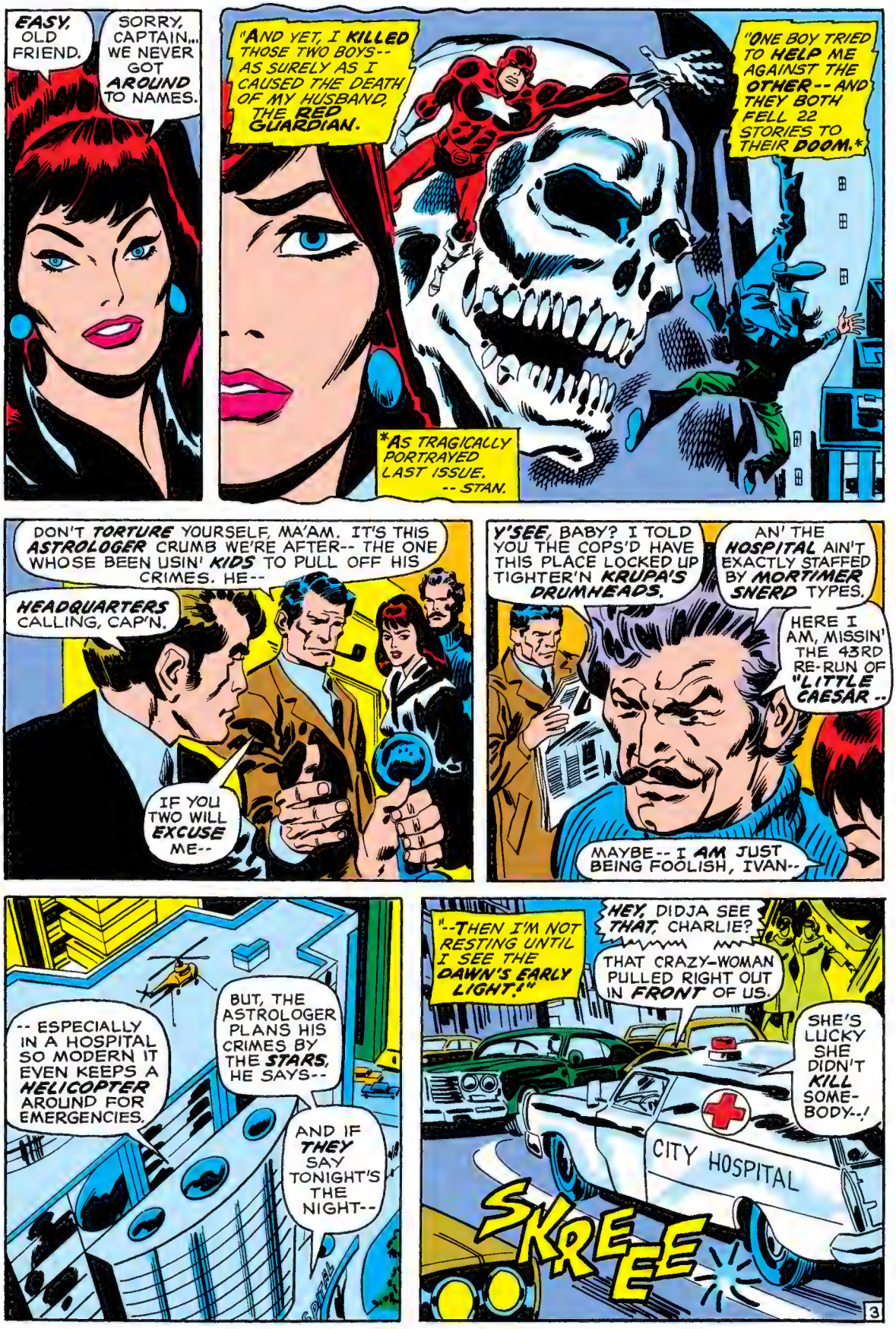
ROY THOMAS
WRITER

DON HECK and SAL BUSCEMA
ARTISTS

JEAN IZZO
LETTERER


ONE THING THEY SHOULD HAVE *WARNED* YOU ABOUT AT *MUGGERS' SCHOOL*, MELVIN.
IN THESE DAYS OF *WOMEN'S LIB*, SOMETIMES IT'S HARD TO TELL *MUGGER* FROM *MUGGEE*--
YEEOWW


-- WITHOUT A SCORECARD!
SLAMM
YOU OKAY, SWEETHEART? I MUST'VE DOZED OFF IN THE ROLLS FOR A MINUTE.
I'M FEELING NO PAIN, IVAN.
IF THAT GORILLA HURT YOUR PRETTY HIDE, I'LL--
BUT YOU MIGHT HUNT UP A BAND-AID FOR JACK THE RIPPER HERE.
NO NEED FOR THAT. JUST PUT 'EM UP, YOU TWO!
UH OH-- TWO MORE, WITH CANNONS, KID. YOU WANNA--?
I'M READY WHEN YOU ARE, IVAN.
YOU'RE READY FOR NOTHIN'. KEEP 'EM COVERED, BOYS.
YOU'LL GET YOUR CHANCE TO PLAY THE OUTRAGED INNOCENT-- AT PRECINCT HEADQUARTERS.
YEAH-- AND THREE GUESSES WHO MADE IT.
HEY-- HERE COMES CAPTAIN LUMAS NOW.
THEN-- YOU'RE FROM THE POLICE?
I'M AFRAID-- THERE'S BEEN A MISTAKE.
I GOT A COUPLE OF 'EM FOR YA, CAP'N.
CONGRATULATIONS, SERGEANT. THIS SHOULD WIN YOU A PROMOTION.
YOU JUST CAPTURED MADAME NATASHA-- THE BLACK WIDOW!
WHAAA--?
YOU'LL HAVE TO EXCUSE DOYLE, MA'AM. HE'S NERVOUS. WE ALL ARE.
STANDING GUARD OVER THE CITY'S ENTIRE EMERGENCY SUPPLY OF TYPE O-NEGATIVE BLOOD HAS PUT A FEW GRAY HAIRS ON ME, TOO.
BY THE WAY, WE'RE STILL TRYING TO IDENTIFY THOSE TWO BOYS WHO DIED THE OTHER NIGHT.
SURE YOU NEVER CAUGHT THE ONE'S NAME-- NOT EVEN HIS FIRST NAME?
SHE'S ALREADY TOLD YOU, BUDDY--
EASY, FELLA. I'M NOT TRYING TO BUG THE LADY.
I WAS ONLY ASKING.
2


EASY, OLD FRIEND.
SORRY, CAPTAIN... WE NEVER GOT AROUND TO NAMES.
"AND YET, I KILLED THOSE TWO BOYS-- AS SURELY AS I CAUSED THE DEATH OF MY HUSBAND, THE RED GUARDIAN.
"ONE BOY TRIED TO HELP ME AGAINST THE OTHER -- AND THEY BOTH FELL 22 STORIES TO THEIR DOOM.*
*AS TRAGICALLY PORTRAYED LAST ISSUE. -- STAN.
DON'T TORTURE YOURSELF, MA'AM. IT'S THIS ASTROLOGER CRUMB WE'RE AFTER-- THE ONE WHOSE BEEN USIN' KIDS TO PULL OFF HIS CRIMES. HE--
HEADQUARTERS CALLING, CAP'N.
IF YOU TWO WILL EXCUSE ME--
Y'SEE, BABY? I TOLD YOU THE COPS'D HAVE THIS PLACE LOCKED UP TIGHTER'N KRUPA'S DRUMHEADS.
AN' THE HOSPITAL AIN'T EXACTLY STAFFED BY MORTIMER SNERD TYPES.
HERE I AM, MISSIN' THE 43RD RE-RUN OF "LITTLE CAESAR --
MAYBE-- I AM JUST BEING FOOLISH, IVAN--
-- ESPECIALLY IN A HOSPITAL SO MODERN IT EVEN KEEPS A HELICOPTER AROUND FOR EMERGENCIES.
BUT, THE ASTROLOGER PLANS HIS CRIMES BY THE STARS, HE SAYS--
AND IF THEY SAY TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT--
"--THEN I'M NOT RESTING UNTIL I SEE THE DAWN'S EARLY LIGHT!"
HEY, DIDJA SEE THAT, CHARLIE?
THAT CRAZY-WOMAN PULLED RIGHT OUT IN FRONT OF US.
SHE'S LUCKY SHE DIDN'T KILL SOME-BODY--!
CITY HOSPITAL
SKREEE
3

AN' YOU'RE LUCKY, SQUARE, THAT WE AIN'T GOT ORDERS TO KILL YOU.
HE'S OUT OF IT, EDDIE.
UHHNN!
OKAY, ASTROLOGER-- YOU CAN STOP LURKIN' IN THE ALLEY.
NOT LURKING, DEAR BOY-- MERELY CONTEMPLATING.
THINKING OF ALL THE GOOD WE CAN DO WITH THE MONEY WE'LL HAVE--
-- WHEN THE CITY PAYS THE RANSOM FOR THE PRIZE WE INTEND TO CAPTURE.
I STILL DON'T LIKE IT, MAN, THAT HOSPITAL'S GOTTA BE CRAWLIN' WITH FUZZ BY NOW.
CRUDELY PUT, LAD-- BUT ACCURATE.
HOWEVER, THE POLICE WILL BE GUARDING THAT BLOOD SUPPLY-- NOT OUR NEW GOAL.
COULDN'T WE JUST'VE ROBBED SOMEPLACE ELSE?
YEAH-- THEN WE WOULDN'T'VE HAD TO SHAVE OFF OUR BEARDS.
THE STARS DO NOT LIE, MY CHILDREN-- NOR MY READINGS OF SAME.
EEEEEEEE
IF THEY INDICATE THAT OUR FORTUNE IS WRITTEN IN BLOOD-- THEN SO IT IS.
YOUR BEARDS WILL GROW BACK-- IN A SUNNIER, MORE HEALTHFUL CLIME.
MERE MINUTES LATER, AT THE RECEIVING STATION AT CITY HOSPITAL--
COMIN' THRU! WE'VE GOT AN INJURED MAN HERE-- HE'S BLEEDIN' BAD.
ALL RIGHT, INTERN, BUT TAKE IT EASY, HUH?
THAT'S A MAN YOU'VE GOT THERE-- NOT A SLAB OF MEAT.
IT'S NEARLY DAWN, IVAN. I GUESS YOU WERE--
OUT OF THE WAY, PLEASE!
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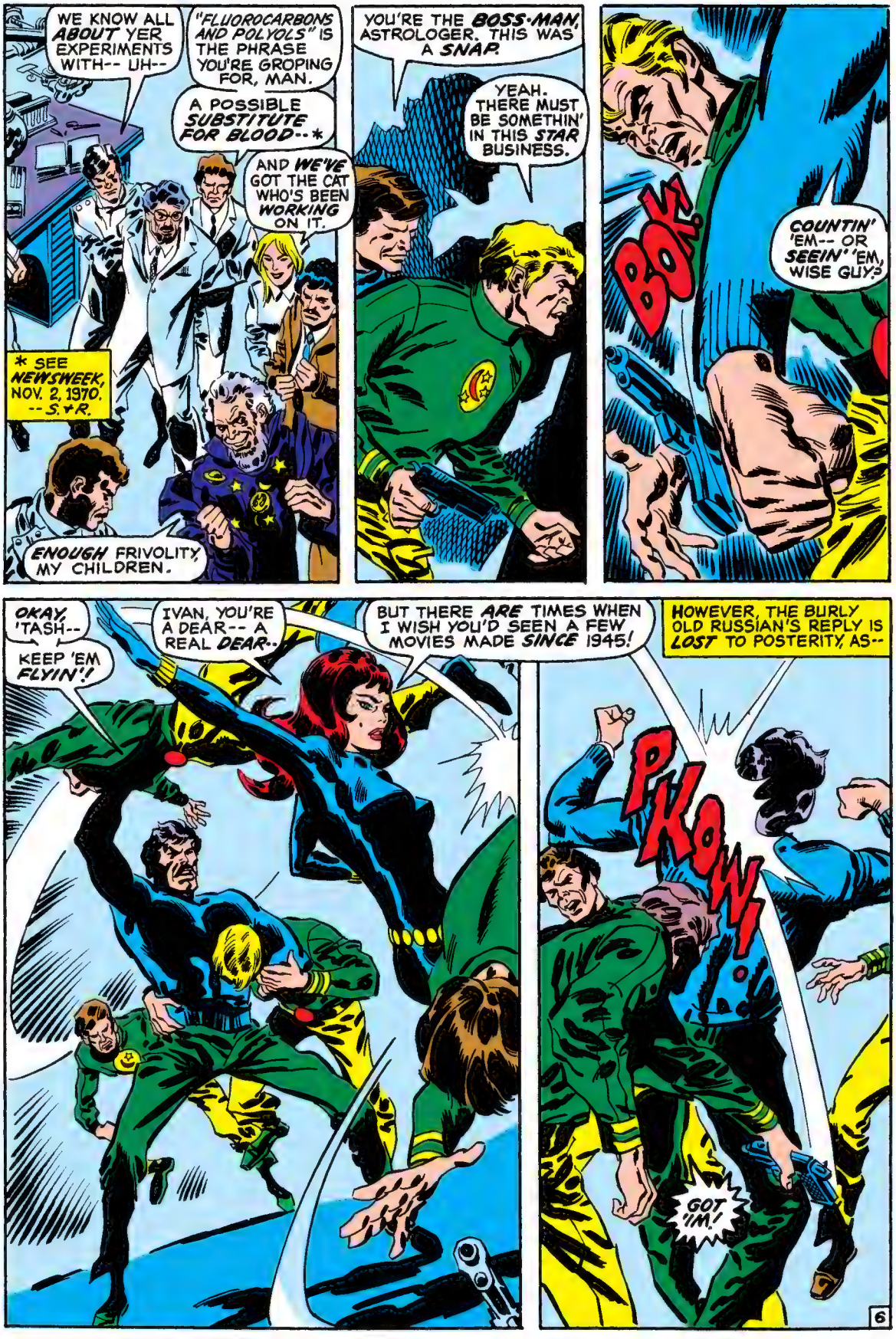
NOTHIN' TO INTEREST US, SWEETHEART. SO--
MAYBE NOT-- BUT WHY SO MANY ATTENDANTS FOR JUST ONE PATIENT?
OF COURSE, HE COULD BE A REAL VIP...
...AND THEN AGAIN...
THEY'RE HEADING AWAY FROM THE AREA WHERE THE BLOOD IS KEPT-- BUT I'M STILL NOT SATISFIED.
WE COULD INVESTIGATE-- BUT IF I'M RIGHT, I'M NOT EXACTLY DRESSED FOR ACTION.
IF YOU MEAN WHAT I THINK YA DO, KID...
...IT'S IN HERE.
MY JUMPSUIT! IVAN, YOU'RE A MIND READER!
DON'T LOOK WHILE I CHANGE, OKAY?
NOT EVEN THRU THE KEYHOLE, BEAUTIFUL.
I DELIBERATELY MEANT TO LEAVE THIS GEAR AT MY APARTMENT--
--SO I COULDN'T POSSIBLY CAUSE ANY MORE TRAGIC DEATHS.
I FEEL AS IF A CURSE HAD BEEN PLACED ON ME-- MAKING ME FAR DEADLIER THAN ANY TRUE SPIDER.
AND YET, I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN-- AS IVAN DID--
-- THAT WHEN THE TIME CAME, I'D BECOME-- THE BLACK WIDOW.
STILL, I KEEP HOPING I'M WRONG ABOUT THOSE MEN-- AND WHAT I SUSPECT--!
SO DO WE, NATASHA, SO DO WE. BUT, UNFORTUNATELY--
EH? WHO ARE YOU MEN?
THAT'S JUST WHY WE'RE HERE, GRAMPS!
YOU'RE NOT ALLOWED HERE IN THE RESEARCH WING.


WE KNOW ALL ABOUT YER EXPERIMENTS WITH-- UH--
"FLUOROCARBONS AND POLYOLS" IS THE PHRASE YOU'RE GROPING FOR, MAN.
A POSSIBLE SUBSTITUTE FOR BLOOD--*
AND WE'VE GOT THE CAT WHO'S BEEN WORKING ON IT.
* SEE NEWSWEEK, NOV. 2, 1970. --S.Y.R.
ENOUGH FRIVOLITY, MY CHILDREN.
YOU'RE THE BOSS-MAN, ASTROLOGER. THIS WAS A SNAP.
YEAH. THERE MUST BE SOMETHIN' IN THIS STAR BUSINESS.
BOK!
COUNTIN' 'EM-- OR SEEIN' 'EM, WISE GUY?
OKAY, 'TASH-- KEEP 'EM FLYIN'!
IVAN, YOU'RE A DEAR-- A REAL DEAR--
BUT THERE ARE TIMES WHEN I WISH YOU'D SEEN A FEW MOVIES MADE SINCE 1945!
HOWEVER, THE BURLY OLD RUSSIAN'S REPLY IS LOST TO POSTERITY, AS--
PKOW!
GOT 'IM!
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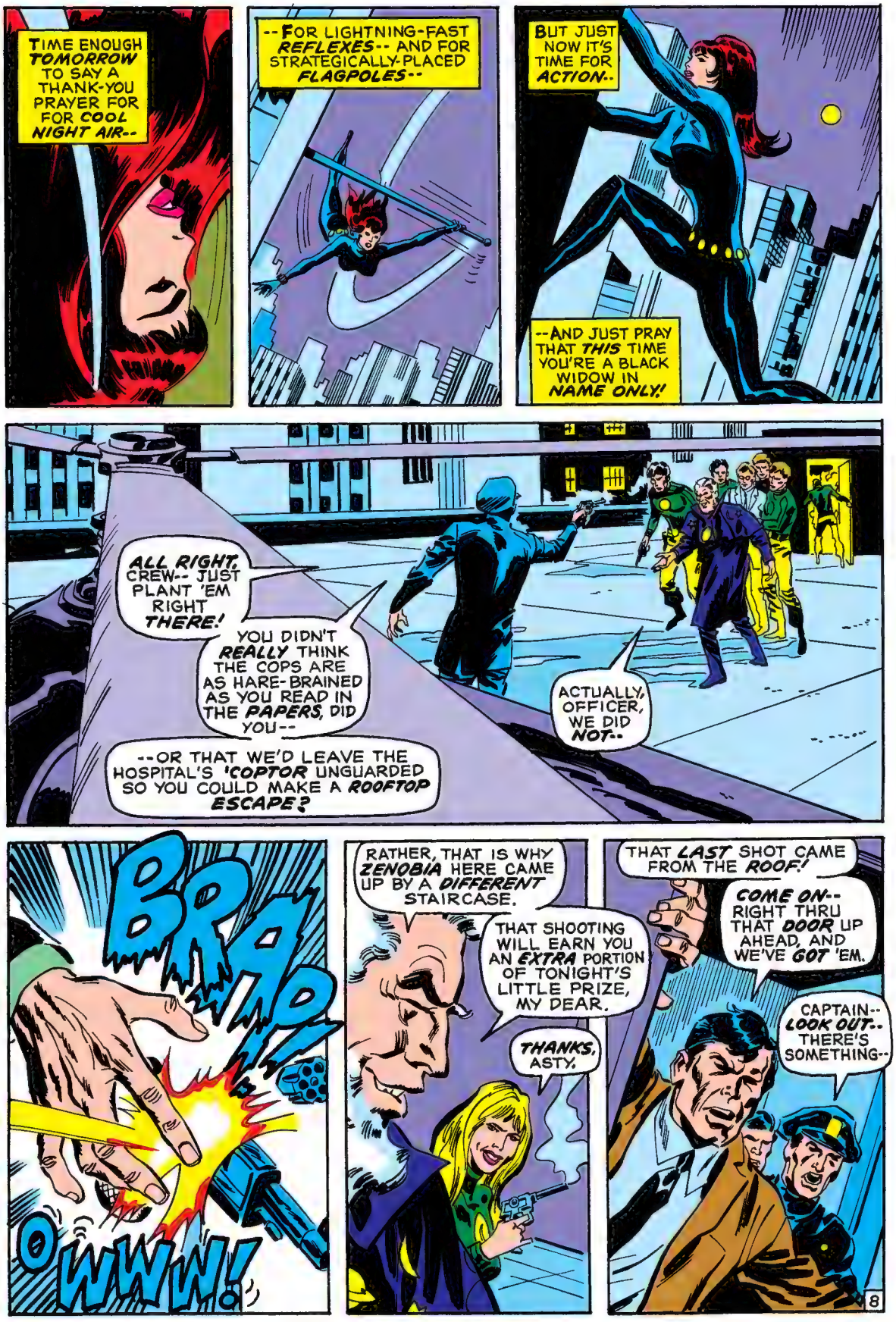
THE BIGGER THEY ARE, THE HARDER THEY--
UNNHHNN!
BLAM!
IF I DIDN'T KNOW BETTER, GRUESOME--
--I'D THINK YOU HAD THE POPCORN CONCESSION AT IVAN'S LATE, LATE SHOW!
ALL RIGHT, WIDOW-WOMAN-- TIME TO CUT THE CHATTER AND GET DOWN TO CASES! TIME TO USE EVERY BIT OF JUDO AND KARATE AT YOUR COMMAND--
FORGET THAT THESE ARE JUST KIDS YOU'RE FACING-- NINETEEN, TWENTY YEARS OLD AT THE MOST--
--BECAUSE IF YOU TAKE TIME OUT TO THINK ABOUT IT-- YOU WON'T GET ANY OLDER!
BUT STILL, YOU JUST WANT TO GET AT THE ONE WHO HAS TURNED THEM INTO KILLERS--
-- IF HE DOESN'T GET TO YOU FIRST!
AHHH
NITEY-NIGHT, MY DEAR--
--AND SLEEP TIGHT!
7


TIME ENOUGH TOMORROW TO SAY A THANK-YOU PRAYER FOR FOR COOL NIGHT AIR--
--FOR LIGHTNING-FAST REFLEXES-- AND FOR STRATEGICALLY-PLACED FLAGPOLES--
BUT JUST NOW IT'S TIME FOR ACTION..
--AND JUST PRAY THAT THIS TIME YOU'RE A BLACK WIDOW IN NAME ONLY!
ALL RIGHT, CREW-- JUST PLANT 'EM RIGHT THERE!
YOU DIDN'T REALLY THINK THE COPS ARE AS HARE-BRAINED AS YOU READ IN THE PAPERS, DID YOU--
--OR THAT WE'D LEAVE THE HOSPITAL'S 'COPTOR UNGUARDED SO YOU COULD MAKE A ROOFTOP ESCAPE?
ACTUALLY, OFFICER, WE DID NOT--
BRAD
OWWW!
RATHER, THAT IS WHY ZENOBIA HERE CAME UP BY A DIFFERENT STAIRCASE.
THAT SHOOTING WILL EARN YOU AN EXTRA PORTION OF TONIGHT'S LITTLE PRIZE, MY DEAR.
THANKS, ASTY.
THAT LAST SHOT CAME FROM THE ROOF!
COME ON-- RIGHT THRU THAT DOOR UP AHEAD, AND WE'VE GOT 'EM.
CAPTAIN-- LOOK OUT-- THERE'S SOMETHING--

GAS BOMB!
WE TRIPPED A WIRE-- AND ACTIVATED IT!
IF THEY GET AWAY--
OKAY, YOU-- GET IN THERE!
OLD PEOPLE BUG ME.
NOW, NOW-- TREAT OUR EDUCATED GUEST GENTLY.
AFTER ALL, HE IS GOING TO MAKE US OUR FORTUNE.
NOT IF I HAVE ANYTHING TO SAY ABOUT IT, STAR-GAZER.
AND, Y'KNOW-- I JUST MIGHT.
THAT FEMALE IS RAPIDLY BECOMING A THORN IN MY TENDER FLESH.
QUICKLY, MY SON-- TAKE THIS WINGLESS CHARIOT UP, AS WE PLANNED.
BUT-- WALDO AIN'T QUITE ABOARD YET--
DID YOU HEAR ME, BOY? I SAID UP!
THEY'RE OUT OF REACH. BUT, IF I COULD ONLY CAPTURE ONE-- LEARN WHERE THEY'RE HEADING--
BUT-- DARE I RISK IT?
WAIT! I STILL HAVE A SHOT AT THAT ONE-- AND IF I USE WIDOW'S BITE RIGHT NOW--
THERE'S A 50-50 CHANCE HE'LL LAND ON THE ROOF-- NOT FALL TO THE STREET BELOW.
DARE I?
9

FWIPP!
HAW! MISSED! YOU AIN'T ALL YER CRACKED UP TO BE, WIDOW!
I SAW THAT, LADY. YOU MISSED HIM ON PURPOSE.
PLEASE-- I--
AND I WANT TO KNOW WHY!
WELL? I'M WAITING, GIRL. JUST WHAT--
HEY! STOP 'ER!
WHAT WITH, CAP'N? A SUB-MACHINE GUN? MAYBE POISON DARTS?
AWRIGHT, DON'T GET SMART. YOU MADE YOUR POINT.
IT AIN'T AGAINST THE LAW JUST TO MISS A SHOT.
FROM NOW ON, I JUST WANT THAT FEMALE TARANTULA TO KEEP OUT OF MY HAIR, THAT'S ALL.
NOT LONG AFTER, FROM EAST RIVER DRIVE...
...A SLEEK ROLLS-ROYCE VEERS NOISELESSLY ONTO THE 95th-STREET RAMP...
...NOR IS THERE A SOUND TO HEAR WITHIN THE NIGHT-DARK LIMOUSINE, SAVE THE RELENTLESS TICKING OF A CLOCK, WHICH SEEMS TO SAY...
...THAT TIME AND NERVE HAVE BOTH RUN OUT-- FOR THE BLACK WIDOW--!
NEXT: THE LONG ROAD BACK!
10

AMAZING ADVENTURES
15¢
7
JULY
02487
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
AMAZING ADVENTURES
FEATURING
THE INHUMANS
AND THE
BLACK WIDOW
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
BURN, BLACK BOLT.. BURN!
PLUS! A BLOCK-BUSTING BONUS!
THE WIDOW WRAPS IT UP!!

THE BLACK WIDOW!

THE STING OF THE Widow!
OF WHAT ARE YOU THINKING, MADAME NATASHA?
ARE YOU REMEMBERING THE BOY WHOSE DEATH YOU CAUSED?
OR--IS IT THE ASTROLOGER, THE MODERN FAGIN WHO USES KIDS TO ROB, WHO HOLDS YOUR THOUGHTS?
WHAT ARE YOU THINKING OF?
THE KIDNAPING LAST EVENING--THE KIDNAPING YOU FAILED TO PREVENT?
PERHAPS DOCTOR LICHENSTEIN--A MAN NOW HELD FOR RANSOM BY THE ASTROLOGER.... BECAUSE OF YOU, BLACK WIDOW--BECAUSE OF YOU!
IS THAT WHAT I AM? A BLACK WIDOW--IN MORE THAN NAME?
SCIENTIST KIDNAPED
STAN LEE EDITOR
GERRY CONWAY WRITER
DON HECK ARTIST
BILL EVERETT INKER
BOB GOLDEN LETTERER
5822

CAP'N DAMMETT--LOOKIE UP THERE ...ON THE BRIDGE!
FRY ME IF IT AIN'T A WOMAN!
NO FRYIN' THIS EVENIN', LAD.
IT'S A LASS, ALL RIGHT--AND QUITE A LASS AT THAT!
IN THE MOON'S SOFT ASHEN LIGHT, A GRACEFUL SILHOUETTED FIGURE STRIDES FAR ABOVE THE TWO CONFUSED SEAMEN...
THINK WE SHOULD CALL THE COAST GUARD?
MAYBE SHE'S GONNA--
JUMP? NOT THAT WOMAN, MATE.
DON'T YE SEE? THAT'S THE BLACK WIDOW!
AM I A JINX? DOES EVERYTHING I DARE TOUCH--
--HAVE TO DIE--CRUMBLE LIKE SOME FADING DREAM?
I CAUSED MY HUSBAND'S DEATH AT THE HANDS OF THE SOVIETS...
WILL I KEEP REPEATING THAT WITH EVERYONE I CARE ABOUT?
EVEN...EVEN STRANGERS LIKE DOCTOR LICHENSTEIN?
OH, NATASHA--WHO ARE YOU LYING TO?
IT'S NOT THE DOCTOR WHO WORRIES ME SO MUCH--
IT'S IVAN.
HE SAVED MY LIFE--WHEN I WAS AN INFANT--AND THE GRIM SPECTRE OF WAR TOWERED OVER OUR NATIVE LAND.
IF I CAUSE HIM THE GRIEF--THE DANGER I HAVE BROUGHT OTHERS...
NO, I CAN'T THINK ABOUT IT. I'VE GOT TO PUT MY MIND ON OTHER THINGS!
SOMETHING'S BROUGHT ME TO AVENGERS HEADQUARTERS. PERHAPS HERE...
...I MAY THINK.
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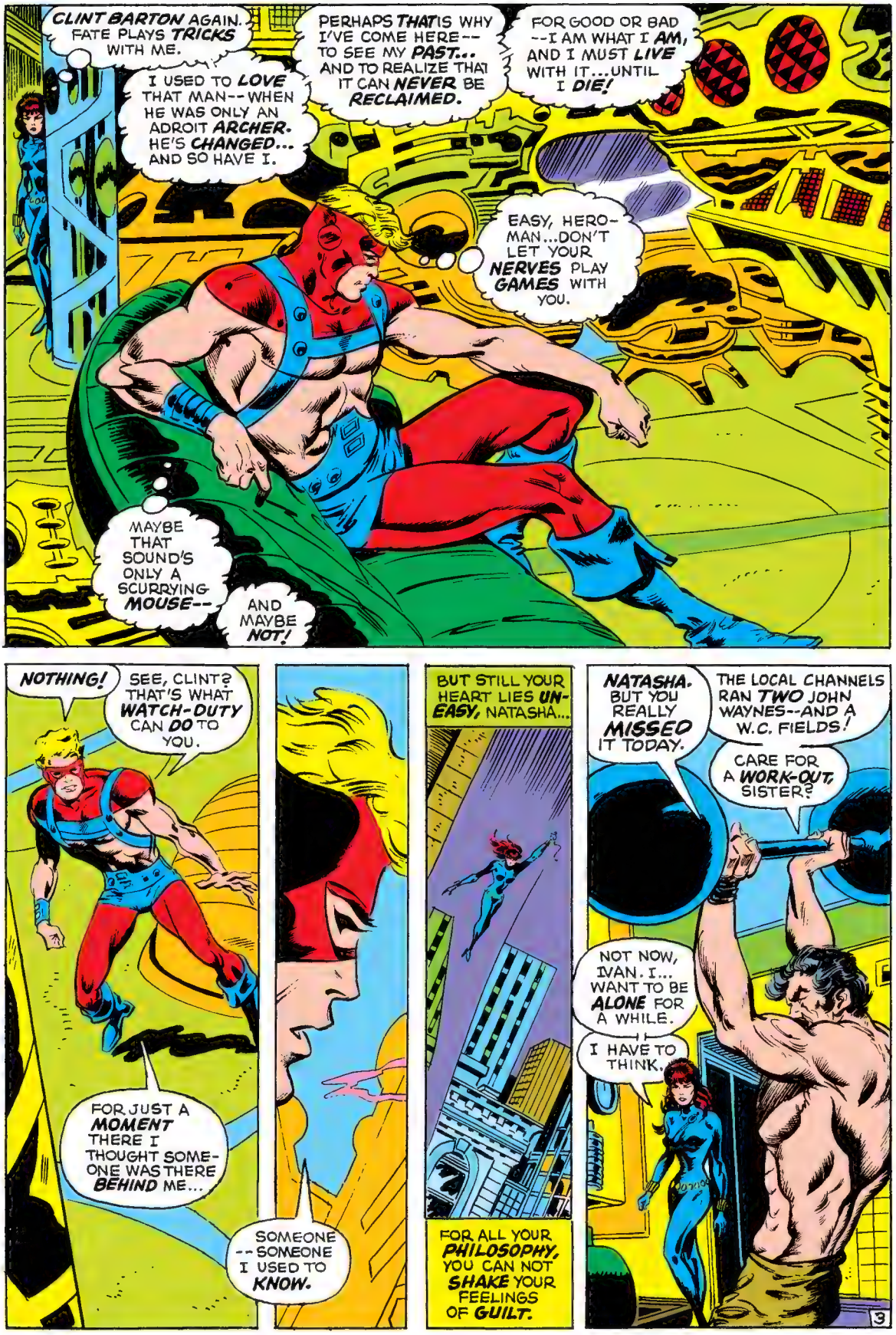
CLINT BARTON AGAIN. FATE PLAYS TRICKS WITH ME.
I USED TO LOVE THAT MAN--WHEN HE WAS ONLY AN ADROIT ARCHER. HE'S CHANGED... AND SO HAVE I.
PERHAPS THAT IS WHY I'VE COME HERE--TO SEE MY PAST... AND TO REALIZE THAT IT CAN NEVER BE RECLAIMED.
FOR GOOD OR BAD --I AM WHAT I AM, AND I MUST LIVE WITH IT...UNTIL I DIE!
EASY, HERO-MAN...DON'T LET YOUR NERVES PLAY GAMES WITH YOU.
MAYBE THAT SOUND'S ONLY A SCURRYING MOUSE--
AND MAYBE NOT!
NOTHING!
SEE, CLINT? THAT'S WHAT WATCH-DUTY CAN DO TO YOU.
FOR JUST A MOMENT THERE I THOUGHT SOMEONE WAS THERE BEHIND ME...
SOMEONE --SOMEONE I USED TO KNOW.
BUT STILL YOUR HEART LIES UNEASY, NATASHA...
FOR ALL YOUR PHILOSOPHY, YOU CAN NOT SHAKE YOUR FEELINGS OF GUILT.
NATASHA. BUT YOU REALLY MISSED IT TODAY.
THE LOCAL CHANNELS RAN TWO JOHN WAYNES--AND A W.C. FIELDS!
CARE FOR A WORK-OUT, SISTER?
NOT NOW, IVAN. I... WANT TO BE ALONE FOR A WHILE.
I HAVE TO THINK.
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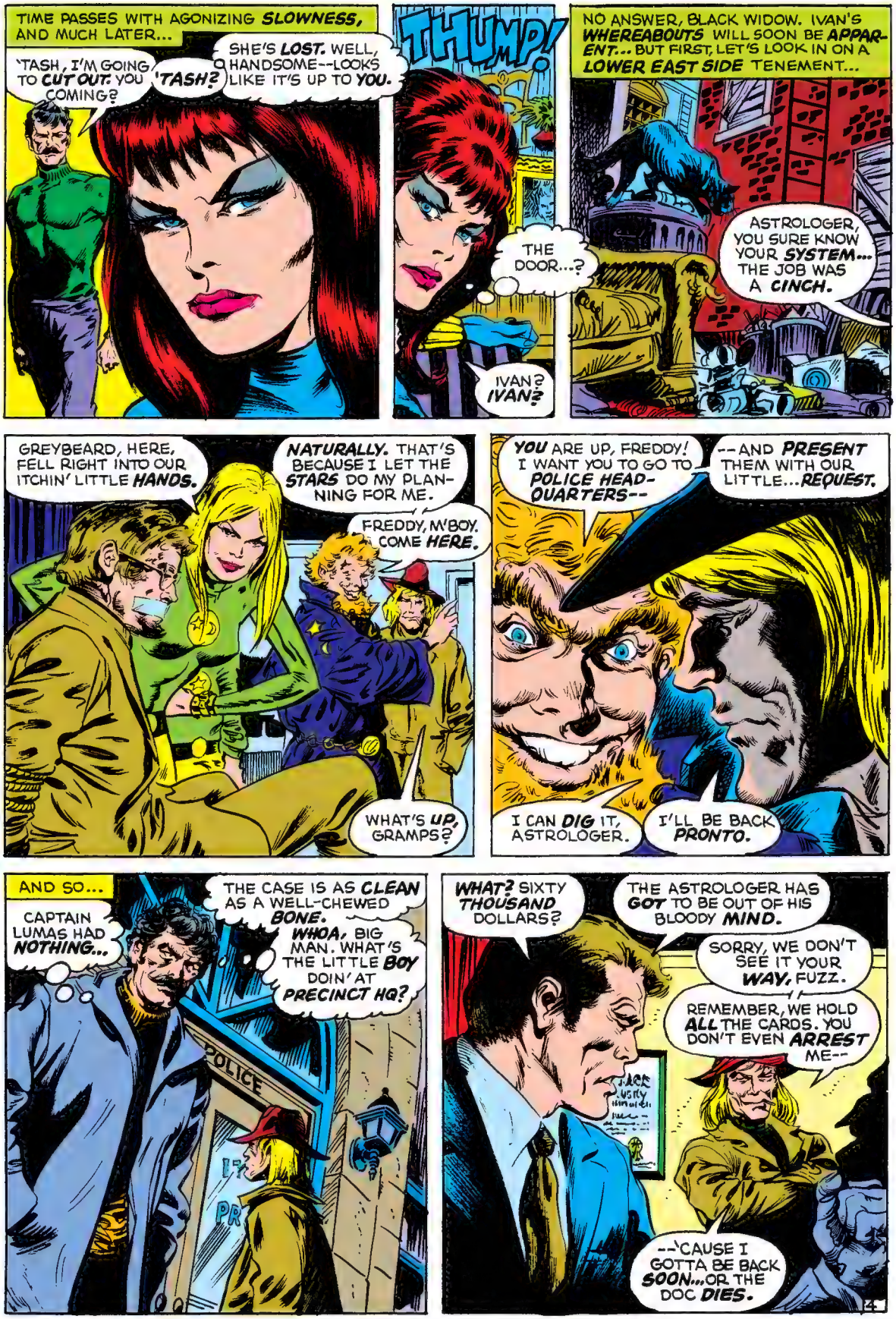

TIME PASSES WITH AGONIZING SLOWNESS, AND MUCH LATER...
'TASH, I'M GOING TO CUT OUT. YOU COMING?
'TASH?
SHE'S LOST. WELL, HANDSOME--LOOKS LIKE IT'S UP TO YOU.
THUMP!
THE DOOR...?
IVAN? IVAN?
NO ANSWER, BLACK WIDOW. IVAN'S WHEREABOUTS WILL SOON BE APPARENT... BUT FIRST, LET'S LOOK IN ON A LOWER EAST SIDE TENEMENT...
ASTROLOGER, YOU SURE KNOW YOUR SYSTEM... THE JOB WAS A CINCH.
GREYBEARD, HERE, FELL RIGHT INTO OUR ITCHIN' LITTLE HANDS.
NATURALLY. THAT'S BECAUSE I LET THE STARS DO MY PLANNING FOR ME.
FREDDY, M'BOY. COME HERE.
WHAT'S UP, GRAMPS?
YOU ARE UP, FREDDY! I WANT YOU TO GO TO POLICE HEADQUARTERS--
--AND PRESENT THEM WITH OUR LITTLE...REQUEST.
I CAN DIG IT, ASTROLOGER.
I'LL BE BACK PRONTO.
AND SO...
CAPTAIN LUMAS HAD NOTHING...
THE CASE IS AS CLEAN AS A WELL-CHEWED BONE.
WHOA, BIG MAN. WHAT'S THE LITTLE BOY DOIN' AT PRECINCT HQ?
POLICE
WHAT? SIXTY THOUSAND DOLLARS?
THE ASTROLOGER HAS GOT TO BE OUT OF HIS BLOODY MIND.
SORRY, WE DON'T SEE IT YOUR WAY, FUZZ.
REMEMBER, WE HOLD ALL THE CARDS. YOU DON'T EVEN ARREST ME--
--'CAUSE I GOTTA BE BACK SOON...OR THE DOC DIES.

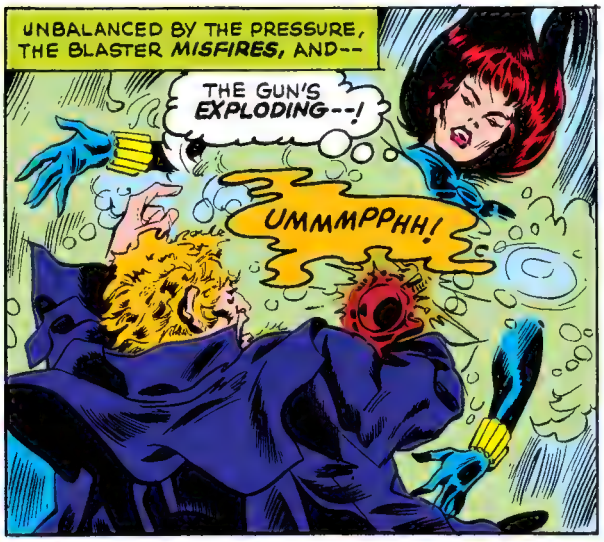
WELL, COMMISIONER?
WHAT'LL WE DO?
DO? THERE'S ONLY ONE THING WE CAN DO...
... PAY THE RANSOM.
WHAT A GAS.
THOSE GUYS LOOKED LIKE THEIR EYES WERE GONNA FALL OUT.
HAW aa AWWK!
HEY, PAL-- DON'T GO 'WAY!
YOU 'N ME ARE GONNA HAVE A LITTLE TALK--
A LITTLE TALK, JUST LIKE ANDY HARDY AND HIS PA.
DON'T BET ON IT, FATSO.
...GOOD THING FOR YOU I DIDN'T TAKE THAT BET, SONNY.
TIME'S RIPE TO CALL NATASHA...
IVAN! WHERE ARE YOU?
SORRY, KID--BUT WE DON'T HAVE TIME FOR PLEASANTRIES.
I'VE LOCATED THE ASTROLOGER--
AN' I'VE DONE A LITTLE LISTENIN' TO HIS PLANS.
IF A KID NAMED FREDDY DON'T SHOW UP AT THE STAR-MAN'S TENEMENT IN THREE MINUTES--
--THE BIG CHEESE IS GONNA TRANSFER OUR PIGEON ELSEWHERE VIA TRUCK.
AHH... SPEAKIN' OF CREEPS--!
I'M TRACKING OUR PIGEON NOW, SISTER.
HE'S HEADIN' WEST ON EIGHTH STREET. FOLLOW WHEN YOU CAN, TASH..
THAT'LL BE NOW, IVAN. 'BYE, OLD FRIEND.

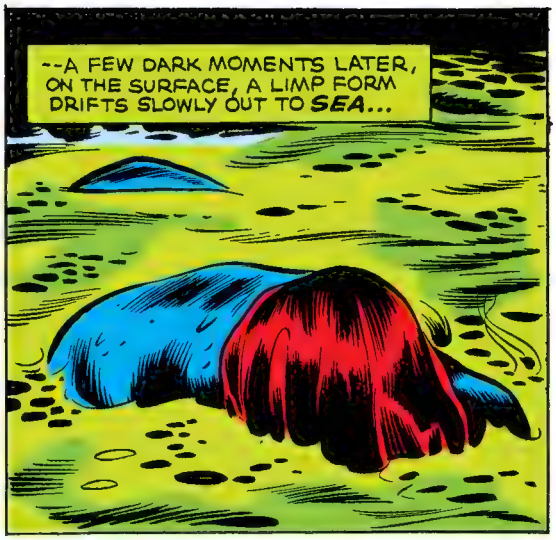
SOON...
HEY, ASTROLOGER--
TAKE A LOOK-SEE IN THE MIRROR.
I THINK SOMEBODY'S FOLLOWIN' US.
SO HE IS!
QUEENIE-- TAKE CARE OF OUR CARELESS PURSUER!
RIGHT ON, POPS!
SCRATCH ONE COP-CAR!
CHOOM!
BENNY, THE STARS ARE WITH US.
WE'LL DOUBLE THE RANSOM!
AND PERHAPS THE STARS LIE, OLD MAN, FOR AS YOUR TRUCK PASSES UNDER THE WASHINGTON SQUARE ARCH...
THEY MUST BE MAKING A DETOUR THROUGH THE PARK--
--WHICH IS MOST CONVENIENT FOR OUR FAVORITE LADY-IN BLACK!
MIKE
IVAN... COME IN, IVAN. THIS IS NATASHA.
NO USE! HAS SOMETHING HAPPENED TO HIM? HAS MY WIDOW'S CURSE STRUCK HIM AS WELL?
IVAN...? NO!
THE MINUTES PASS QUICKLY, NOW, AND SOON THE ANCIENT TRUCK BARRELS ALONG TWELFTH AVENUE... THE WHARVES.
HERE THE AIR IS COOL AND CLAMMY, THE NIGHT MUFFLED BY THIN MISTS. ALL SOUNDS ARE DEADENED--EVEN THE DISTANT BUOY BELLS...
6

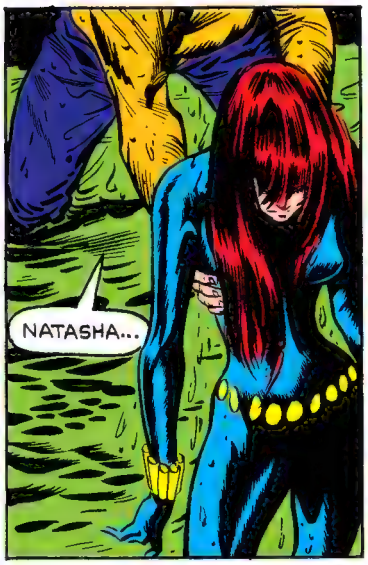
ALL'S CLEAR, OLD MAN.
YOU HEARD THE LADY, FOUR-EYES. IT'S TIME TO SPLIT.
HURRY! HURRY.
BY THE STARS --WE'LL BE SAFE ONCE WE GUIDE OUR LAUNCH TO THE OPEN SEA...
...WHERE WE CAN RAISE OUR PRICE AT WILL.
THE POLICE SHOULD NOT HAVE TRIED TO FOLLOW US--AS THEY'LL SOON DISCOVER.
TOO DARK TO SEE--WHO--?
GNNNNH!
SORRY, YOUNG MAN --YOU'VE LOST YOUR TURN.
NICE PLAN, ASTROLOGER --SAVE FOR ONE SMALL FLAW.
THE POLICE WEREN'T FOLLOWING YOU--
BRAP!
--I WAS!
NO! THE STARS DID NOT FORETELL THIS--
--THE BLACK WIDOW!
I THINK WE'LL BE ABLE TO WRAP UP THIS AFFAIR QUITE EASILY, NOW!
WOULDN'T YOU AGREE, FRIEND?
TWAP!
GOOD GUESS, WHITE-HAIR.

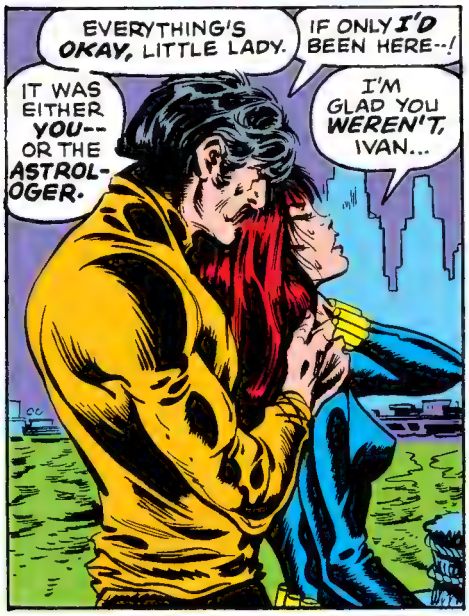
KIDNAPPING ANYONE IS A FEDERAL OFFENSE, ASTROLOGER--
--BUT TAKING A MAN WHO'S BEEN WORKING ON A BLOOD SUBSTITUTE--
--IS POSITIVELY CONTEMPT-IBLE.
WATCH WHAT YOU SAY, CHICK.
THAT'S OUR BOSS YOU'RE PUTTIN' DOWN.
REALLY? I'M AFRAID THAT'S CONDEMN-ATION--
--BY FAINT PRAISE, FRIEND!
MY! DID YOU GET INJURED?
YOU'LL REALLY HAVE TO WATCH THOSE TOYS--
THEY TEND TO BE DANGEROUS.
FORGET THE WIDOW. SHE'LL NOT BE TROUBLING US, ANYMORE...
WILL YOU, LASS?
DOCTOR LICHENSTEIN!
AYE. THE DEAR DOCTOR'S IN A POOR POSITION, MADAME NATASHA.
WOULDN'T YOU AGREE?
8

THE QUESTION SEEMS ACADEMIC, ASTROLOGER.
BUT... I SUPPOSE YOU MEAN IT RHETORICALLY.
MY HANDS SEEM TIED.
QUITE RIGHT, MY DEAR.
YOU SEE--I COULDN'T LOSE. THE STARS--WERE ALL FOR ME.
AND NOW, IF YOU'LL PARDON MY HASTE--
THE PLANKS!
YOU EXPECTED ME TO FIRE AT YOU, ASTROLOGER.
IT'S JUST A SIMPLE CASE--OF MISDIRECTION!
AND I THINK THIS IS A CASE... SOON TO BE CLOSED!
NO!
THE STARS --THE STARS!
BUT WHATEVER THE ASTROLOGER WOULD HAVE SAID ABOUT THE STARS IS LOST, AS--
UMPH!
KRASH!
TUMBLED AND TOSSED BY THE CURRENT OF THE HUDSON, THE TWO STRUGGLING OPPONENTS SINK DOWNWARDS, UNTIL--
HIS BLASTER-- HE'S GOTTEN IT FREE--!
9



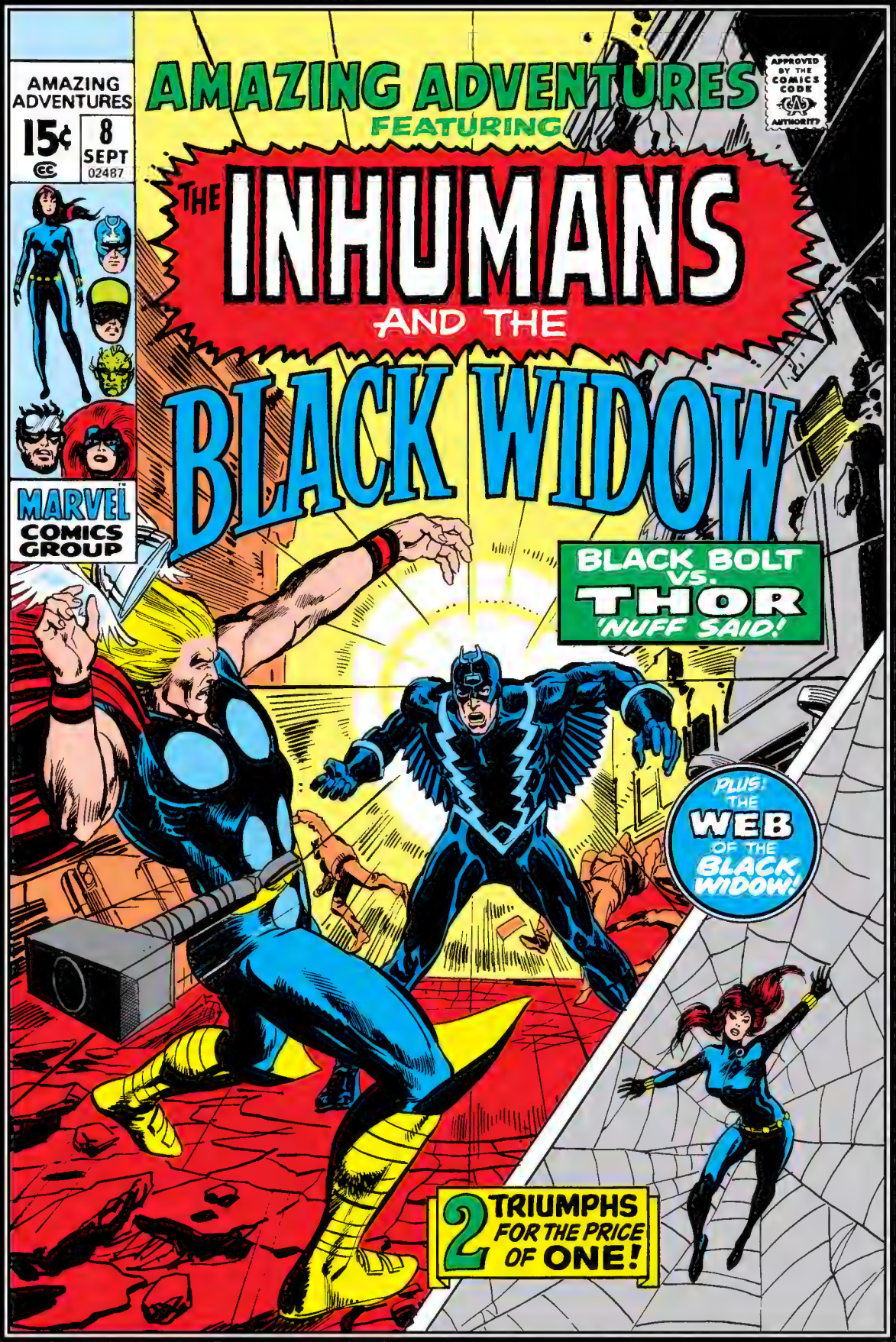






I SET OUT TO CAPTURE THE ASTROLOGER-- AND NOW HE'S DEAD. AND...THAT BOY, EARLIER...
IF YOU'VE GOT A BRAIN BENEATH THOSE TOUSLED LOCKS, OLD FRIEND...YOU'LL RUN FOR YOUR LIFE...
...BECAUSE IT SEEMS... THAT TO KNOW THE BLACK WIDOW... IS TO DIE!

NEXT ISSUE:
THE SILENT CURSE


AMAZING ADVENTURES
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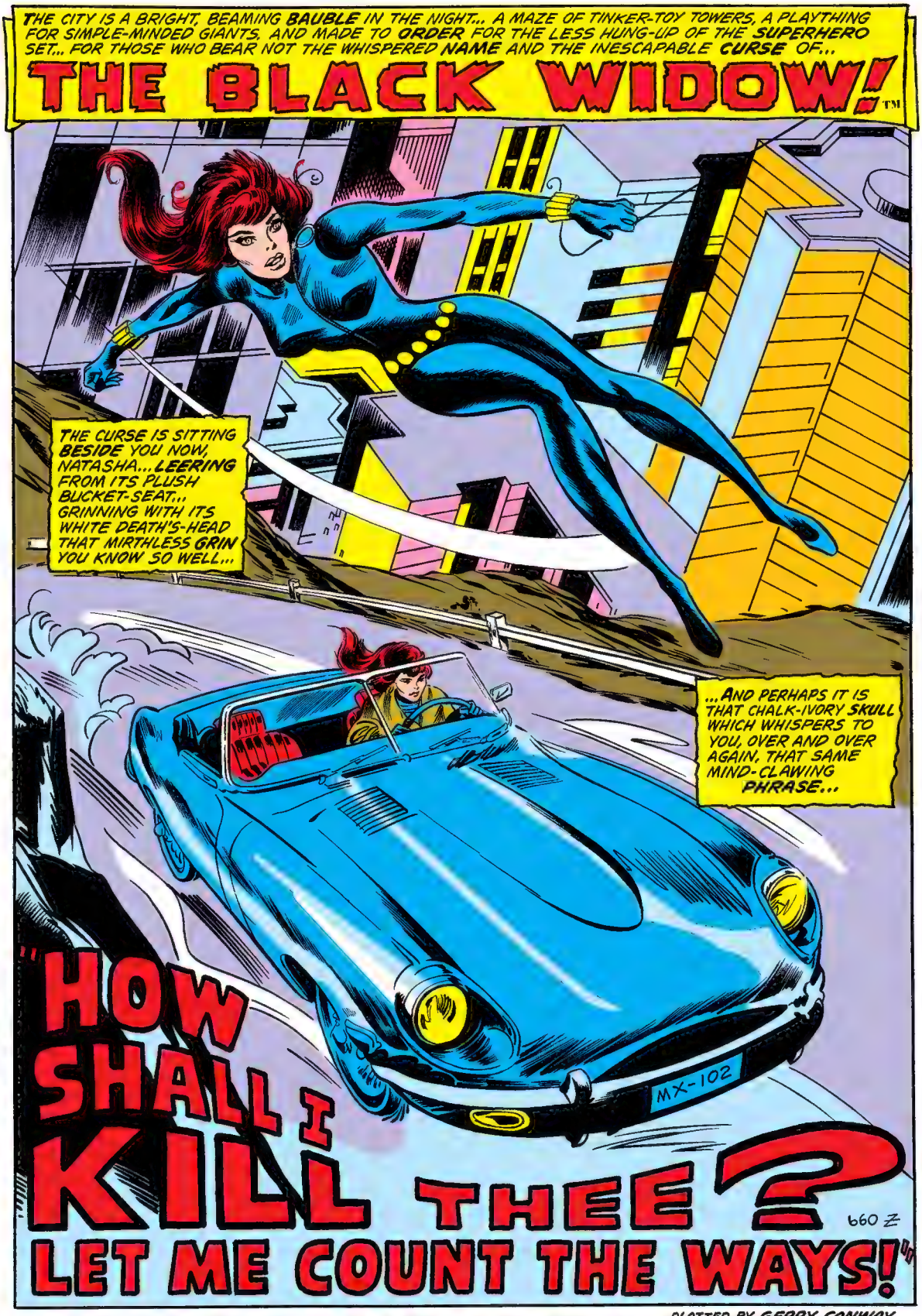
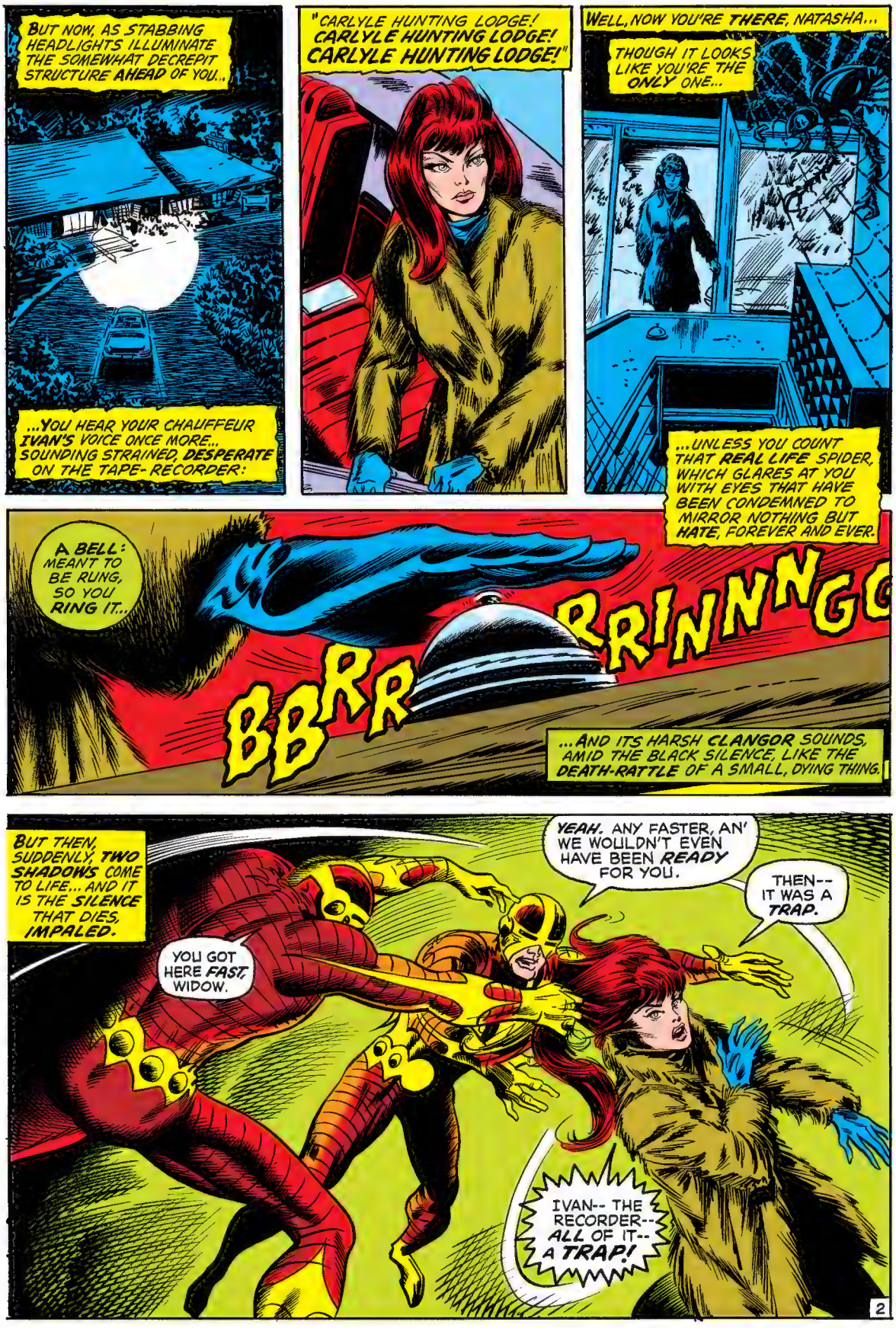
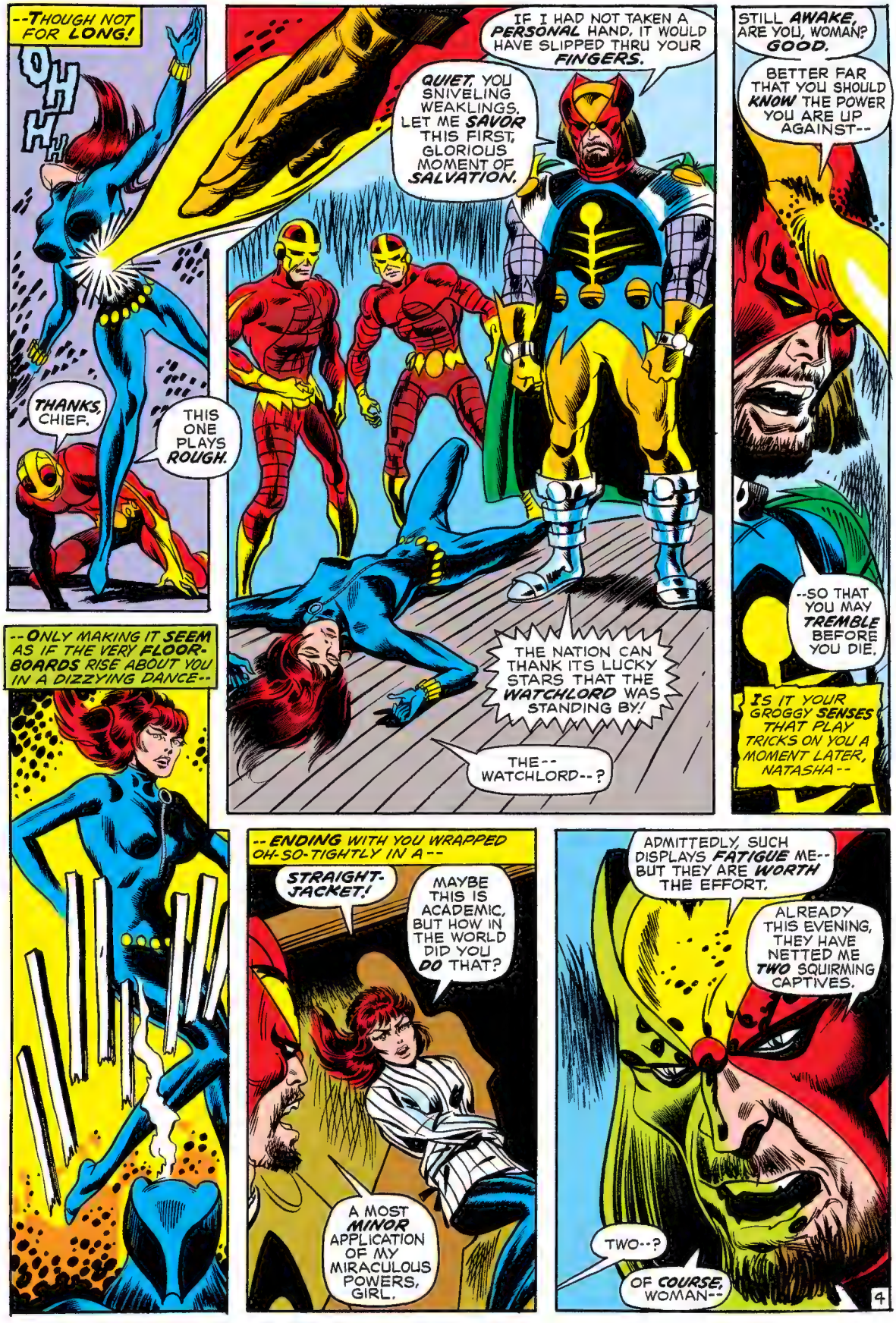
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
AMAZING ADVENTURES
FEATURING
THE INHUMANS
AND THE
BLACK WIDOW
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
BLACK BOLT VS. THOR
'NUFF SAID!
PLUS! THE WEB OF THE BLACK WIDOW!
2 TRIUMPHS FOR THE PRICE OF ONE!


THE CITY IS A BRIGHT, BEAMING BAUBLE IN THE NIGHT... A MAZE OF TINKER-TOY TOWERS, A PLAYTHING FOR SIMPLE-MINDED GIANTS, AND MADE TO ORDER FOR THE LESS HUNG-UP OF THE SUPERHERO SET... FOR THOSE WHO BEAR NOT THE WHISPERED NAME AND THE INESCAPABLE CURSE OF...
THE BLACK WIDOW!™
THE CURSE IS SITTING BESIDE YOU NOW, NATASHA... LEERING FROM ITS PLUSH BUCKET-SEAT... GRINNING WITH ITS WHITE DEATH'S-HEAD THAT MIRTHLESS GRIN YOU KNOW SO WELL...
...AND PERHAPS IT IS THAT CHALK-IVORY SKULL WHICH WHISPERS TO YOU, OVER AND OVER AGAIN, THAT SAME MIND-CLAWING PHRASE...
MX-102
"HOW SHALL I KILL THEE? LET ME COUNT THE WAYS!"
660

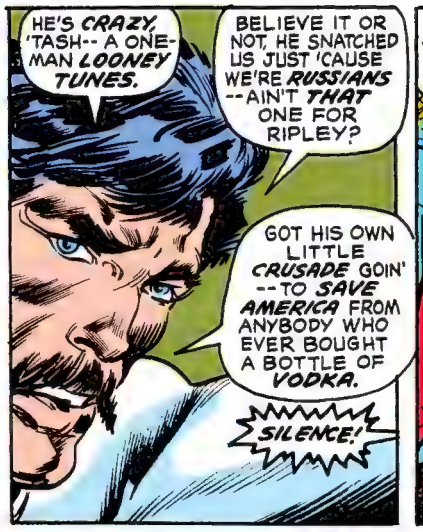
STAN LEE EDITOR * ROY THOMAS WRITER * DON HECK + BILL EVERETT ARTISTS * PLOTTED BY GERRY CONWAY LETTERED BY JEAN IZZO

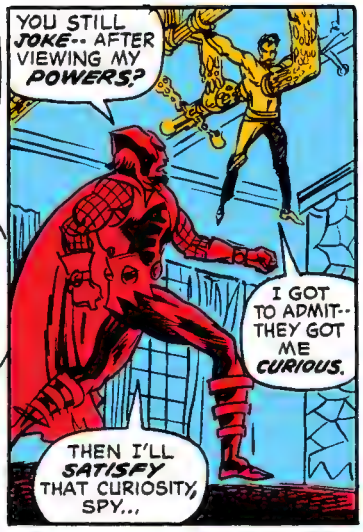

BUT NOW, AS STABBING HEADLIGHTS ILLUMINATE THE SOMEWHAT DECREPIT STRUCTURE AHEAD OF YOU...
...YOU HEAR YOUR CHAUFFEUR IVAN'S VOICE ONCE MORE... SOUNDING STRAINED, DESPERATE ON THE TAPE-RECORDER:
"CARLYLE HUNTING LODGE! CARLYLE HUNTING LODGE! CARLYLE HUNTING LODGE!"
WELL, NOW YOU'RE THERE, NATASHA...
THOUGH IT LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE...
...UNLESS YOU COUNT THAT REAL LIFE SPIDER, WHICH GLARES AT YOU WITH EYES THAT HAVE BEEN CONDEMNED TO MIRROR NOTHING BUT HATE, FOREVER AND EVER.
A BELL: MEANT TO BE RUNG, SO YOU RING IT...
BBRR
RRINNNGG
...AND ITS HARSH CLANGOR SOUNDS, AMID THE BLACK SILENCE, LIKE THE DEATH-RATTLE OF A SMALL, DYING THING.
BUT THEN, SUDDENLY, TWO SHADOWS COME TO LIFE... AND IT IS THE SILENCE THAT DIES, IMPALED.
YOU GOT HERE FAST, WIDOW.
YEAH. ANY FASTER, AN' WE WOULDN'T EVEN HAVE BEEN READY FOR YOU.
THEN-- IT WAS A TRAP.
IVAN-- THE RECORDER-- ALL OF IT-- A TRAP!
2

YOU GUESSED IT, LADY. ANYTHING ELSE YOU WANNA--?
YOWWW!
SWAT!
ONE THING I ALREADY KNOW--
--IS THAT IF YOU CAN GET YOUR OPPONENT TO TALK WHEN HE SHOULD BE LEVELING YOU--
--YOUR BATTLE IS HALF WON.
P-TOK!
NOW, ABOUT MY LONG-LOST CHAUFFEUR--
YOU'LL SEE HIM, WOMAN-- WHEN WE'VE GOT TWO CAPTIVES INSTEAD OF ONE.
OR DID YOU FORGET THAT "HALF WON" IS ALSO-- "HALF LOST"?
AHNNN
KAKK!
YOU'RE GROGGY NOW, WIDOW-- REELING FROM THAT UNEXPECTED KICK-- BARELY ABLE TO DODGE THE KARATE-BLOW YOUR ASSAILANT NOW AIMS FOR YOUR NECK--
YES, EVEN GASPING FOR BREATH, AS YOU HEAR A RICKETY CHAIR LIFTED FROM THE FLOOR BEHIND YOU--
--AND FIND THAT IT IS REFLEXES, AND THEY ALONE, WHICH SAVE YOU--
ZOT!
3

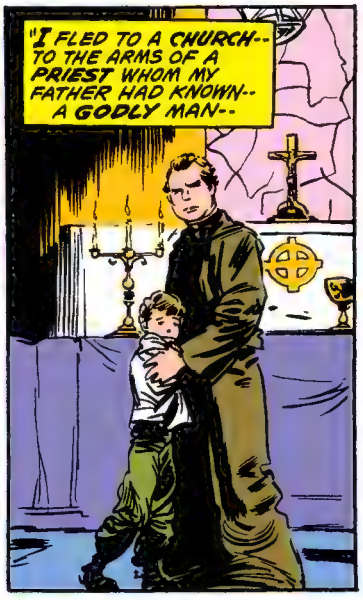

--THOUGH NOT FOR LONG!
OH
HH
THANKS, CHIEF.
THIS ONE PLAYS ROUGH.
IF I HAD NOT TAKEN A PERSONAL HAND, IT WOULD HAVE SLIPPED THRU YOUR FINGERS.
QUIET, YOU SNIVELING WEAKLINGS. LET ME SAVOR THIS FIRST, GLORIOUS MOMENT OF SALVATION.
THE NATION CAN THANK ITS LUCKY STARS THAT THE WATCHLORD WAS STANDING BY!
THE-- WATCHLORD--?
STILL AWAKE, ARE YOU, WOMAN? GOOD.
BETTER FAR THAT YOU SHOULD KNOW THE POWER YOU ARE UP AGAINST--
--SO THAT YOU MAY TREMBLE BEFORE YOU DIE.
IS IT YOUR GROGGY SENSES THAT PLAY TRICKS ON YOU A MOMENT LATER, NATASHA--
--ONLY MAKING IT SEEM AS IF THE VERY FLOOR-BOARDS RISE ABOUT YOU IN A DIZZYING DANCE--
--ENDING WITH YOU WRAPPED OH-SO-TIGHTLY IN A--
STRAIGHT-JACKET!
MAYBE THIS IS ACADEMIC, BUT HOW IN THE WORLD DID YOU DO THAT?
A MOST MINOR APPLICATION OF MY MIRACULOUS POWERS, GIRL.
ADMITTEDLY, SUCH DISPLAYS FATIGUE ME-- BUT THEY ARE WORTH THE EFFORT.
ALREADY THIS EVENING, THEY HAVE NETTED ME TWO SQUIRMING CAPTIVES.
TWO--?
OF COURSE, WOMAN--
4

-- OR HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN YOUR PARTNER IN TREASON-- THE ONE WHO MASQUERADES AS YOUR CHAUFFEUR?
IVAN!
SORRY, TASH-- ABOUT THAT TAPE-RECORDING.
BELA LUGOSI, HERE, TRICKED ME INTO SAYIN' THE NAME OF THIS LODGE-- THEN USED IT TO LURE YOU.


HE'S CRAZY, 'TASH-- A ONE-MAN LOONEY TUNES.
BELIEVE IT OR NOT, HE SNATCHED US JUST 'CAUSE WE'RE RUSSIANS --AIN'T THAT ONE FOR RIPLEY?
GOT HIS OWN LITTLE CRUSADE GOIN' --TO SAVE AMERICA FROM ANYBODY WHO EVER BOUGHT A BOTTLE OF VODKA.
SILENCE!


YOU STILL JOKE-- AFTER VIEWING MY POWERS?
I GOT TO ADMIT-- THEY GOT ME CURIOUS.
THEN I'LL SATISFY THAT CURIOSITY, SPY...

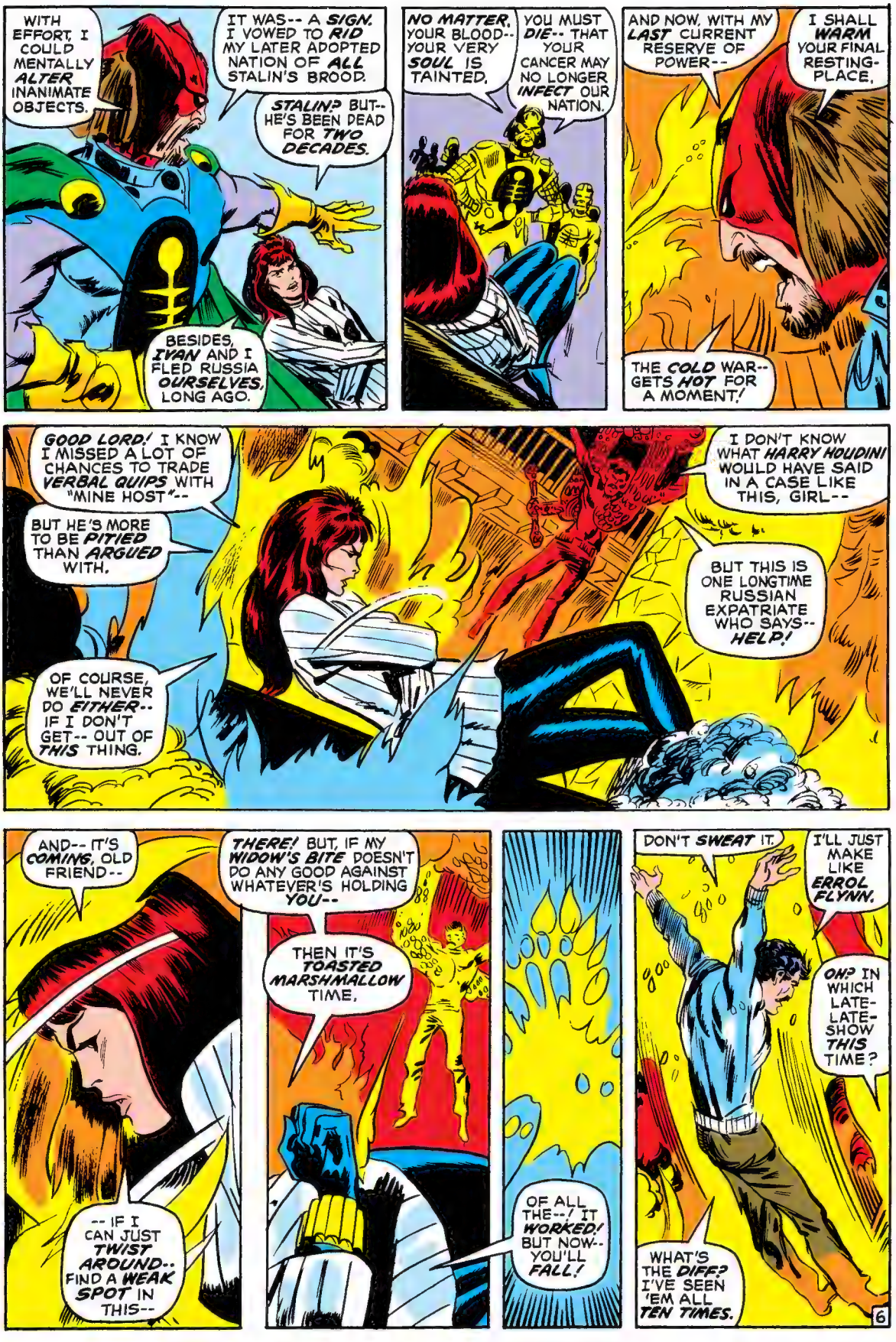
"I WAS BUT A CHILD WHEN GERMANY FELL AT THE END OF WORLD WAR II --MY TOWN WAS TRAMPLED BENEATH HOBNAILED RUSSIAN BOOTS.
"MY FATHER WAS NON-POLITICAL-- BUT YOUR KIND MANAGED TO KILL HIM ANYWAY.

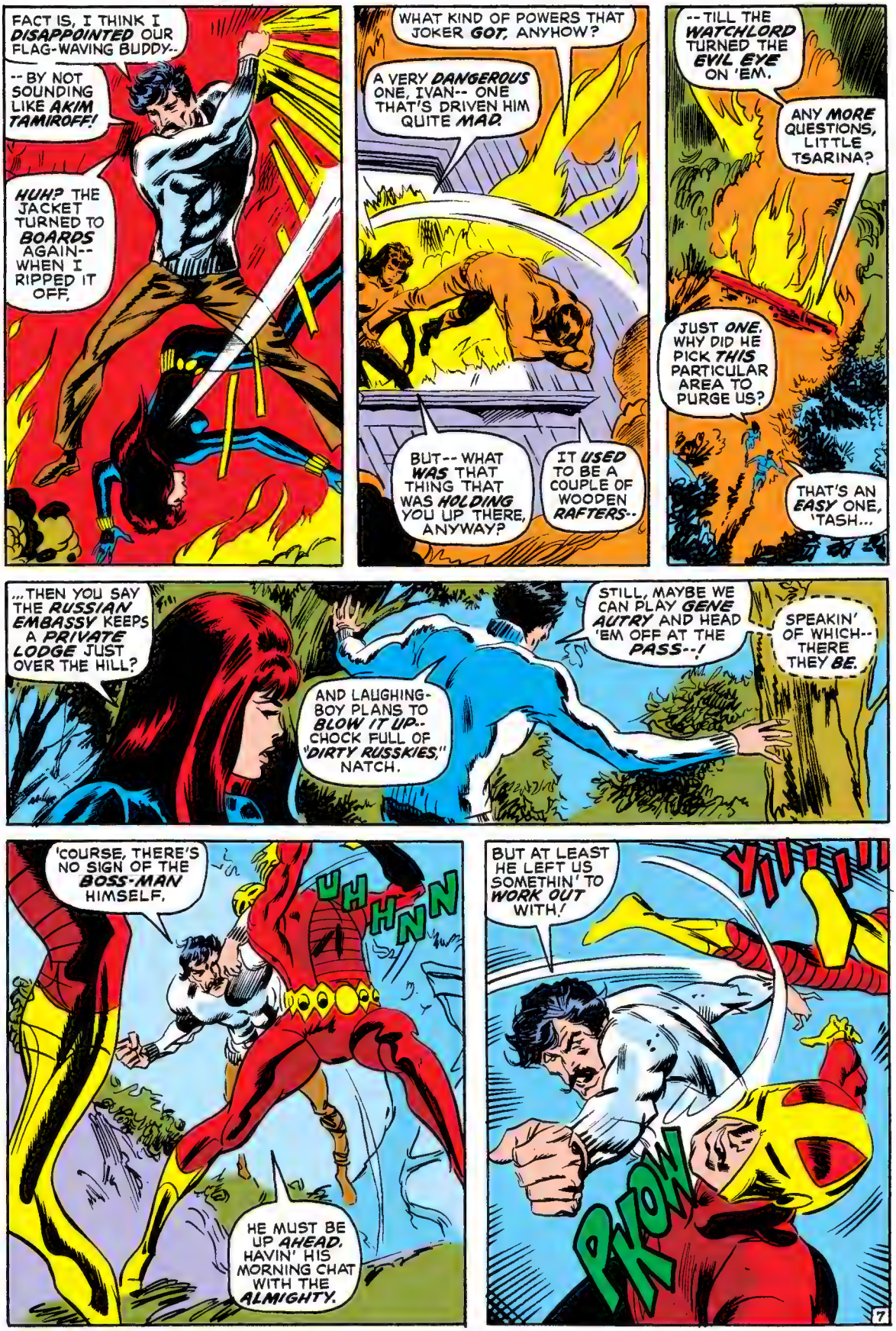

"I FLED TO A CHURCH-- TO THE ARMS OF A PRIEST WHOM MY FATHER HAD KNOWN-- A GODLY MAN--

"HE HID ME IN A WAREHOUSE, AMID CRATES WHOSE CONTENTS HE DID NOT KNOW--
"I WAS TO LEARN LATER THAT THEY CONTAINED RADIOACTIVE MATERIALS--

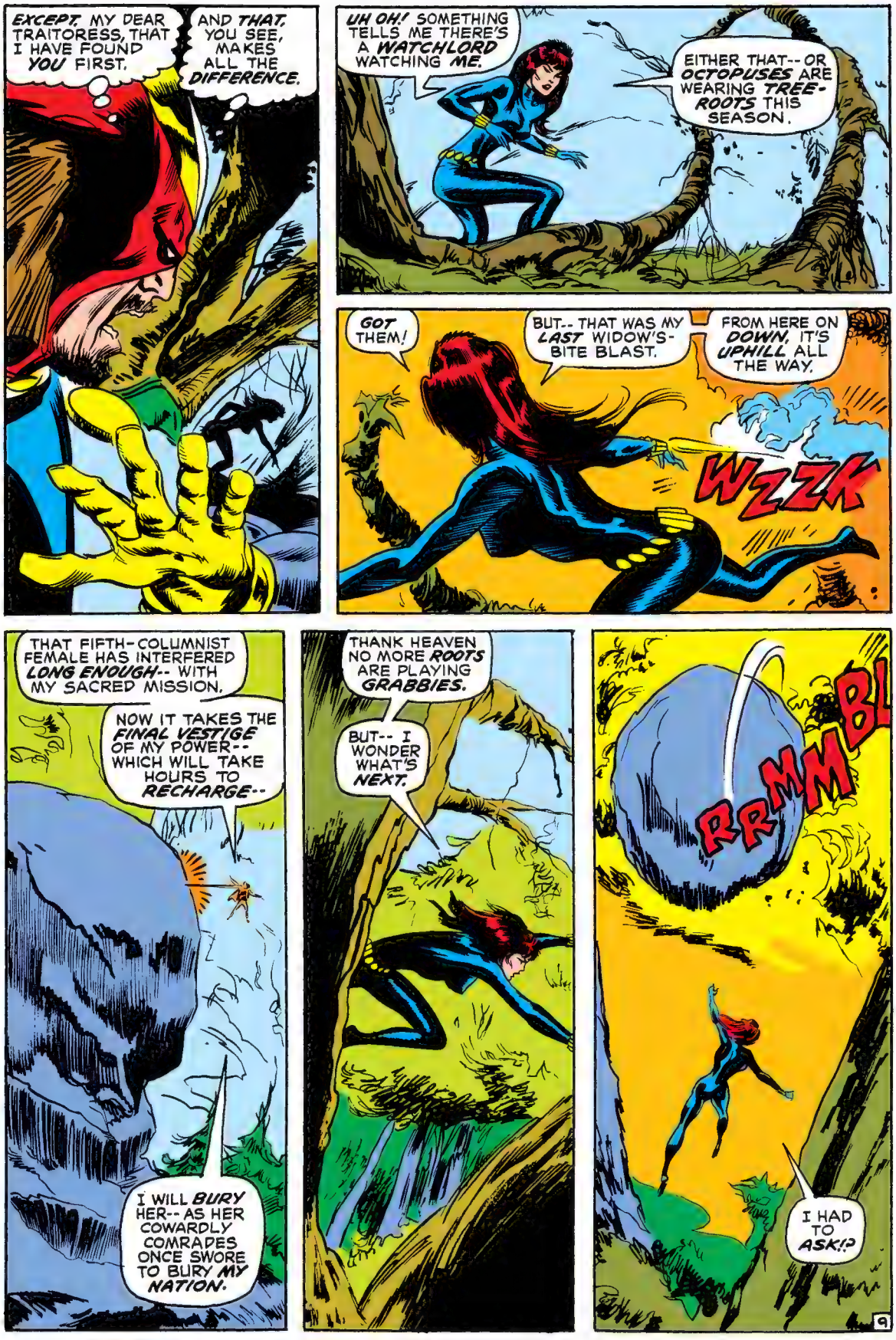
"-- EXPERIMENTAL ISOTOPES WHICH THE NAZIS HAD ABANDONED-- AND WHOSE EERIE GLOW JOINED THE FABRIC OF MY BEING.

"I FELT NOTHING, HOWEVER-- NOT UNTIL YEARS LATER, WHEN I CROSSED THE EDGE OF MANHOOD--
"--AT WHICH TIME I DISCOVERED-- I WAS NO LONGER LIKE OTHER MEN!


WITH EFFORT, I COULD MENTALLY ALTER INANIMATE OBJECTS.
IT WAS-- A SIGN. I VOWED TO RID MY LATER ADOPTED NATION OF ALL STALIN'S BROOD.
STALIN? BUT-- HE'S BEEN DEAD FOR TWO DECADES.
BESIDES, IVAN AND I FLED RUSSIA OURSELVES, LONG AGO.
NO MATTER, YOUR BLOOD-- YOUR VERY SOUL IS TAINTED.
YOU MUST DIE-- THAT YOUR CANCER MAY NO LONGER INFECT OUR NATION.
AND NOW, WITH MY LAST CURRENT RESERVE OF POWER--
I SHALL WARM YOUR FINAL RESTING-PLACE.
THE COLD WAR-- GETS HOT FOR A MOMENT!
GOOD LORD! I KNOW I MISSED A LOT OF CHANCES TO TRADE VERBAL QUIPS WITH "MINE HOST"--
BUT HE'S MORE TO BE PITIED THAN ARGUED WITH.
OF COURSE, WE'LL NEVER DO EITHER-- IF I DON'T GET-- OUT OF THIS THING.
I DON'T KNOW WHAT HARRY HOUDINI WOULD HAVE SAID IN A CASE LIKE THIS, GIRL--
BUT THIS IS ONE LONGTIME RUSSIAN EXPATRIATE WHO SAYS-- HELP!
AND-- IT'S COMING, OLD FRIEND--
-- IF I CAN JUST TWIST AROUND-- FIND A WEAK SPOT IN THIS--
THERE! BUT, IF MY WIDOW'S BITE DOESN'T DO ANY GOOD AGAINST WHATEVER'S HOLDING YOU--
THEN IT'S TOASTED MARSHMALLOW TIME.
OF ALL THE--! IT WORKED! BUT NOW-- YOU'LL FALL!
DON'T SWEAT IT.
I'LL JUST MAKE LIKE ERROL FLYNN.
OH? IN WHICH LATE-LATE-SHOW THIS TIME?
WHAT'S THE DIFF? I'VE SEEN 'EM ALL TEN TIMES.


FACT IS, I THINK I DISAPPOINTED OUR FLAG-WAVING BUDDY--
-- BY NOT SOUNDING LIKE AKIM TAMIROFF!
HUH? THE JACKET TURNED TO BOARDS AGAIN-- WHEN I RIPPED IT OFF.
WHAT KIND OF POWERS THAT JOKER GOT, ANYHOW?
A VERY DANGEROUS ONE, IVAN-- ONE THAT'S DRIVEN HIM QUITE MAD.
BUT-- WHAT WAS THAT THING THAT WAS HOLDING YOU UP THERE, ANYWAY?
IT USED TO BE A COUPLE OF WOODEN RAFTERS--
-- TILL THE WATCHLORD TURNED THE EVIL EYE ON 'EM.
ANY MORE QUESTIONS, LITTLE TSARINA?
JUST ONE. WHY DID HE PICK THIS PARTICULAR AREA TO PURGE US?
THAT'S AN EASY ONE, 'TASH...
...THEN YOU SAY THE RUSSIAN EMBASSY KEEPS A PRIVATE LODGE JUST OVER THE HILL?
AND LAUGHING-BOY PLANS TO BLOW IT UP-- CHOCK FULL OF "DIRTY RUSSKIES," NATCH.
STILL, MAYBE WE CAN PLAY GENE AUTRY AND HEAD 'EM OFF AT THE PASS--!
SPEAKIN' OF WHICH-- THERE THEY BE.
'COURSE, THERE'S NO SIGN OF THE BOSS-MAN HIMSELF.
UHHNN
HE MUST BE UP AHEAD, HAVIN' HIS MORNING CHAT WITH THE ALMIGHTY.
BUT AT LEAST HE LEFT US SOMETHIN' TO WORK OUT WITH!
YIIII
PKOW
7

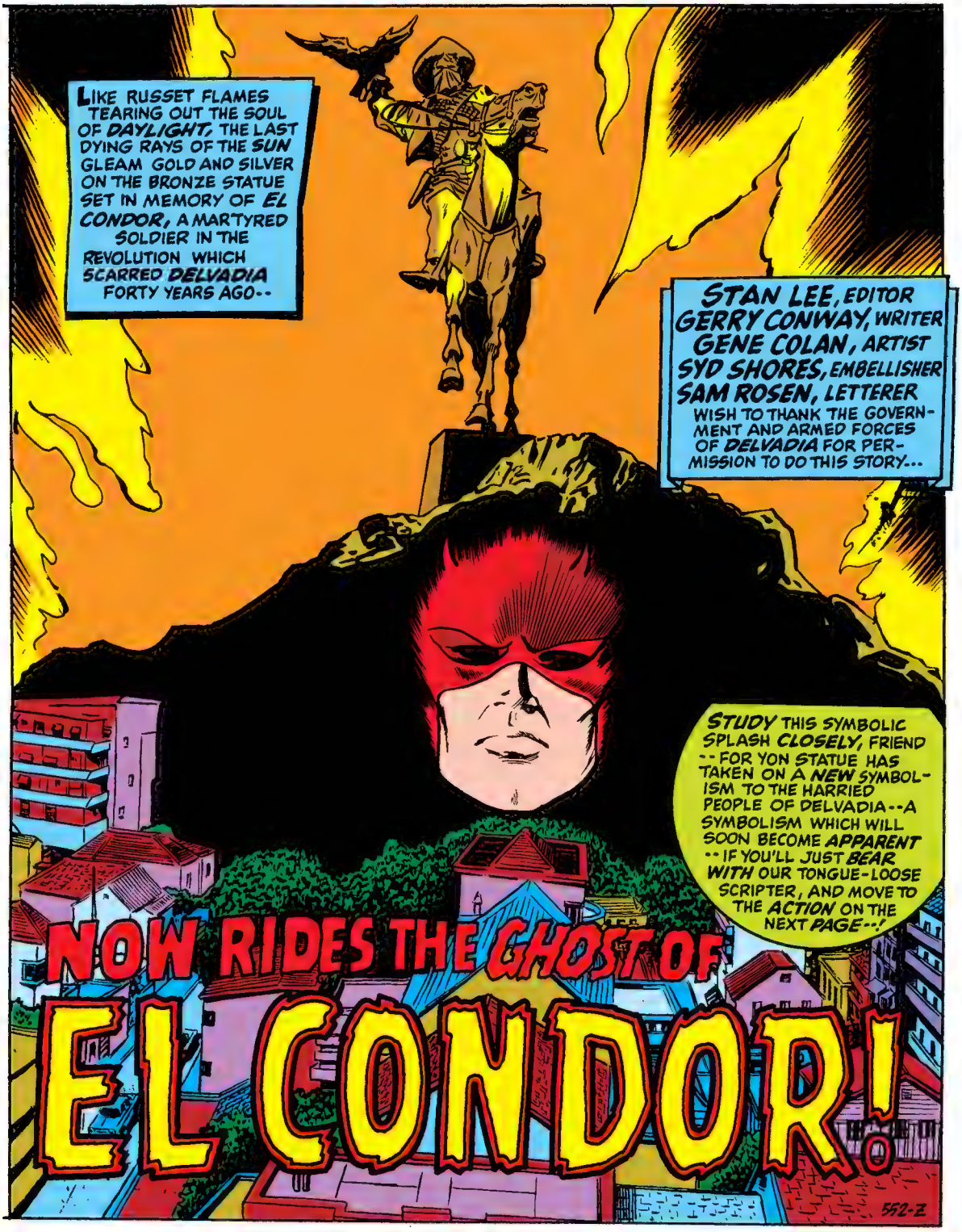
TWO OTHERS-- SKULKING ABOUT OVER HERE.
WHERE DID THE WATCHLORD DIG UP YOU CRETINS, ANYWAY?
ZZITT
HE PAYS WELL, LADY--
--WITH A BONUS FOR EVERY REDSKIE WE TAKE OUT ON OUR OWN.
GLAD TO HEAR THE PRICE IS RIGHT.
THAK
THAK
BUT THIS WIDOW CAN BITE BACK!
ZRAT!
WHEW! GOOD THING YOU TAPPED THE BIG GUY FROM BEHIND, JOE.
NOW LET'S TAKE CARE OF HIS LADY-FRIEND!
THESE GAS GRENADES ARE GREAT STUFF.
OH? IF YOU REALLY LIKE THEM THAT MUCH, FELLAS--
I WOULDN'T WANT TO DEPRIVE YOU OF THEM, EVEN FOR A MOMENT.
ZTT
ZTT
CRIPES! RUN! SHE'S LOBBIN' 'EM RIGHT BACK AT--
FROOM!
YOU KNOW, I HATE TO SAY THIS--
OOOFF
BUT I'M BEGINNING TO GET BORED WITH YOU PLAYBOYS.
IT'S YOUR HEADMAN I'M AFTER, YOU KNOW.
AND, SINCE YOU'RE ALL ACCOUNTED FOR-- AND IVAN JUST ADDED ANOTHER BUMP TO HIS SKULL--
--THAT'S JUST WHO I INTEND TO FIND.
8


EXCEPT, MY DEAR TRAITORESS, THAT I HAVE FOUND YOU FIRST.
AND THAT, YOU SEE, MAKES ALL THE DIFFERENCE.
UH OH! SOMETHING TELLS ME THERE'S A WATCHLORD WATCHING ME.
EITHER THAT-- OR OCTOPUSES ARE WEARING TREE-ROOTS THIS SEASON.
GOT THEM!
BUT-- THAT WAS MY LAST WIDOW'S-BITE BLAST.
FROM HERE ON DOWN, IT'S UPHILL ALL THE WAY.
WZZK
THAT FIFTH-COLUMNIST FEMALE HAS INTERFERED LONG ENOUGH-- WITH MY SACRED MISSION.
NOW IT TAKES THE FINAL VESTIGE OF MY POWER-- WHICH WILL TAKE HOURS TO RECHARGE--
I WILL BURY HER-- AS HER COWARDLY COMRADES ONCE SWORE TO BURY MY NATION.
THANK HEAVEN NO MORE ROOTS ARE PLAYING GRABBIES.
BUT-- I WONDER WHAT'S NEXT.
RRMMBL
I HAD TO ASK!?
9

FOR A MOMENT, NATASHA, YOU STAND THERE--TRANSFIXED WITH TERROR--
BUT THEN, BECAUSE IT IS SECOND NATURE TO YOU-- YOU ACT--
--AS A SHOT RINGS OUT--A BULLET GRAZES YOUR TEMPLE--
--ONLY TO FEEL, NEXT INSTANT, A STAB OF CRIMSON PAIN--
BLAM!
--AND YOU FALL!
I AM A CRACK SHOT, MY DEAR--
--AS I BELIEVE YOU CAN TESTIFY.
THEN--THIS IS THE END.
AT LEAST, THIS TIME--I CAUSE NO ONE'S DEATH--BUT MY OWN.
YET, IVAN--THOSE EMBASSY PEOPLE--
I HAD HOPED TO DISPOSE OF YOU IN A LESS CONVENTIONAL MANNER.
BUT STILL, THE NATION WILL THANK ME, ONE DAY--WHEN IT COMES TO ITS SENSES--AND SO--
THAT SOUND! THAT DEAFEANING SOUND-- WHAT--?
NO!
AND THEN, IT IS TOO LATE FOR WORDS, WHETHER SANE OR NO--
AAAA
--AS A MADMAN'S DREAMS ARE BURIED AS HE WANTED TO BURY YOU--BENEATH A MOVING, DEADLY MOUNTAIN--A LAND-SLIDE HE HAD UNWITTINGLY BEGUN--!
IT'S--OVER, 'TASH.
IS IT, IVAN? IS IT EVER TRULY OVER?
DID THAT POOR FOOL SUFFER THE FATE OF THE FANATIC--WHO SETS IT MOTION FORCES HE CANNOT CONTROL--
OR DID HE DIE ONLY BECAUSE HE CROSSED THE PATH OF--THE BLACK WIDOW?
FINIS

DARE-DEVIL
15¢
75
APR
DAREDEVIL
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
A SHOCKER...
RIPPED FROM TODAY'S SCREAMING HEADLINES!!
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
DAILY BUGLE
KIDNAPING 2 DIE
Chief Rival
A Kidnaping
IN THE SINISTER SHADOW OF... EL CONDOR!

DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™


LIKE RUSSET FLAMES TEARING OUT THE SOUL OF DAYLIGHT, THE LAST DYING RAYS OF THE SUN GLEAM GOLD AND SILVER ON THE BRONZE STATUE SET IN MEMORY OF EL CONDOR, A MARTYRED SOLDIER IN THE REVOLUTION WHICH SCARRED DELVADIA FORTY YEARS AGO--
STAN LEE, EDITOR
GERRY CONWAY, WRITER
GENE COLAN, ARTIST
SYD SHORES, EMBELLISHER
SAM ROSEN, LETTERER
WISH TO THANK THE GOVERNMENT AND ARMED FORCES OF DELVADIA FOR PERMISSION TO DO THIS STORY...
STUDY THIS SYMBOLIC SPLASH CLOSELY, FRIEND -- FOR YON STATUE HAS TAKEN ON A NEW SYMBOLISM TO THE HARRIED PEOPLE OF DELVADIA--A SYMBOLISM WHICH WILL SOON BECOME APPARENT -- IF YOU'LL JUST BEAR WITH OUR TONGUE-LOOSE SCRIPTER, AND MOVE TO THE ACTION ON THE NEXT PAGE--!
NOW RIDES THE GHOST OF
EL CONDOR!
852-Z

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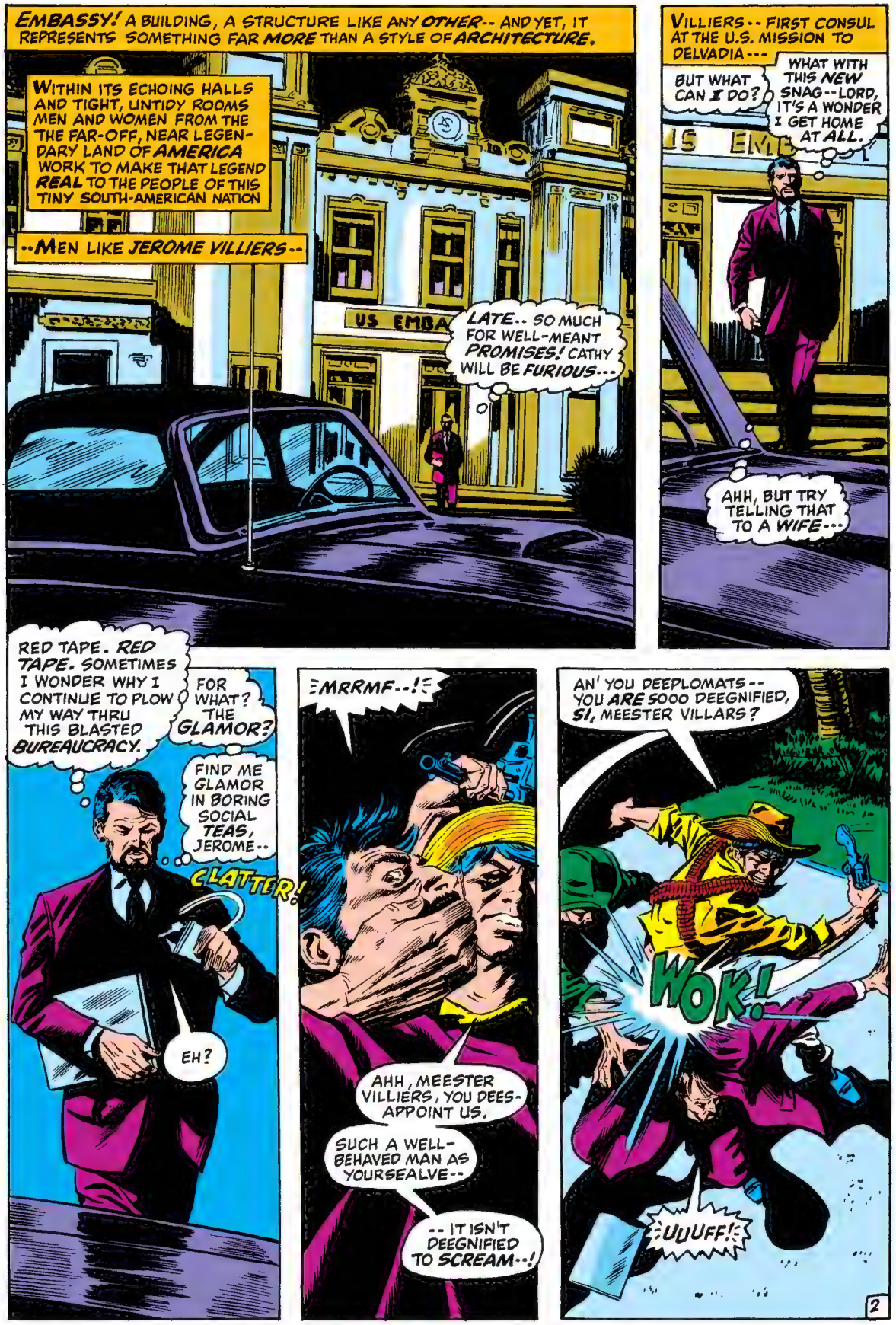
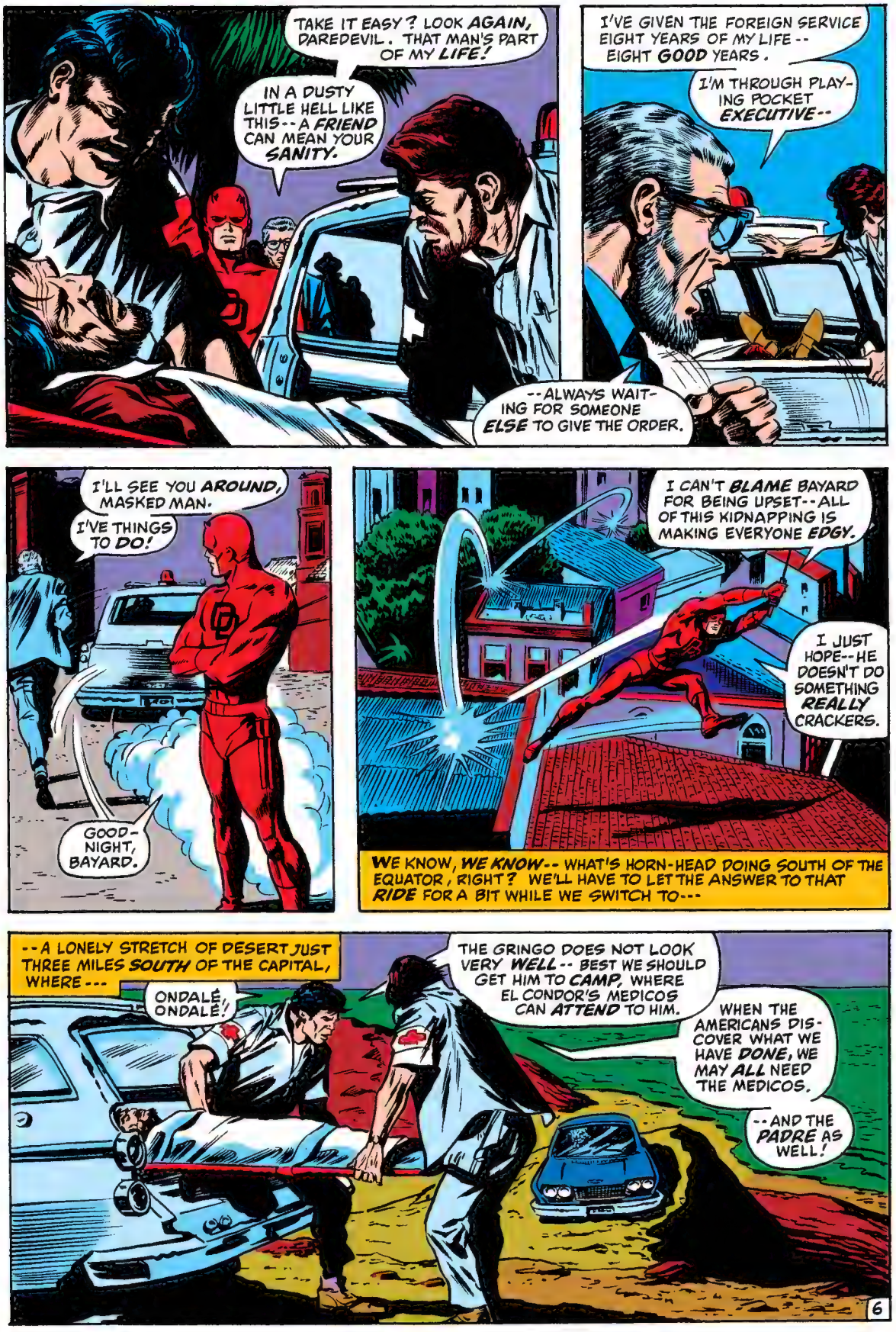
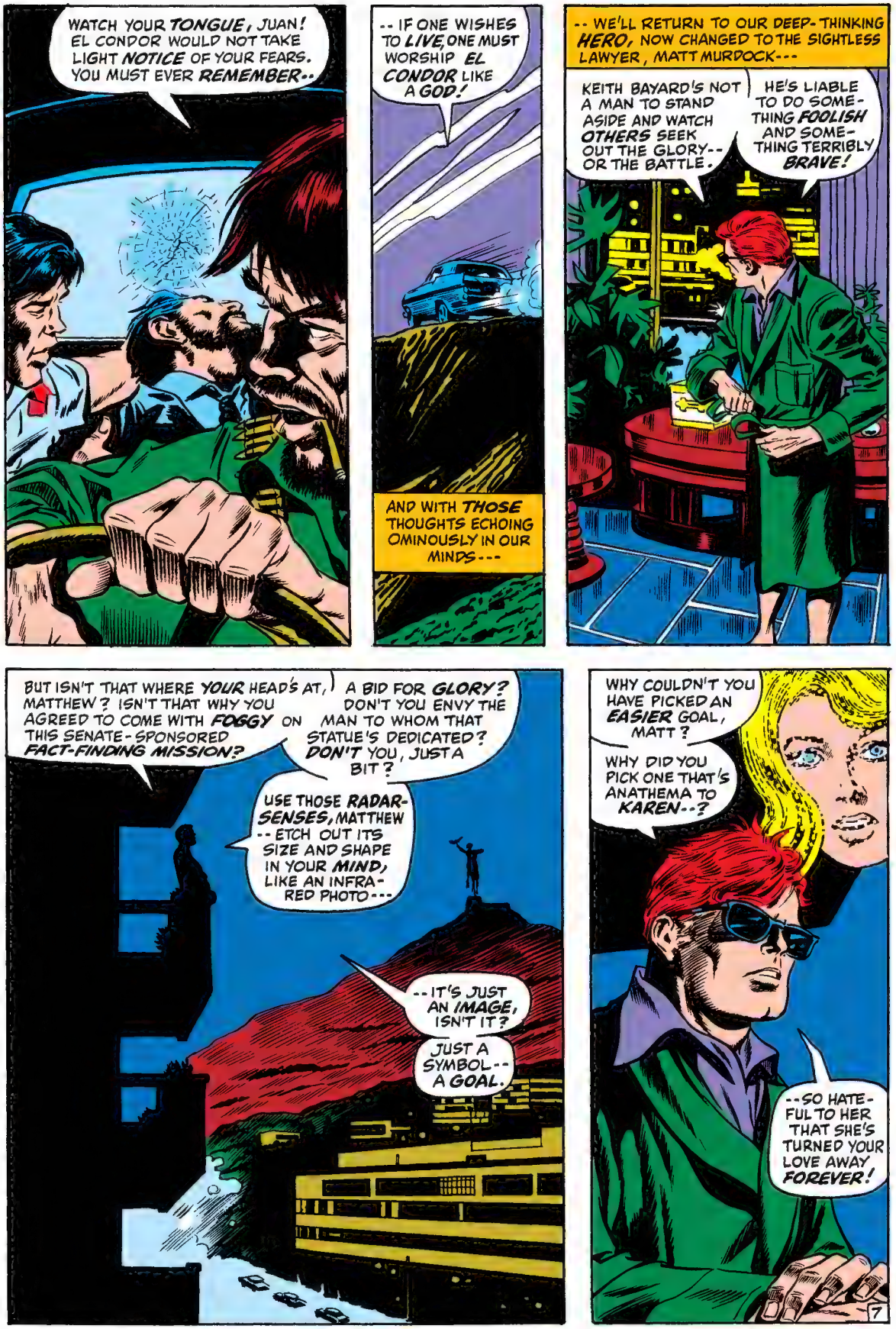

EMBASSY! A BUILDING, A STRUCTURE LIKE ANY OTHER-- AND YET, IT REPRESENTS SOMETHING FAR MORE THAN A STYLE OF ARCHITECTURE.
WITHIN ITS ECHOING HALLS AND TIGHT, UNTIDY ROOMS MEN AND WOMEN FROM THE THE FAR-OFF, NEAR LEGENDARY LAND OF AMERICA WORK TO MAKE THAT LEGEND REAL TO THE PEOPLE OF THIS TINY SOUTH-AMERICAN NATION
--MEN LIKE JEROME VILLIERS--
US EMBA
LATE.. SO MUCH FOR WELL-MEANT PROMISES! CATHY WILL BE FURIOUS---
VILLIERS -- FIRST CONSUL AT THE U.S. MISSION TO DELVADIA---
BUT WHAT CAN I DO?
WHAT WITH THIS NEW SNAG--LORD, IT'S A WONDER I GET HOME AT ALL.
AHH, BUT TRY TELLING THAT TO A WIFE---
RED TAPE. RED TAPE. SOMETIMES I WONDER WHY I CONTINUE TO PLOW MY WAY THRU THIS BLASTED BUREAUCRACY.
FOR WHAT? THE GLAMOR?
FIND ME GLAMOR IN BORING SOCIAL TEAS, JEROME--
CLATTER!
EH?
MRRMF--!
AHH, MEESTER VILLIERS, YOU DEES-APPOINT US.
SUCH A WELL-BEHAVED MAN AS YOURSEALVE--
-- IT ISN'T DEEGNIFIED TO SCREAM--!
AN' YOU DEEPLOMATS -- YOU ARE SOOO DEEGNIFIED, SI, MEESTER VILLARS?
WOK!
UUUFF!
2

PLEASE, CARLOS-- QUIET! AND MUST YOU SPEAK WITH SUCH AN ACCENT?
WHY NOT?
ISN'T IT HOW THE GRINGOS WOULD HAVE US SPEAK? LIKE PEASANTS IN THE FIELD?
ENOUGH, CARLOS. WE MUST HURRY--- --THERE IS LITTLE TIME.
VERY LITTLE TIME AT ALL, AMIGOS!
WHAT--?
MADRE DIOS!
NOT QUITE, FRIEND. IN THE STATES, FOLKS LIKE TO CALL ME DAREDEVIL. 'COURSE, I EXPECT YOU FELLOWS WILL DROP THE "DARE".
YOU ARE GREAT WITH WORDS, MY FRIEND.
HOW WELL WILL YOU SPEAK WITH AN EXTRA MOUTH?
UN-UNH, PAL--- LETS NOT TRY ANY-THING RASH.
YOU'LL JUST GET SOMEONE HURT!
KRAK!
3.

LET'S SEE, NOW-- HOW DOES THAT OLD CLICHE GO?
"ONE DOWN--"
SOK!
THERE WILL BE NO MORE TALKING. FOR YOU, THERE WILL BE ONLY DEATH!
THERE YOU GO, BEING RASH AGAIN.
:OUUHH!:
"--ONE TO GO!"
HASTA LA VISTA, AMIGO-- OR AS WE SAY IN AMERICAN--
--THANKS FOR THE HASSLE--AND GOOD AFTERNOON! SAY-- HOPE I HAVEN'T BEEN TOO ROUGH ON YOU BOYS.
IT'S JUST THAT I KINDA HATE TO SEE INNOCENT MEN KNOCKED ABOUT LIKE BASE-BALLS.
A CAR! NEAT TRICK IF YOU CAN PULL IT OFF, FELLAS--
--AND IT LOOKS LIKE THEY WILL! THEIR VICTIM DOESN'T SOUND TOO WELL--
:UNNNN:
QUICKLY! HE IS LIKE A MAD MAN!
:URRRK!:
CARLOS!
4

HOLD IT! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
MAYBE THAT'S A QUESTION YOU CAN ANSWER, BAYARD.
BUT FIRST-- SOMEBODY BETTER CALL AN AMBULANCE!
JONES-- DO AS HE SAYS.
YOU'RE PRETTY QUICK WITH ORDERS, MISTER-- AND WITH NAMES. I DIDN'T CATCH YOURS--?
BACK IN FUN CITY I'M KNOWN AS DAREDEVIL-- LAUGHINGLY CALLED THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
BUT THAT'S NOT THE ISSUE-- AND NEITHER IS MY REASON FOR BEING HERE. YOU CAN HELP BOTH OF US, BAYARD.
I'VE BEEN HEARING TALES OF A MAN NAMED EL CONDOR. WHO IS HE? HOW DOES HE FIT IN?
AS VILLIERS' TOP AIDE, YOU SHOULD KNOW IF ANYBODY AROUND HERE DOES.
EL CONDOR? HE'S NOTHING LESS THAN THE MOST ROMANTIC LATIN REVOLUTIONARY SINCE CHE GUEVARA.
TWO WEEKS AGO, HIS MEN KIDNAPPED THE AMBASSADOR-- VILLIERS TOOK HIS PLACE--
--AND I'LL LAY ODDS EL CONDOR'S BEHIND TONIGHT'S LITTLE SURPRISE PARTY, TOO.
BUT, WHAT GOOD ARE THEORIES? DO YOU KNOW HOW MUCH TIME IS LOST BECAUSE OF TALK? VILLIERS IS MY FRIEND--
--A GOOD ONE. WE'VE BEEN TOGETHER FOR SIX YEARS-- AND NOW THIS. IF HE DIES---
-- WELL, MISTER-- SUFFICE TO SAY I'M NOT GOING TO SIT ON MY THUMBS WHILE SOME PENCIL-PUSHER SHUFFLES FILES--!
TAKE IT EASY, BAYARD.
HERE COMES THAT AMBULANCE.
EEEEEEEEEEEEEE
5


TAKE IT EASY? LOOK AGAIN, DAREDEVIL. THAT MAN'S PART OF MY LIFE!
IN A DUSTY LITTLE HELL LIKE THIS--A FRIEND CAN MEAN YOUR SANITY.
I'VE GIVEN THE FOREIGN SERVICE EIGHT YEARS OF MY LIFE--EIGHT GOOD YEARS.
I'M THROUGH PLAYING POCKET EXECUTIVE--
--ALWAYS WAITING FOR SOMEONE ELSE TO GIVE THE ORDER.
I'LL SEE YOU AROUND, MASKED MAN.
I'VE THINGS TO DO!
GOOD-NIGHT, BAYARD.
I CAN'T BLAME BAYARD FOR BEING UPSET--ALL OF THIS KIDNAPPING IS MAKING EVERYONE EDGY.
I JUST HOPE--HE DOESN'T DO SOMETHING REALLY CRACKERS.
WE KNOW, WE KNOW--WHAT'S HORN-HEAD DOING SOUTH OF THE EQUATOR, RIGHT? WE'LL HAVE TO LET THE ANSWER TO THAT RIDE FOR A BIT WHILE WE SWITCH TO---
--A LONELY STRETCH OF DESERT JUST THREE MILES SOUTH OF THE CAPITAL, WHERE---
ONDALÉ, ONDALÉ!
THE GRINGO DOES NOT LOOK VERY WELL--BEST WE SHOULD GET HIM TO CAMP, WHERE EL CONDOR'S MEDICOS CAN ATTEND TO HIM.
WHEN THE AMERICANS DISCOVER WHAT WE HAVE DONE, WE MAY ALL NEED THE MEDICOS.
--AND THE PADRE AS WELL!


WATCH YOUR TONGUE, JUAN! EL CONDOR WOULD NOT TAKE LIGHT NOTICE OF YOUR FEARS. YOU MUST EVER REMEMBER--
-- IF ONE WISHES TO LIVE, ONE MUST WORSHIP EL CONDOR LIKE A GOD!
AND WITH THOSE THOUGHTS ECHOING OMINOUSLY IN OUR MINDS---
-- WE'LL RETURN TO OUR DEEP-THINKING HERO, NOW CHANGED TO THE SIGHTLESS LAWYER, MATT MURDOCK---
KEITH BAYARD'S NOT A MAN TO STAND ASIDE AND WATCH OTHERS SEEK OUT THE GLORY-- OR THE BATTLE.
HE'S LIABLE TO DO SOMETHING FOOLISH AND SOMETHING TERRIBLY BRAVE!
BUT ISN'T THAT WHERE YOUR HEAD'S AT, MATTHEW? ISN'T THAT WHY YOU AGREED TO COME WITH FOGGY ON THIS SENATE-SPONSORED FACT-FINDING MISSION?
A BID FOR GLORY? DON'T YOU ENVY THE MAN TO WHOM THAT STATUE'S DEDICATED? DON'T YOU, JUST A BIT?
USE THOSE RADAR-SENSES, MATTHEW -- ETCH OUT ITS SIZE AND SHAPE IN YOUR MIND, LIKE AN INFRA-RED PHOTO---
--IT'S JUST AN IMAGE, ISN'T IT?
JUST A SYMBOL-- A GOAL.
WHY COULDN'T YOU HAVE PICKED AN EASIER GOAL, MATT?
WHY DID YOU PICK ONE THAT'S ANATHEMA TO KAREN--?
--SO HATEFUL TO HER THAT SHE'S TURNED YOUR LOVE AWAY, FOREVER!
7

THE STATUE OF EL CONDOR-- ITS BEEN SYMBOL ENOUGH TO RESURRECT A MAN LONG-DEAD--
--OR CREATE A NEW REVOLUTIONARY---
--OR INSPIRE ONE!
WHICH IS IT, MATTHEW? WHO RIDES NOW IN THOSE MOUNTAINS? AN IMPOSTOR--- OR THAT STATUE'S GHOST?
THAT MAN DIED IN ANOTHER WAR--HAS HE RETURNED TO HAUNT THIS COUNTRY'S NEW ONE?
RAIN! LET'S HOPE IT'LL CLEANSE YOU OF YOUR MEMORIES AND YOUR FEARS, MATTHEW. FAT CHANCE! RIGHT?
MEMORIES OF LOST-LOVE AND A GIRL NAMED KAREN PAGE WILL NEVER LEAVE--- NEVER!
THOSE WOUNDS ONLY GROW SCABS WHICH WAIT--WAIT, TO BE RIPPED OFF.
BUT ENOUGH SELF-TORMENT---
MATT? MATT, ARE YOU THERE?
KNOCK KNOCK
YES, FOGGY -- HOLD ON, I'LL BE RIGHT THERE.
THE EMBASSY JUST CALLED-- IT'S HAPPENING AGAIN!
SOMETHING ABOUT AN AMBULANCE WHICH JUST ARRIVED--
THEN THE OTHER ONE --A FAKE?
8

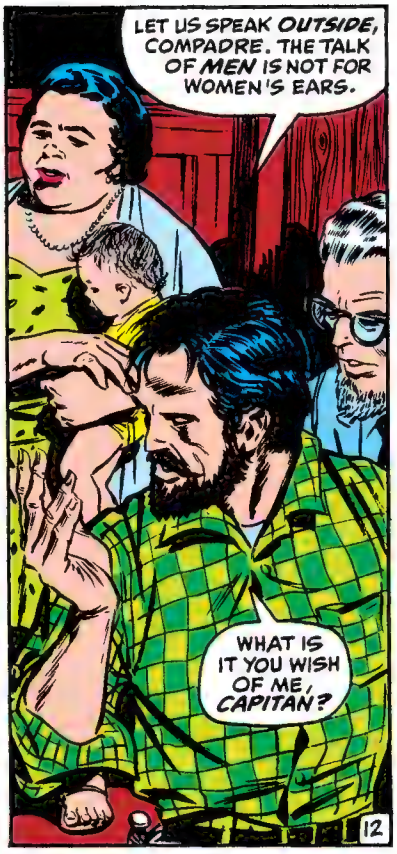
SOMETHING LIKE THAT. APPARENTLY BAYARD STORMED OFF BY HIMSELF ---
HEY-- HOW DID YOU KNOW--?
NOT NOW. LET ME GET SOME CLOTHES ON.
SOON---
OKAY, FOGGY, LET'S GO.
FUNNY HOW THINGS WORK OUT! ALL OF THIS WAS JUST SUPPOSED TO BE A MINOR INVESTIGATION--
--A POLITICAL FAVOR FOR A FRIEND OF FOGGY'S IN THE SENATE.
ALL OF THAT'S CHANGED NOW NOW--IT'S FOR REAL!
YES, MR. ASSISTANT DISTRICT ATTORNEY--- IT'S ALL CHANGED-- CHANGED BY A BAND OF DETERMINED MEN CAMPED HIGH IN THE IN THE ROCKY FOOTHILLS OF THE ANDES---
GOOD-- GOOD! THEY ARRIVE!
EL CONDOR WILL BE VERY PLEASED--- AND WHEN HE IS PLEASED, ALL IS WELL IN THE CAMP.
AND WHEN ALL IS WELL, DOMINGO IS HAPPY!
SO LITTLE SMILING FILLS THE CAMP SINCE EL CONDOR RETURNED TO LEAD US--
ONCE THERE WAS SINGING AND DRINKING IN THE HOURS OF FIRELIGHT-- NOW THERE IS ONLY SOMBER SILENCE.
HE IS A GRIM ONE! NEVER HAVE I HEARD HIM LAUGH-- HE BUT SITS AND BROODS, MAKING HIS PLANS-- DREAMING OF HIS CONQUESTS.
NOW, PERHAPS, HE WILL SMILE. IT IS TO BE PRAYED FOR.
EL CONDOR!
THE CAR RETURNS!
9

HOW DARE YOU BARGE IN HERE?
NEVER MAY MY THOUGHTS BE DISTURBED!
BOK!
THE RAIN ENDS-- AND THIS LOW ONE BRINGS GOOD NEWS!
OUR FIRST MOVE HAS BROUGHT SUCCESS-- NOW IT IS TIME FOR OUR SECOND STEP.
TO YOUR FEET, DOMINGO! LET SUCH A BLOW BE THE LAST OF ITS KIND.
THE REST OF YOU-- READY YOUR MOUNTS. PREPARE TO MEET GLORY--AND WREST THE FRUITS OF VICTORY FROM ITS TEETH!
THIS NIGHT IS ONE OF DESTINY! WILL YOU RIDE WITH ME?
10

FOR EL CONDOR? FOR FREEDOM?
SI!
THEN LET US MOVE SWIFTLY!
CARLOS--YOU WILL STAY HERE WITH OUR "GUEST".
HE WILL PROVE MOST VALUABLE SHOULD ANY OF OUR MEN BE CAPTURED BY THE REPUBLIC'S TROOPS.
IF HEAVEN IS WITH US, AFTER TONIGHT-- WE WILL HOLD THE UPPER HAND IN DELVADIA.
AND IF HEAVEN IS NOT---THEN WE SHALL OWE GLORY ONLY TO OUR-SELVES!
¡VIVA LA REVOLUCION!
LIKE DEMONS FROM THE DARKEST PITS OF HADES, THEY THUNDER INTO THE NIGHT--
CRACK
---AND SOON, THERE IS ONLY THE SETTLING DUST OF THEIR PASSING; A DUST COOLED BLUE BY THE LIGHT OF A POCK-MARKED MOON---
ELSEWHERE, MIDST THE CREAKING BOARDS OF THE CAPITAL CITY'S WATER-FRONT GHETTO---
11

CHINO! CHINO GUARDIO!
RAP
RAP
A THOUSAND DEVILS! WHAT MADMAN SEEKS TO RAISE DEMONS AT THIS HOUR?

SEÑOR BAYARD!
NO MADMAN, MIA---ONLY ME. IS YOUR HUSBAND HOME?
SI, AMIGO. CHINO STANDS READY FOR YOUR COMMAND!


LET US SPEAK OUTSIDE, COMPADRE. THE TALK OF MEN IS NOT FOR WOMEN'S EARS.
WHAT IS IT YOU WISH OF ME, CAPITAN?
12

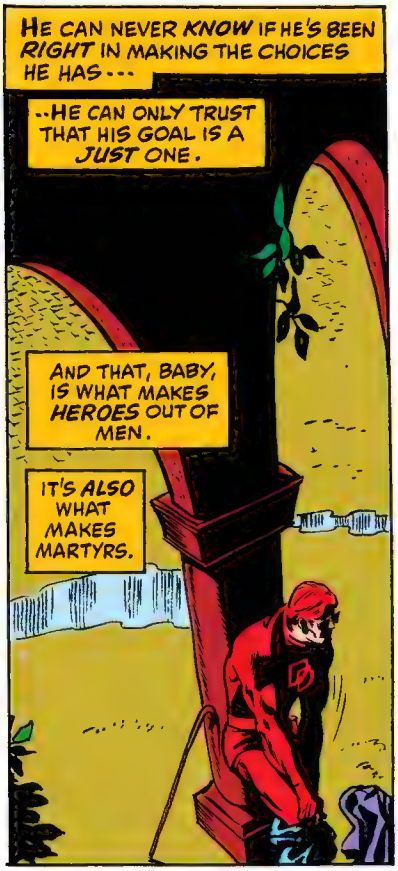
PLEASE, CHINO-- I AM NO LONGER YOUR COMMANDING OFFICER. THOSE DAYS HAVE PASSED ALL OF US BY.
OUR LIVES ARE MORE COMPLEX NOW, OUR LOYALTIES INVOLUTED AND STRAINED. THE SIMPLE TIMES ARE GONE-- AND WITH THEM, THE CAUSES FOR WHICH WE FOUGHT.
BUT ONE THING HASN'T LEFT US-- FRIENDSHIP!
A FRIEND OF MINE HAS BEEN TAKEN BY EL CONDOR-- AND I'M NOT GOING TO WAIT FOR HIM TO BE KILLED BECAUSE OF BUREAUCRATIC RED TAPE.
WHAT WOULD YOU SUGGEST, MY FRIEND?

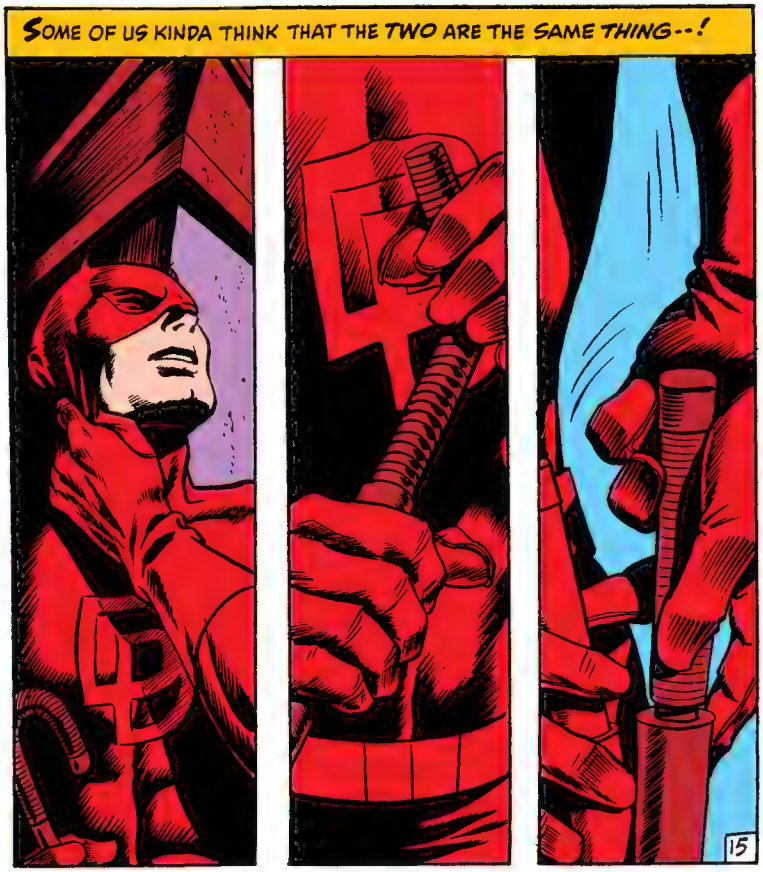
MUSTER ALL OF THE MEN YOU CAN FROM THE OLD BRIGADE--- TONIGHT WE'RE GOING TO ATTACK EL CONDOR'S STRONGHOLD---
--AND MORNING'S LIGHT WILL TELL IF ALL OUR FORMER BATTLES WERE IN VAIN.
WITH YOU, CAPITAN BAYARD-- I WOULD RIDE INTO THE JAWS OF SATAN HIMSELF!
13

HEY! REMEMBER THE NAME OF THIS MAGAZINE? SURE---
OKAY, MATT--- WE'LL HAVE TO WALK THE REST OF THE WAY. THESE BLASTED STREETS---
TAXI
DON'T WORRY, FOGGY. THE EMBASSY WILL STILL BE THERE BY THE TIME WE'VE MADE OUR WEAVING WAY THROUGH THESE ALLEYS.
COME ON, MATTHEW. USE THAT LIGHTNING LAWYER'S MIND---
THERE'S GOT TO BE SOME WAY FOR YOU TO DROP FOGGY AND SWITCH TO DD--BEFORE BAYARD BRINGS DOWN EL CONDOR ON ALL OUR BACKS---
MATT--MATT, YOU STILL HAVEN'T EXPLAINED--
NO MYSTERY, MR. NELSON. YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY ONE IN THIS COUNTRY WITH A TELEPHONE.
THEN BAYARD CALLED YOU AFTER THE FIRST KIDNAPPING ATTEMPT?
WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO?
BECAUSE, OLD FRIEND, I JUST THOUGHT OF IT.
AND SO IT GOES, EH, MATTHEW? LYING TO YOUR FRIENDS, LOSING YOUR ALMOST-FIANCEE, KAREN --- AND SO IT GOES.
IS THIS WHAT YOUR LIFE OF DO-GOODING HAS LED YOU TO?
DECEPTION AND--HOLD IT!
THAT'S AN ARCHWAY UP AHEAD--- AND I DON'T NEED MY RADAR SENSES TO TELL ME--
--THAT OL' FAITHFUL MATTHEW HAS FOUND HIMSELF WHAT WE CALL A MEANS OF ESCAPE.
AND IF YOU'VE EVER BEEN WONDERING JUST WHAT THINGS LOOK LIKE THRU MATT MURDOCK'S RADAR SENSES--WONDER NO MORE.
--AND SO IT GOES--DECEPTION FOLLOWS DECEPTION---
--ENDING IN BETRAYAL. I'M SORRY, MR. NELSON--AND DOESN'T THAT EVER SOUND WEAK?
FOGGY! LOOK OUT--BEHIND YOU--!

EACH ACT CARRIES ITS OWN WEIGHT-- WEIGHT WHICH IS UN-HEEDFUL OF THE JUSTIFICATION FOR THE DEED---
AS MATT HAS REALIZED, LIFE SOON BECOMES A JUGGLING OF THOSE WEIGHTS AND JUSTIFICATIONS---
WOK!

---WITH THE FINAL BALANCE COMING OUT OF THE SUM TOTAL OF BENEFIT FOR THE WORLD, FOLLOWING A LIFETIME OF HIS MAKING CHOICES!
LOOK AT THIS MAN, AND TRY TO UNDER-STAND HIS SORROW--

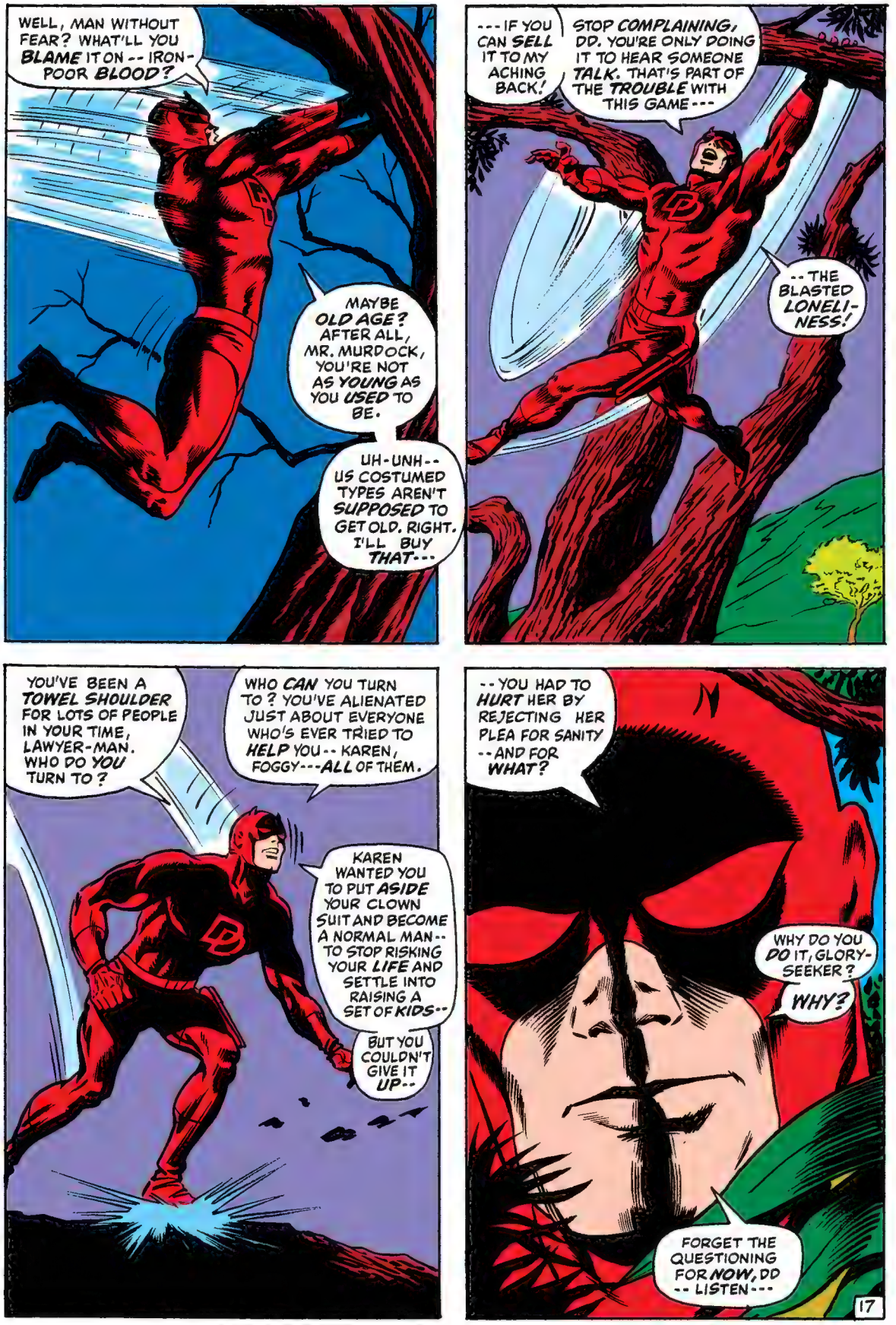

HE CAN NEVER KNOW IF HE'S BEEN RIGHT IN MAKING THE CHOICES HE HAS---
--HE CAN ONLY TRUST THAT HIS GOAL IS A JUST ONE.
AND THAT, BABY, IS WHAT MAKES HEROES OUT OF MEN.
IT'S ALSO WHAT MAKES MARTYRS.


SOME OF US KINDA THINK THAT THE TWO ARE THE SAME THING--!
15

BAYARD'S PROBABLY HEADING UP INTO THE HILLS, WHERE EL CONDOR'S MADE HIS NEST-- WHICH GIVES US OUR DESTINATION, MATTHEW.
THOUGH I SYMPATHIZE WITH BAYARD'S FEELINGS---
--I CAN'T LET HIM GO AHEAD AND CREATE AN INTERNATIONAL INCIDENT.
AMERICA'S STATUS IS SHAKY ENOUGH IN THESE SMALL SOUTH AMERICAN COUNTRIES WITHOUT HANDING THEM A RENEGADE DIPLOMAT ON A PROVERBIAL PLATTER.
I'VE GOT TO STOP HIM--IF I'M NOT ALREADY TOO LATE!

HOW'D FOGGY PHRASE IT? "JUST A SIMPLE PAID VACATION, MATTHEW--LORD KNOWS WE BOTH DESERVE IT--"
SURE. I WAS SUPPOSED TO STICK AROUND THE HOTEL AND COLLECT MY SPECIAL ADVISOR FEE, WHILE THE HONORABLE MR. NELSON WOULD DO ALL THE THEORETICAL FOOTWORK.
"JUST ANOTHER CONGRESSIONAL INVESTIGATION, MATT. JUST A YOU-SCRATCH-MY-BACK-AND-I'LL-SCRATCH-YOURS POLITICAL FAVOR FOR A FRIEND ON THE FOREIGN APPROPRIATIONS COMMITTEE--"

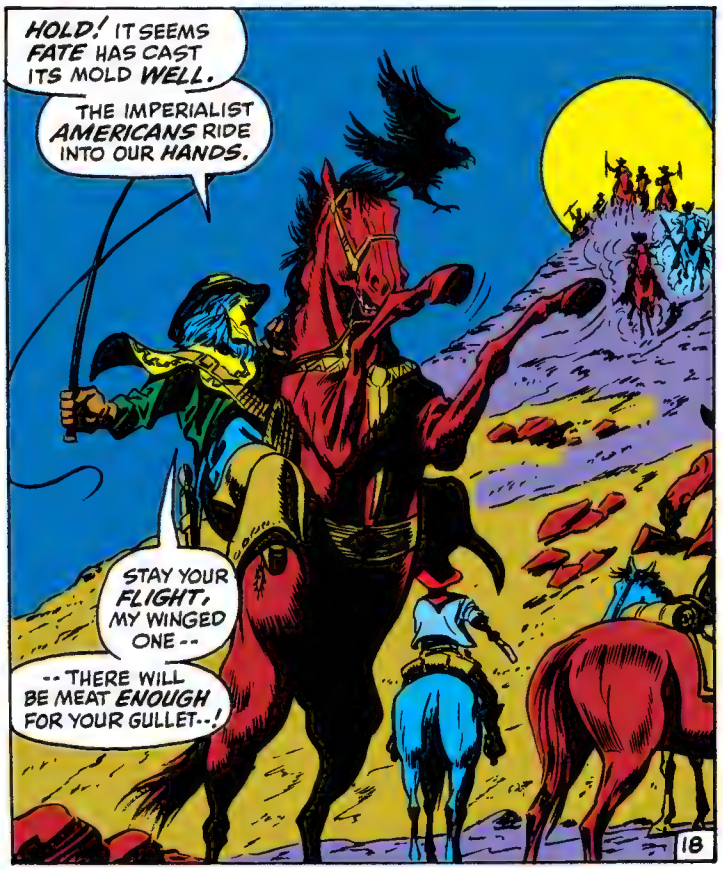
SO MUCH FOR THE WELCOME-REST ROUTINE.
SEEMS THAT OLD ADAGE HAS ITS ROOTS IN VERACITY--
"--NO REST FOR THE WEARY." AND WEARY, MATTHEW OLD KID, IS EXACTLY WHAT YOU MOST DEFINITELY ARE!


WELL, MAN WITHOUT FEAR? WHAT'LL YOU BLAME IT ON -- IRON-POOR BLOOD?
MAYBE OLD AGE? AFTER ALL, MR. MURDOCK, YOU'RE NOT AS YOUNG AS YOU USED TO BE.
UH-UNH-- US COSTUMED TYPES AREN'T SUPPOSED TO GET OLD, RIGHT. I'LL BUY THAT---
---IF YOU CAN SELL IT TO MY ACHING BACK!
STOP COMPLAINING, DD. YOU'RE ONLY DOING IT TO HEAR SOMEONE TALK. THAT'S PART OF THE TROUBLE WITH THIS GAME---
--THE BLASTED LONELI-NESS!
YOU'VE BEEN A TOWEL SHOULDER FOR LOTS OF PEOPLE IN YOUR TIME, LAWYER-MAN. WHO DO YOU TURN TO?
WHO CAN YOU TURN TO? YOU'VE ALIENATED JUST ABOUT EVERYONE WHO'S EVER TRIED TO HELP YOU-- KAREN, FOGGY---ALL OF THEM.
KAREN WANTED YOU TO PUT ASIDE YOUR CLOWN SUIT AND BECOME A NORMAL MAN-- TO STOP RISKING YOUR LIFE AND SETTLE INTO RAISING A SET OF KIDS--
BUT YOU COULDN'T GIVE IT UP--
--YOU HAD TO HURT HER BY REJECTING HER PLEA FOR SANITY --AND FOR WHAT?
WHY DO YOU DO IT, GLORY-SEEKER?
WHY?
FORGET THE QUESTIONING FOR NOW, DD -- LISTEN---

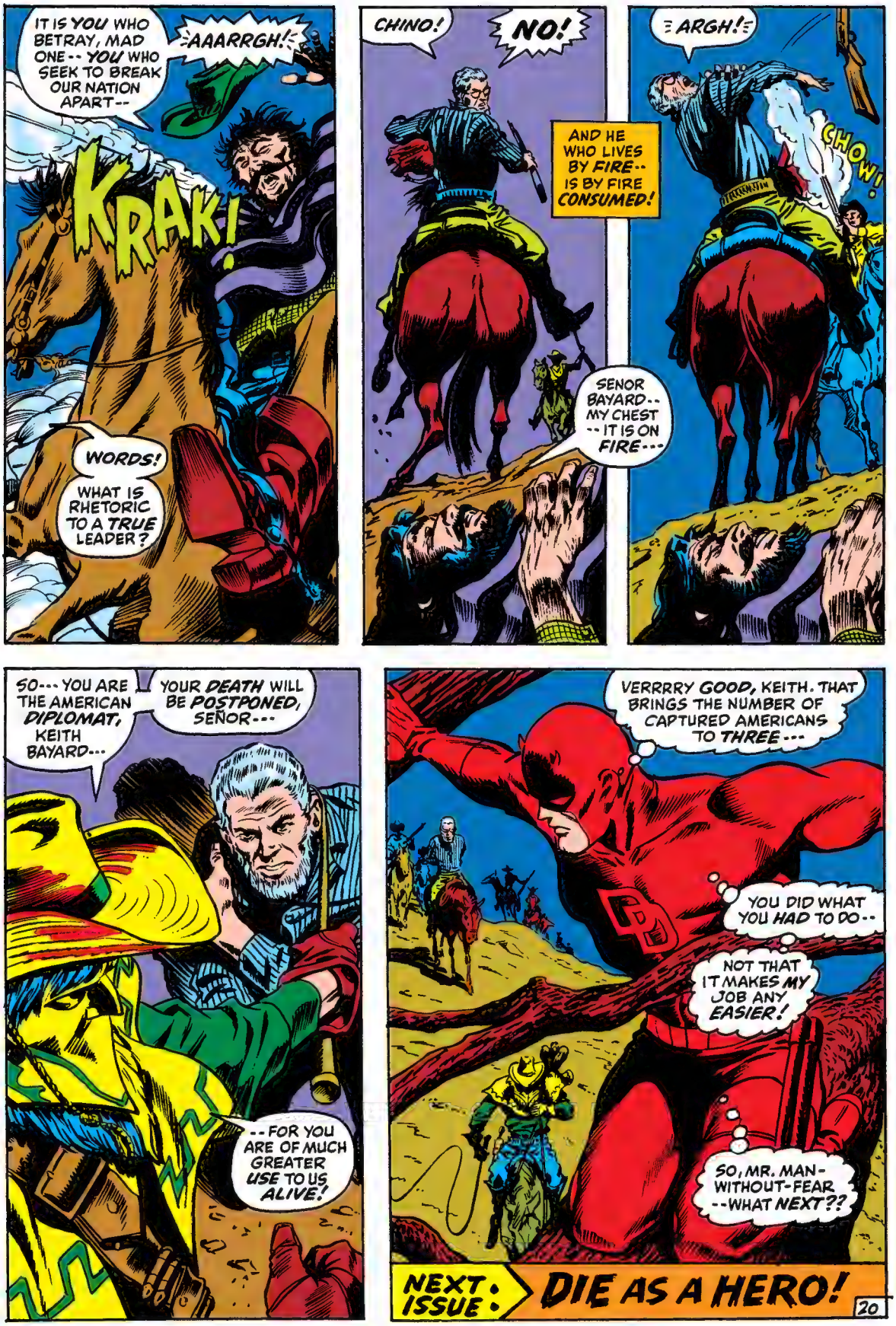
REMEMBER THE SOUND OF TRAINS IN THE DISTANCE? REMEMBER THE FAR-OFF WAIL OF A STORM?
THE RUMBLES OF HORSES' HOOVES --- EL CONDOR'S MEN!
YOU BLEW IT, DD. BAYARD'S A DEAD MAN!

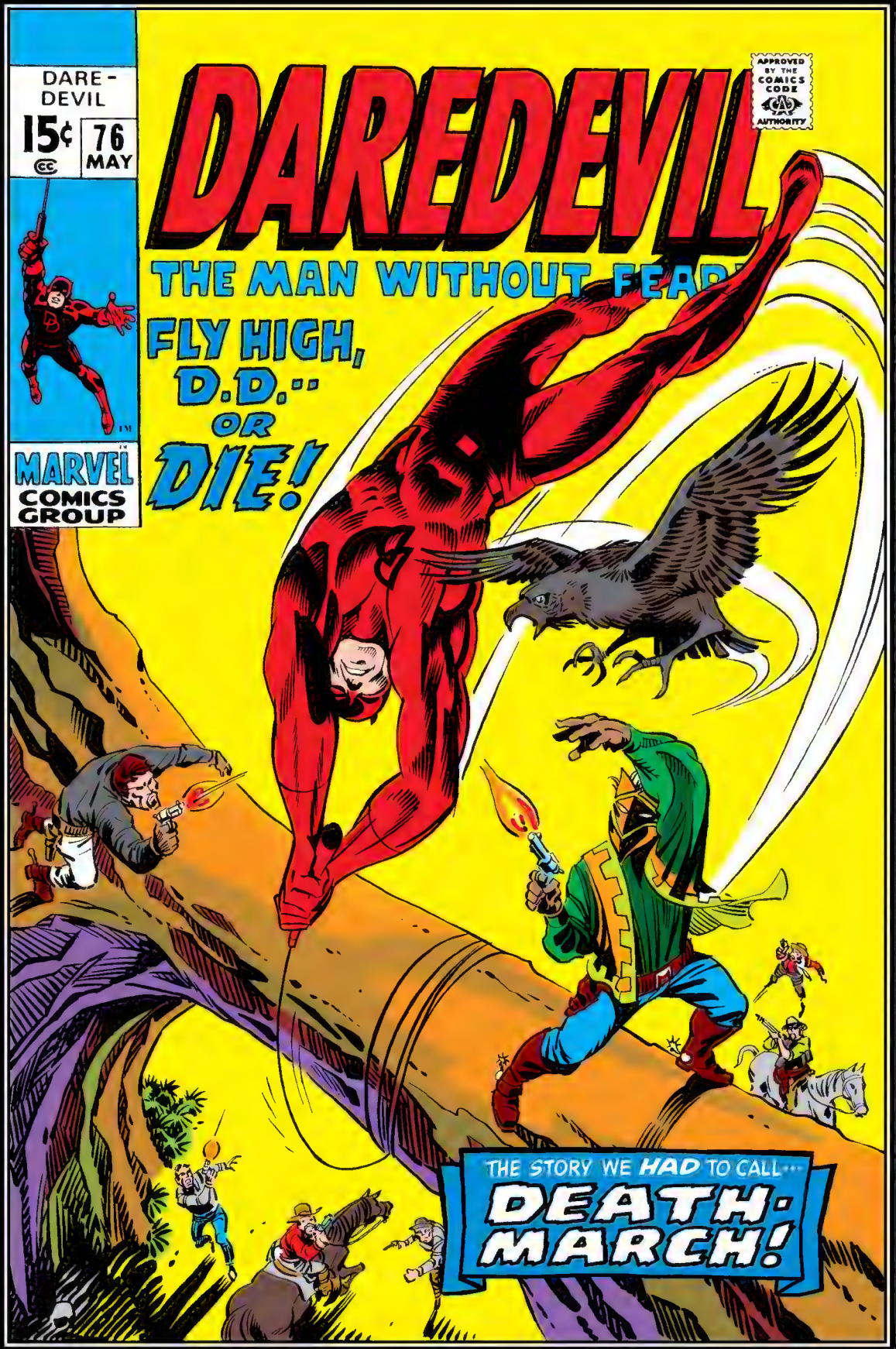
DARKNESS SLIPS AWAY UNDER PALE MOONLIGHT, AND IN THAT ASHEN POOL OF GRAY...
..THE GHOST OF EL CONDOR RIDES!
TOO LONG HAVE WE LIVED LIKE SEWER RATS--HIDING OUR FACES FROM DAYLIGHT.

THIS EVE THE FURIES SHALL HAVE THEIR DUE.
THE FURIES --OF EL CONDOR!


HOLD! IT SEEMS FATE HAS CAST ITS MOLD WELL.
THE IMPERIALIST AMERICANS RIDE INTO OUR HANDS.
STAY YOUR FLIGHT, MY WINGED ONE --
--THERE WILL BE MEAT ENOUGH FOR YOUR GULLET--!

SEÑOR BAYARD -- IN THE HOLLOW BELOW --!
I SEE THEM, CHINO -- AND IT LOOKS LIKE THEY'VE SPOTTED US AS WELL.
NO MORE WAITING, MY FRIEND --
-- WE STRIKE!
RENEGADES!
YOU TURN ARMS AGAINST YOUR COUNTRYMEN?
THE SIGHT OF YOU SICKENS ME!
FINISH THEM!
KT-CHOW!
BLAM!
IN THE FINAL MOMENTS, THE SIDE A MAN FIGHTS FOR NO LONGER MATTERS -- THERE IS ONLY THE FACT OF DYING--- A FACT WHICH RELIEVES THE CAUSE OF MEANING...


IT IS YOU WHO BETRAY, MAD ONE -- YOU WHO SEEK TO BREAK OUR NATION APART--
AAARRGH!
KRAK!
WORDS!
WHAT IS RHETORIC TO A TRUE LEADER?
CHINO!
NO!
AND HE WHO LIVES BY FIRE-- IS BY FIRE CONSUMED!
SENOR BAYARD-- MY CHEST -- IT IS ON FIRE---
ARGH!
CHOW!
SO--- YOU ARE THE AMERICAN DIPLOMAT, KEITH BAYARD---
YOUR DEATH WILL BE POSTPONED, SEÑOR---
-- FOR YOU ARE OF MUCH GREATER USE TO US ALIVE!
VERRRRY GOOD, KEITH. THAT BRINGS THE NUMBER OF CAPTURED AMERICANS TO THREE---
YOU DID WHAT YOU HAD TO DO--
NOT THAT IT MAKES MY JOB ANY EASIER!
SO, MR. MAN-WITHOUT-FEAR --WHAT NEXT??
NEXT ISSUE: DIE AS A HERO!


DARE-DEVIL
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76
MAY
DAREDEVIL
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
FLY HIGH, D.D.. OR DIE!
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
THE STORY WE HAD TO CALL...
DEATH-MARCH!

DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

THIS SOJURN SOUTH OF THE EQUATOR IS BROUGHT TO YOU BY:
STAN LEE, EDITOR ★ GERRY CONWAY, WRITER ★ GENE COLAN, ARTIST
WITH CATERING BY: TOM PALMER, INKER ★ ARTIE SIMEK, LETTERER

THE DEATHMARCH of EL CONDOR!
LISTEN WELL TO THE SOUNDS OF THE FOREST, DAREDEVIL! HEAR THE DRUMMING PATTER OF HORSE-HOOVES ECHOING IN ITS EMERALD DEPTHS. NOW... LISTEN TO THE LOW MUMBLE OF VOICES DRIFTING UP FROM BELOW...
SEÑOR BAYARD... YOU WOULD DO WELL TO BE MOST STILL, MY FRIEND!
WE ALREADY HAVE ONE OF YOU AMERICAN DEEPLOMATS--
--SO YOU ARE NOT INDIS-PENSABLE!
I'M AWARE OF THAT, AMIGO. BELIEVE ME, I'M AWARE OF IT!
AND IN CASE YOU'VE FORGOTTEN JUST WHO OUR VILLAIN IS FROM LAST ISSUE, MEET--

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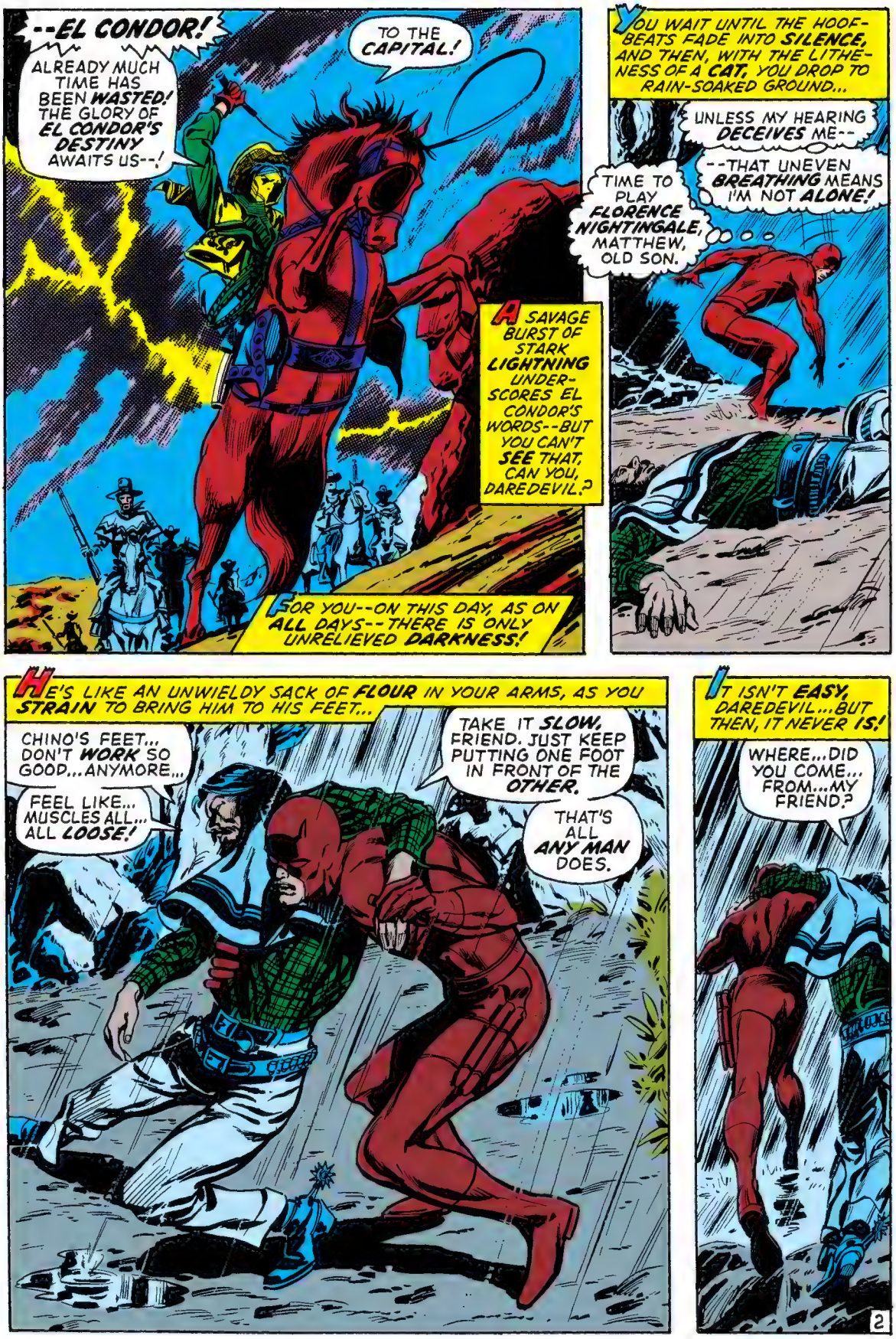
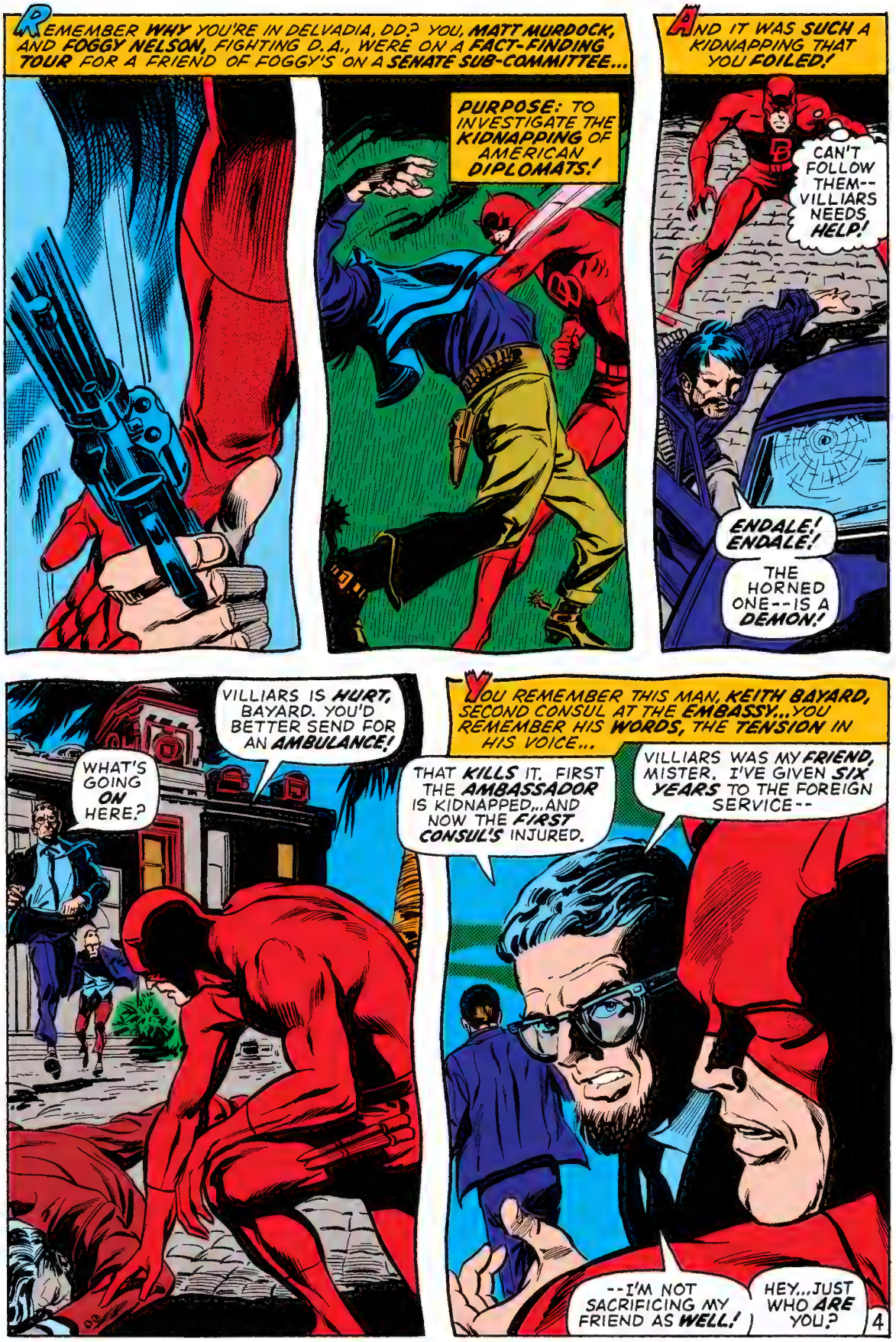
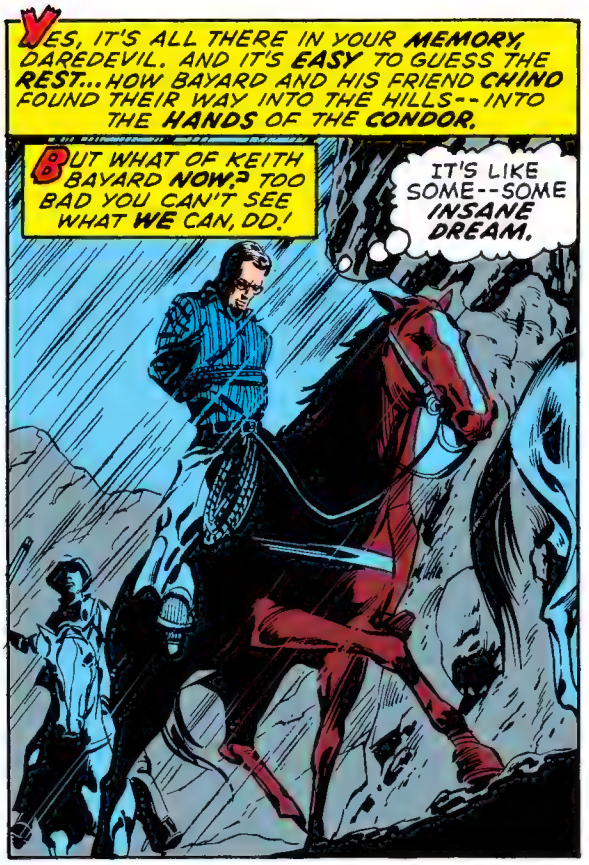
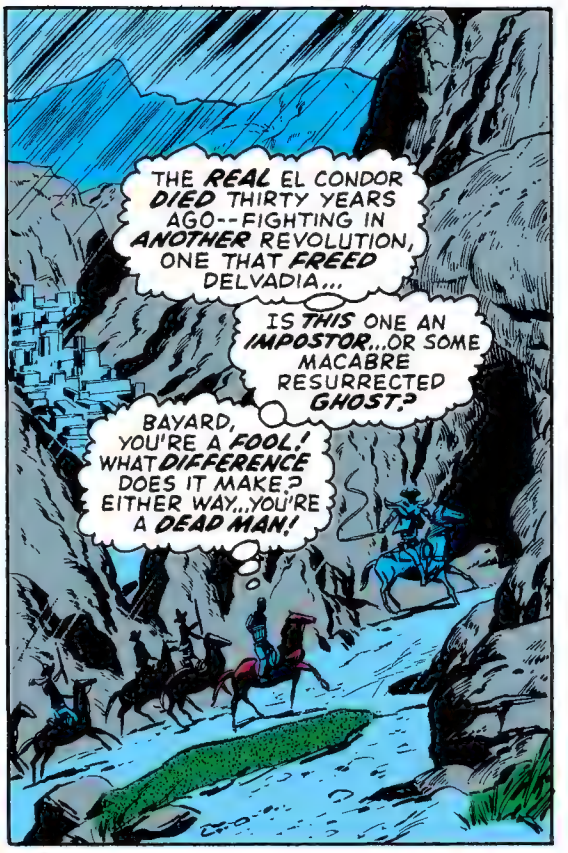

--EL CONDOR!
ALREADY MUCH TIME HAS BEEN WASTED! THE GLORY OF EL CONDOR'S DESTINY AWAITS US--!
TO THE CAPITAL!
A SAVAGE BURST OF STARK LIGHTNING UNDERSCORES EL CONDOR'S WORDS--BUT YOU CAN'T SEE THAT, CAN YOU, DAREDEVIL?
FOR YOU--ON THIS DAY, AS ON ALL DAYS--THERE IS ONLY UNRELIEVED DARKNESS!
YOU WAIT UNTIL THE HOOF-BEATS FADE INTO SILENCE, AND THEN, WITH THE LITHENESS OF A CAT, YOU DROP TO RAIN-SOAKED GROUND...
UNLESS MY HEARING DECEIVES ME--
--THAT UNEVEN BREATHING MEANS I'M NOT ALONE!
TIME TO PLAY FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE, MATTHEW, OLD SON.
HE'S LIKE AN UNWIELDY SACK OF FLOUR IN YOUR ARMS, AS YOU STRAIN TO BRING HIM TO HIS FEET...
CHINO'S FEET... DON'T WORK SO GOOD...ANYMORE...
FEEL LIKE... MUSCLES ALL... ALL LOOSE!
TAKE IT SLOW, FRIEND. JUST KEEP PUTTING ONE FOOT IN FRONT OF THE OTHER.
THAT'S ALL ANY MAN DOES.
IT ISN'T EASY, DAREDEVIL...BUT THEN, IT NEVER IS!
WHERE...DID YOU COME... FROM...MY FRIEND?
2

"WHERE DO YOU COME FROM?" AN EASY QUESTION, DAREDEVIL--TOO BAD THERE AREN'T ANY EASY ANSWERS.
DID IT START FIFTEEN YEARS AGO, WHEN YOU LOST YOUR SIGHT AND GAINED YOUR STRANGE SENSES?
OR IS IT MUCH MORE RECENT... JUST A FEW HOURS AGO...
...WHEN JEROME VILLIARS, FIRST CONSUL OF THE U.S. EMBASSY TO DELVADIA, LEAVING TO GO HOME--
LATE AGAIN, WIFE'LL BE FURIOUS...!
EMBASSY
--WAS ATTACKED!
DON'T MOAN, SEÑOR--
IT EEZ NOT DEEGNIFIED TO MOAN!
AND YOU DEEPLOMATS ARE SOOO DEEGNIFIED --SI, SEÑOR?
-UNNH!-
MUST YOU TALK WITH SUCH AN ACCENT, JUAN?
IT'S HOW THE GRINGOS WOULD HAVE US SPEAK, ISN'T IT?
BUT QUICKLY! WE MUST--
JUAN! BEHIND US--!
NOW, NOW, FELLAS--MUSTN'T TOUCH WHAT ISN'T YOURS.
AAAIEEEEE! IT IS A DEVIL--!
AND THAT'S WHERE YOU CAME IN, ISN'T IT, DD? JUST A MITE BIT TOO LATE TO KEEP VILLIARS FROM GETTING HURT...
3


REMEMBER WHY YOU'RE IN DELVADIA, DD? YOU, MATT MURDOCK, AND FOGGY NELSON, FIGHTING D.A., WERE ON A FACT-FINDING TOUR FOR A FRIEND OF FOGGY'S ON A SENATE SUB-COMMITTEE...
PURPOSE: TO INVESTIGATE THE KIDNAPPING OF AMERICAN DIPLOMATS!
AND IT WAS SUCH A KIDNAPPING THAT YOU FOILED!
CAN'T FOLLOW THEM--VILLIARS NEEDS HELP!
ENDALE! ENDALE!
THE HORNED ONE--IS A DEMON!
VILLIARS IS HURT, BAYARD. YOU'D BETTER SEND FOR AN AMBULANCE!
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
YOU REMEMBER THIS MAN, KEITH BAYARD, SECOND CONSUL AT THE EMBASSY...YOU REMEMBER HIS WORDS, THE TENSION IN HIS VOICE...
THAT KILLS IT. FIRST THE AMBASSADOR IS KIDNAPPED...AND NOW THE FIRST CONSUL'S INJURED.
VILLIARS WAS MY FRIEND, MISTER. I'VE GIVEN SIX YEARS TO THE FOREIGN SERVICE--
--I'M NOT SACRIFICING MY FRIEND AS WELL!
HEY...JUST WHO ARE YOU?
4

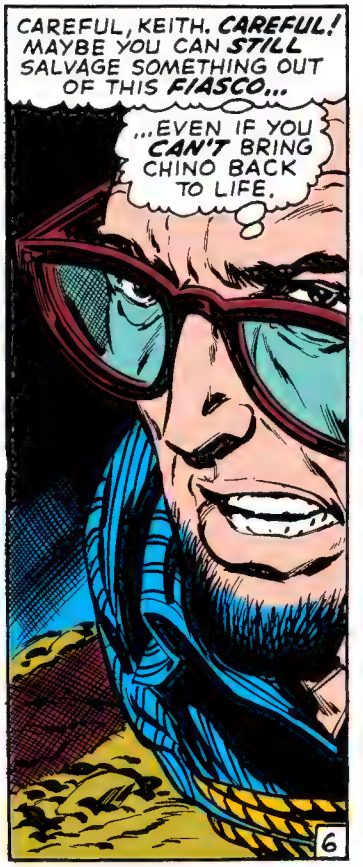
IN FUN CITY, I'M KNOWN AS DAREDEVIL.
JUST TAKE IT EASY, BAYARD-- HERE'S THAT AMBULANCE!
EEEEEE
YOU'RE NOT IN THE STATES ANYMORE, FRIEND. DOWN HERE, LIFE'S A LITTLE DIFFERENT...
"TAKE IT EASY"? NO WAY, DAREDEVIL. I'VE HAD MY FILL OF SITTING AROUND WHILE OTHERS MAKE THE DECISIONS.
I'M ON THE EDGE, MISTER, THE VERY EDGE--
--OF TAKING THINGS INTO MY OWN HANDS!
EEEEEEEE
AS BOTH YOU AND BAYARD FOUND OUT A SHORT TIME LATER, THE AMBULANCE WAS A FAKE--PROVIDING THE SMALL NUDGE BAYARD NEEDED TO GO OVER THAT EDGE...
CAREFUL, JUAN. EL CONDOR WOULD NOT LIKE EET--
--IF WE BRING HIM A CORPSE.
EL CONDOR! ALWAYS EL CONDOR! THE REVOLUTION WAS SO MUCH SIMPLER WHEN HE WAS JUST A NAME--A STATUE ON THE HILLSIDE.
SIMPLER, SI...AND FAILING!
UNDER THE CONDOR, WE SHALL FIND VICTORY AT LAST.
5

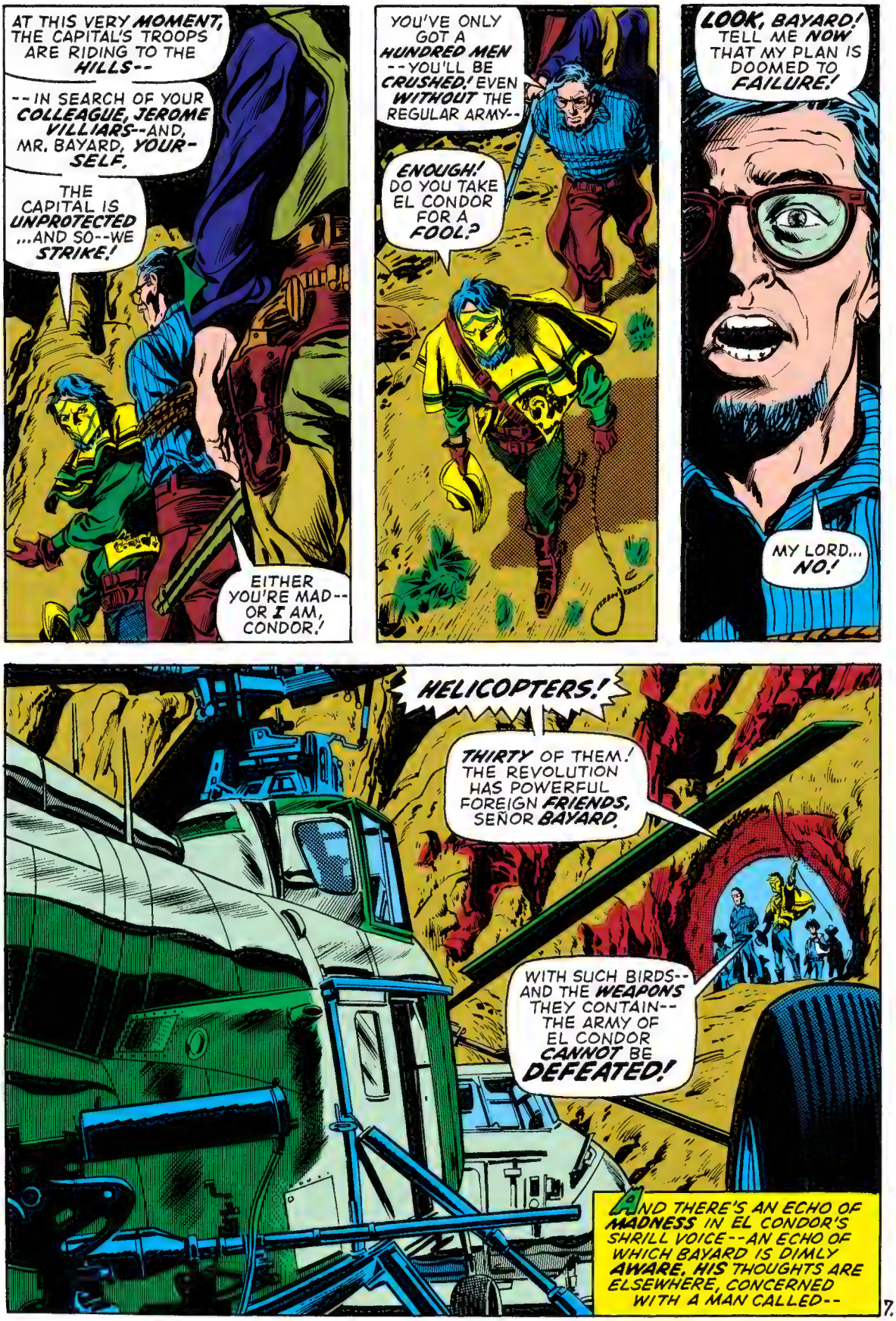

YES, IT'S ALL THERE IN YOUR MEMORY, DAREDEVIL. AND IT'S EASY TO GUESS THE REST... HOW BAYARD AND HIS FRIEND CHINO FOUND THEIR WAY INTO THE HILLS--INTO THE HANDS OF THE CONDOR.
BUT WHAT OF KEITH BAYARD NOW? TOO BAD YOU CAN'T SEE WHAT WE CAN, DO!
IT'S LIKE SOME--SOME INSANE DREAM.


THE REAL EL CONDOR DIED THIRTY YEARS AGO--FIGHTING IN ANOTHER REVOLUTION, ONE THAT FREED DELVADIA...
IS THIS ONE AN IMPOSTOR...OR SOME MACABRE RESURRECTED GHOST?
BAYARD, YOU'RE A FOOL! WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE? EITHER WAY...YOU'RE A DEAD MAN!

I'M SURE YOU'LL FIND THIS MOST ENLIGHTENING, MY FRIEND.
CARLOS... BRING HIM HERE.
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE PLANNING, CONDOR--
--BUT WHATEVER IT IS...IT WON'T WORK.

AHH, MISTER BAYARD--BE NOT SO RASH WITH YOUR JUDGEMENTS!
I ASSURE YOU... MY PLAN CANNOT FAIL!
COME WITH ME.


CAREFUL, KEITH. CAREFUL! MAYBE YOU CAN STILL SALVAGE SOMETHING OUT OF THIS FIASCO...
...EVEN IF YOU CAN'T BRING CHINO BACK TO LIFE.

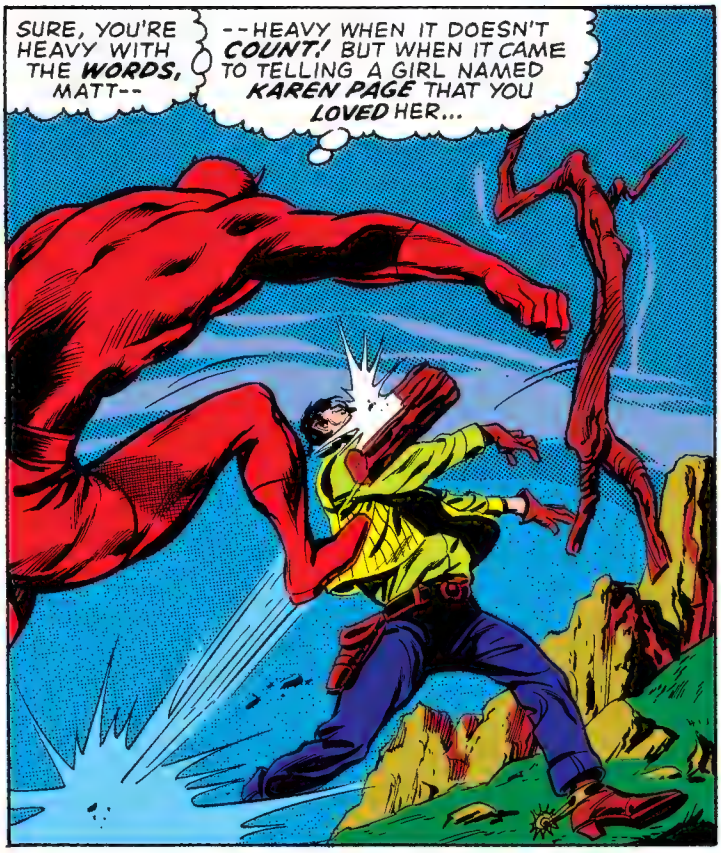

AT THIS VERY MOMENT, THE CAPITAL'S TROOPS ARE RIDING TO THE HILLS--
--IN SEARCH OF YOUR COLLEAGUE, JEROME VILLIARS--AND, MR. BAYARD, YOURSELF.
THE CAPITAL IS UNPROTECTED ...AND SO--WE STRIKE!
EITHER YOU'RE MAD-- OR I AM, CONDOR!
YOU'VE ONLY GOT A HUNDRED MEN --YOU'LL BE CRUSHED! EVEN WITHOUT THE REGULAR ARMY--
ENOUGH! DO YOU TAKE EL CONDOR FOR A FOOL?
LOOK, BAYARD! TELL ME NOW THAT MY PLAN IS DOOMED TO FAILURE!
MY LORD... NO!
HELICOPTERS!
THIRTY OF THEM! THE REVOLUTION HAS POWERFUL FOREIGN FRIENDS, SEÑOR BAYARD.
WITH SUCH BIRDS-- AND THE WEAPONS THEY CONTAIN-- THE ARMY OF EL CONDOR CANNOT BE DEFEATED!
AND THERE'S AN ECHO OF MADNESS IN EL CONDOR'S SHRILL VOICE--AN ECHO OF WHICH BAYARD IS DIMLY AWARE. HIS THOUGHTS ARE ELSEWHERE, CONCERNED WITH A MAN CALLED--

--DAREDEVIL! AND WHERE ARE YOU NOW, DD? SEEKING SHELTER FOR YOURSELF AND CHINO FROM THE DRIVING RAIN--SHELTER IN THE HUMBLE FORM OF AN OXCART...
SEÑOR DAREDEVIL--I THINK... I AM WELL ENOUGH... TO WALK... PERHAPS A LITTLE BIT...
GOOD ENOUGH, THE SOONER WE GET YOU TO A DOCTOR--
--THE HAPPIER I'LL BE. I KNOW BAYARD CAN TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF...
...BUT JUST THE SAME, I WANT TO GET BACK THERE QUICKLY. SOMETHING'S BREWING IN THE MOUNTAINS...
...SOMETHING THAT SMELLS AWFULLY SOUR.
CAREFUL, DAREDEVIL...
NOTHING! I TELL YOU, DOMINGO--
HIDALGO! BELOW US--TO THE WEST!
AIEEEE! SI, IT IS THE DEVIL-ONE.
HOLD YOUR FIRE, DOMINGO. THESE TWO WE SHALL TAKE WITH THEIR SKINS ON--
--EL CONDOR WILL BE MOST PLEASED... AND WHEN THE CONDOR IS PLEASED--
--THERE IS MUCH REJOICING.

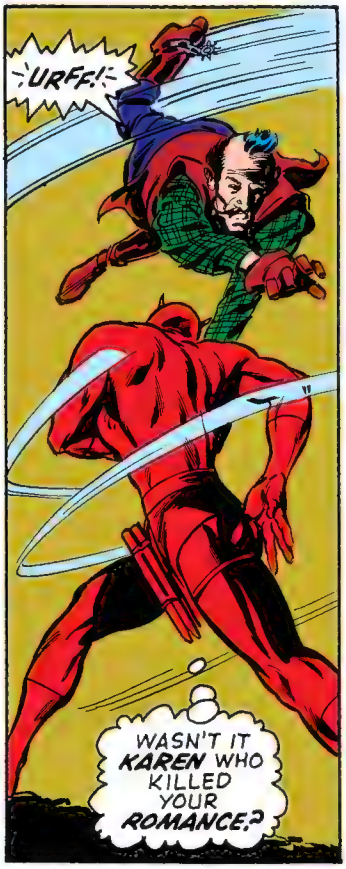
YOU "SEE" THEM, DON'T YOU, DAREDEVIL? IN THE DUSK RED MIND-COLORS OF YOUR RADAR SENSES...
THOSE TWO MEN-- ABOUT TO ATTACK US...
THAT'S JUST FINE, ISN'T IT, MATTHEW?
AS IF THINGS WEREN'T COMPLICATED ENOUGH--!
CUT IT, MATTHEW! NO TIME FOR SELF-PITY.
HEADS UP, HERO!
DON'T SWEAT IT, CHINO--
--YOUR VISITING MAN WITHOUT FEAR ISN'T EXACTLY DEAF.
SEÑOR DAREDEVIL BEHIND Y--
SAY, HAVE ANY OF YOU FELLOWS EVER HEARD OF STEALTH?
WHERE-- URK!
DID YOU SEE? THE WAY HE MOVED--!
SHUT UP!
THERE IS ONLY ONE OF HEEM-- THE OTHER IS WOUNDED!
9

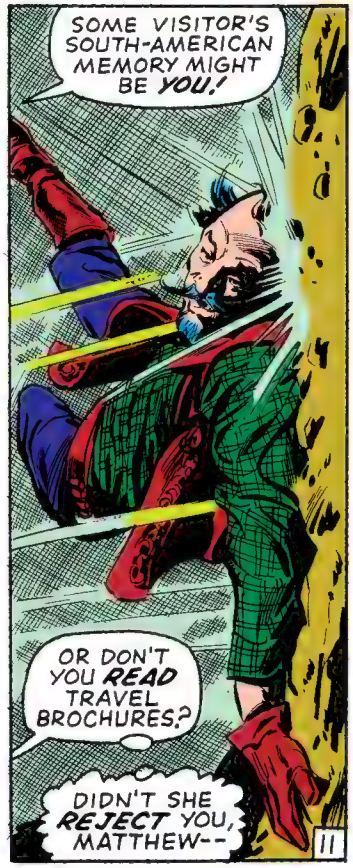
AND I SUPPOSE THAT PUTS THE ODDS IN YOUR FAVOR, RIGHT, FRIEND?
WELL, GUESS AGAIN, SWEETHEART!
THAT'S RIGHT, MURDOCK-- KEEP UP THE FLIPPANT PATTER.
IT'S EASIER THAN THINKING, ISN'T IT?
HE MOVES-- LIKE A DESERT STORM!
RODRIQUEZ-- YOU MUST SHOOT HIM. STOP HIM!
CHUNK!
I'M AFRAID ROD WILL FIND THAT TOUCH DIFFICULT--
--WITH HIS MOUTH FULL OF LOOSE TEETH.

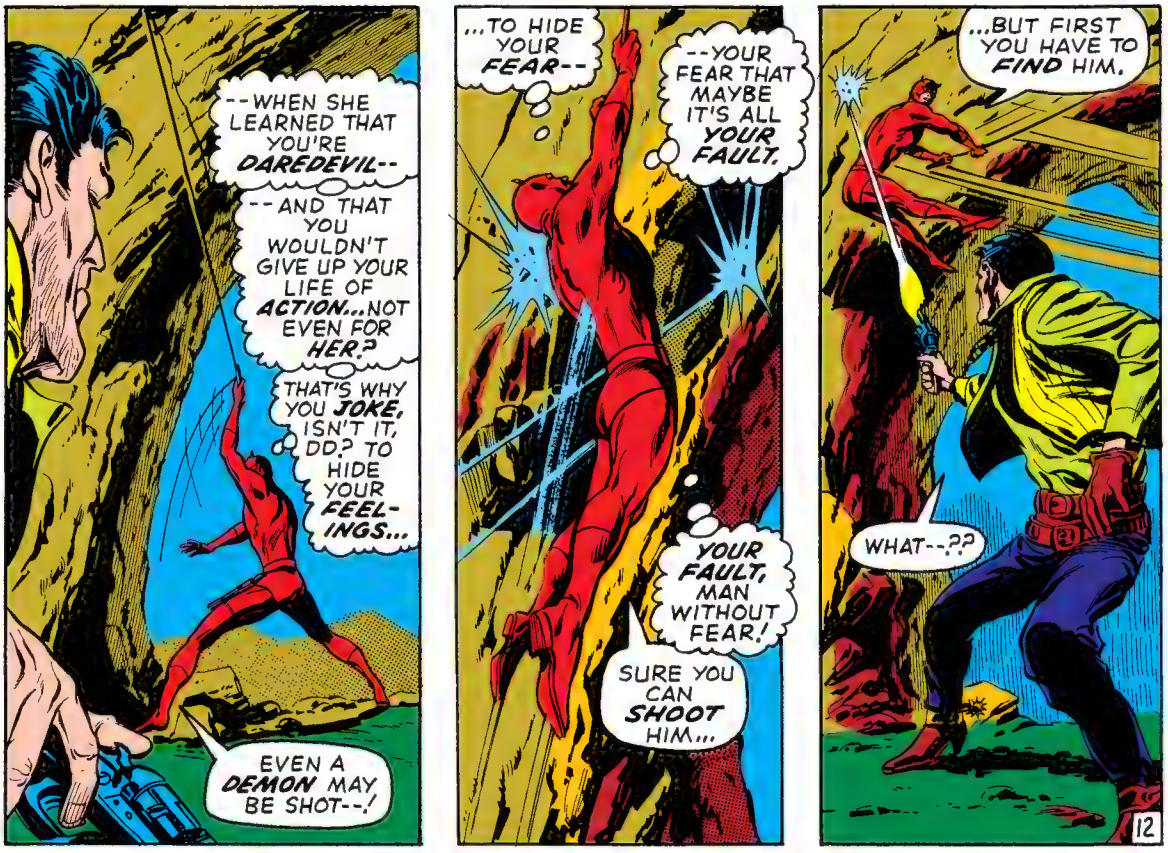
WHAT'S THE LINE? "LAUGH, CLOWN, LAUGH--?"
THE QUIPS COME FASTEST WHEN YOU'RE CRYING INSIDE, DON'T THEY, DD?
AMERICAN DEVIL!

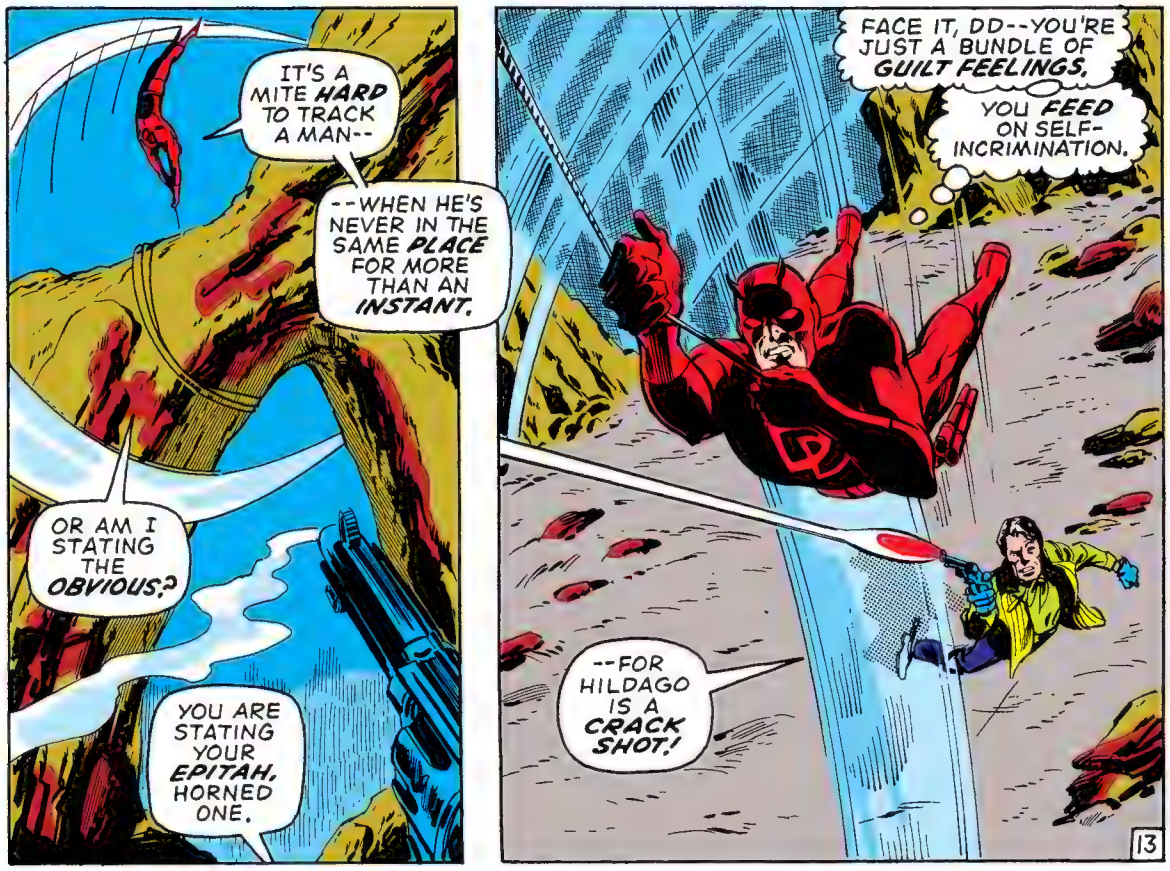

SURE, YOU'RE HEAVY WITH THE WORDS, MATT--
--HEAVY WHEN IT DOESN'T COUNT! BUT WHEN IT CAME TO TELLING A GIRL NAMED KAREN PAGE THAT YOU LOVED HER...

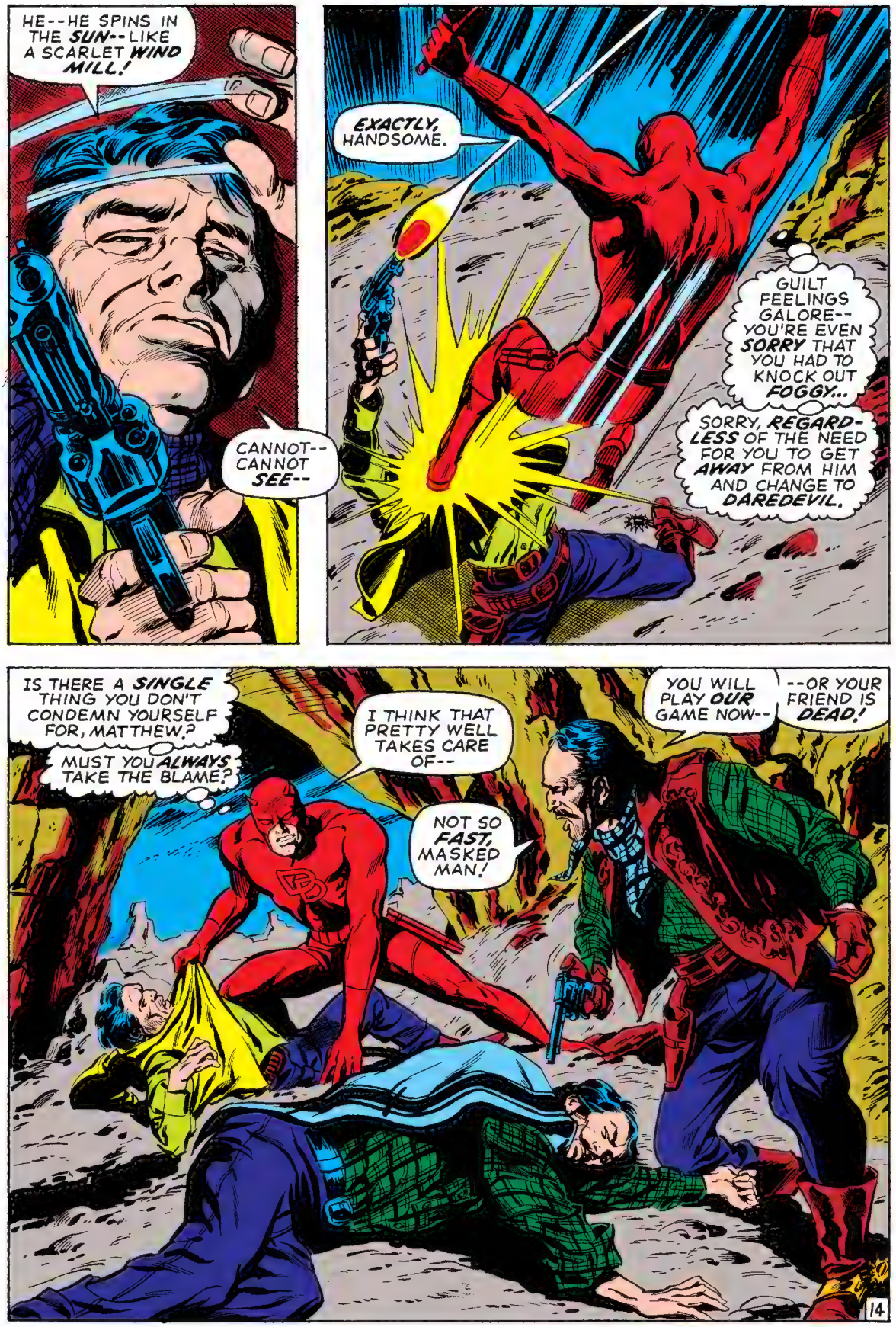
...THE TONGUE JUST DRIED UP! BUT... DID IT HAPPEN THAT WAY, MURDOCK--OR IS IT JUST THE WAY YOU'D WISHED IT HAD GONE?
RODRIQUEZ IS A FOOL.
I WILL--
NOW, FRIEND-- YOU'RE NOT BEING VERY HOSPITABLE.


-URFF!-
WASN'T IT KAREN WHO KILLED YOUR ROMANCE?

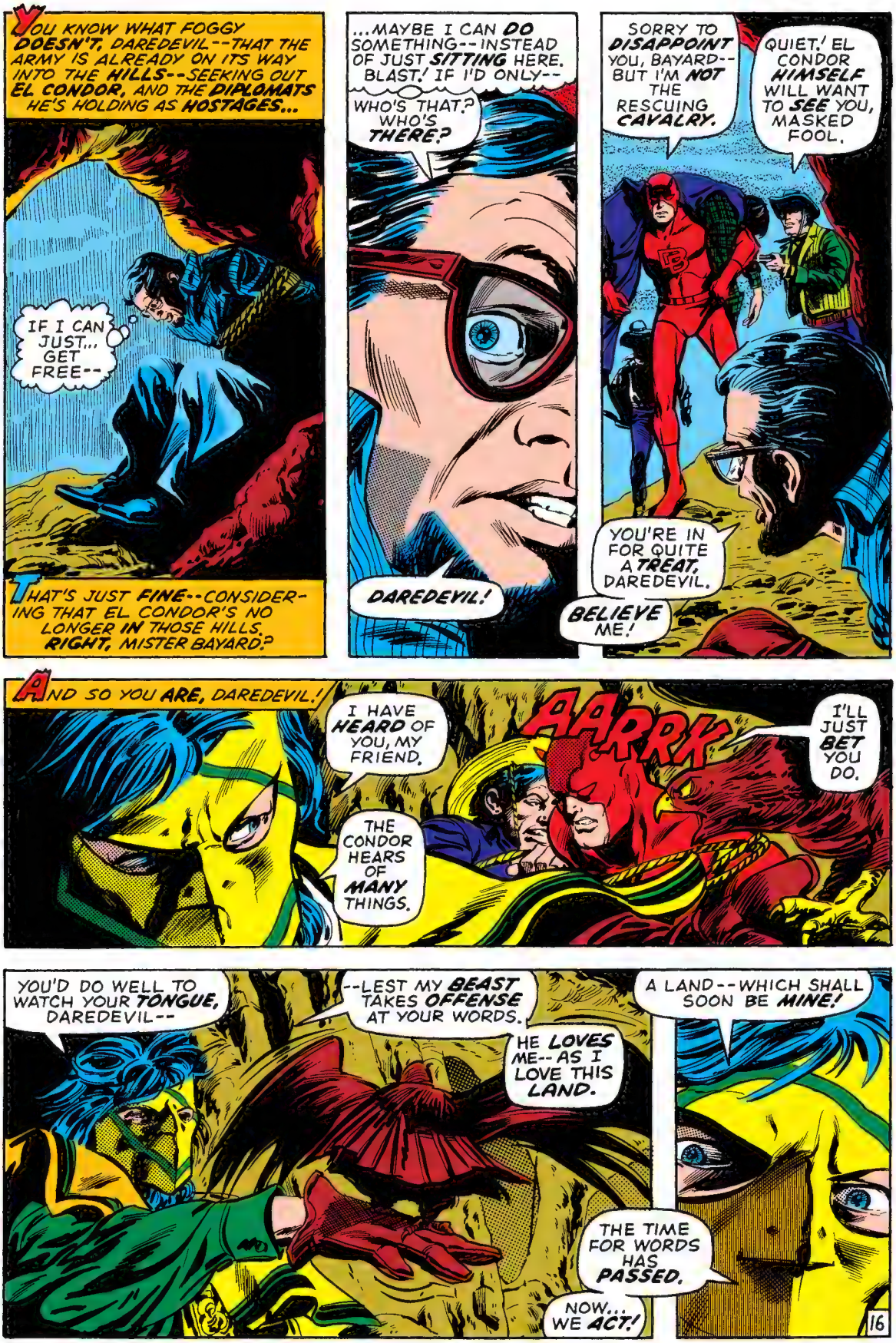

SOME VISITOR'S SOUTH-AMERICAN MEMORY MIGHT BE YOU!
OR DON'T YOU READ TRAVEL BROCHURES?
DIDN'T SHE REJECT YOU, MATTHEW--


--WHEN SHE LEARNED THAT YOU'RE DAREDEVIL--
--AND THAT YOU WOULDN'T GIVE UP YOUR LIFE OF ACTION...NOT EVEN FOR HER.?
THAT'S WHY YOU JOKE, ISN'T IT, DD.? TO HIDE YOUR FEEL-INGS...
EVEN A DEMON MAY BE SHOT--!
...TO HIDE YOUR FEAR--
--YOUR FEAR THAT MAYBE IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT.
YOUR FAULT, MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
SURE YOU CAN SHOOT HIM...
...BUT FIRST YOU HAVE TO FIND HIM.
WHAT--.??
12

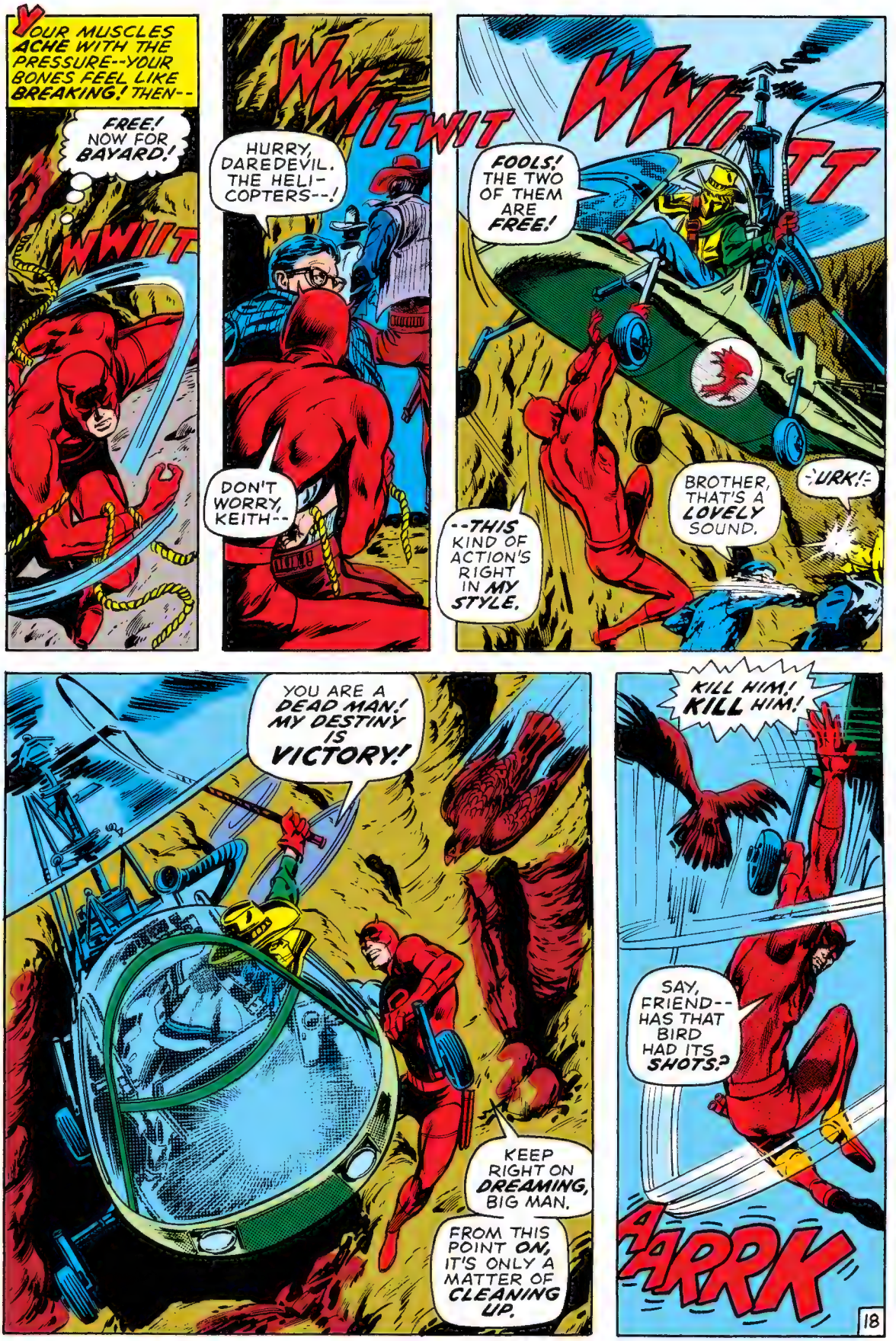

IT'S A MITE HARD TO TRACK A MAN--
--WHEN HE'S NEVER IN THE SAME PLACE FOR MORE THAN AN INSTANT.
OR AM I STATING THE OBVIOUS.?
YOU ARE STATING YOUR EPITAH, HORNED ONE.
FACE IT, DD--YOU'RE JUST A BUNDLE OF GUILT FEELINGS.
YOU FEED ON SELF-INCRIMINATION.
--FOR HILDAGO IS A CRACK SHOT!
13

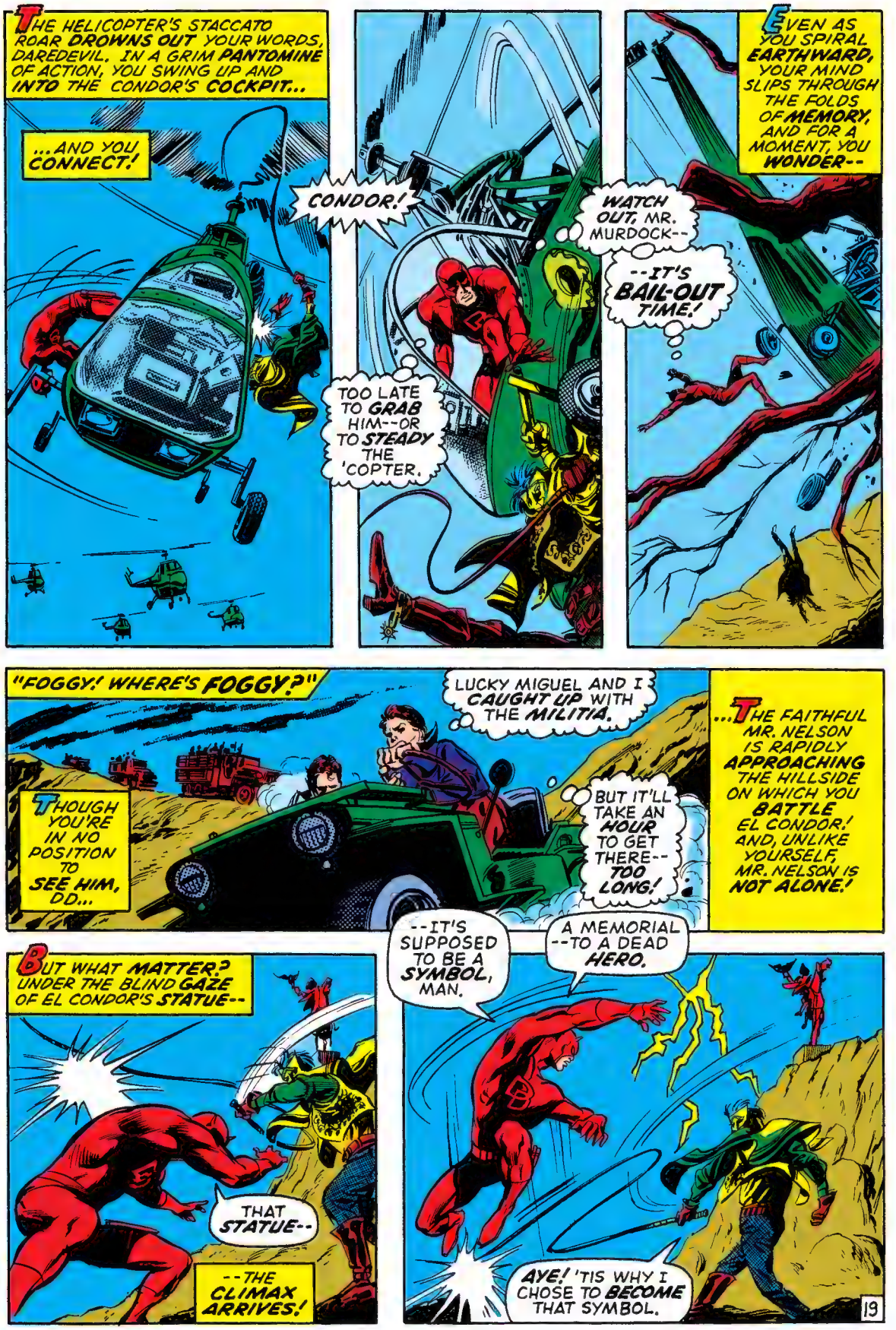

HE--HE SPINS IN THE SUN--LIKE A SCARLET WIND MILL!
CANNOT--CANNOT SEE--
EXACTLY, HANDSOME.
GUILT FEELINGS GALORE--YOU'RE EVEN SORRY THAT YOU HAD TO KNOCK OUT FOGGY...
SORRY, REGARDLESS OF THE NEED FOR YOU TO GET AWAY FROM HIM AND CHANGE TO DAREDEVIL.
IS THERE A SINGLE THING YOU DON'T CONDEMN YOURSELF FOR, MATTHEW?
MUST YOU ALWAYS TAKE THE BLAME?
I THINK THAT PRETTY WELL TAKES CARE OF--
NOT SO FAST, MASKED MAN!
YOU WILL PLAY OUR GAME NOW--
--OR YOUR FRIEND IS DEAD!

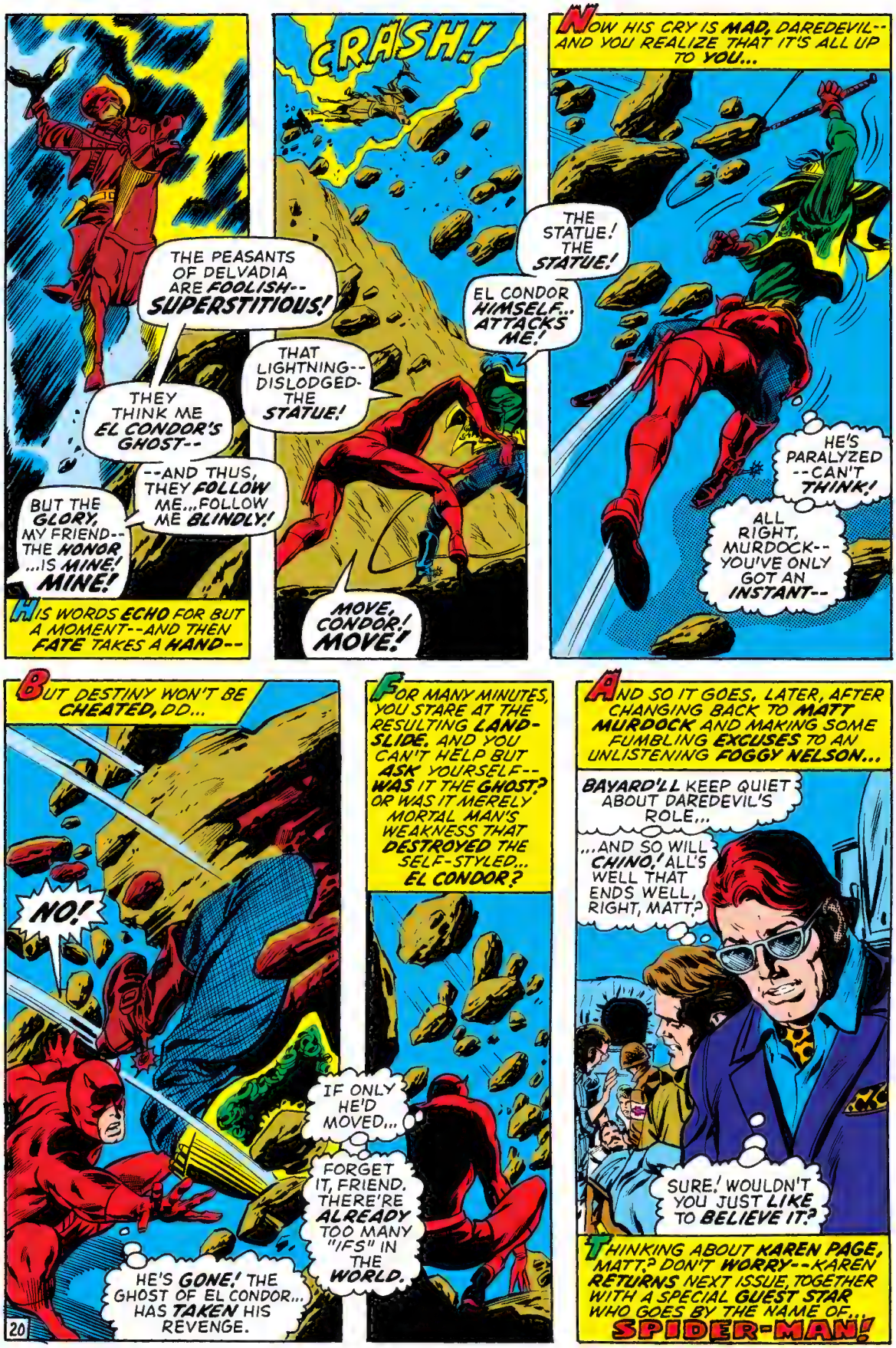
DO I HAVE A CHOICE?
NO CHOICE, SENIOR-- NO CHOICE AT ALL!
AND WHAT OF YOUR FRIEND, FOGGY NELSON, DAREDEVIL? AT THIS MOMENT, HE'S AWAKENING IN THE ALLEY WHERE YOU LEFT HIM...
HEY, MEESTER--YOU NEED HELP, NO?
I NEED HELP, YES.
SOMEONE-- MUST HAVE SLUGGED ME...
FOR A FEW AMERICAN NICKELS, I WILL GUIDE YOU TO YOUR EMBASSY, SEÑOR.
YOU'RE ON, SON.
IN THIS CONDITION --I COULDN'T FIND MY WAY ACROSS A STREET.
AND SOON, AT THE AMERICAN EMBASSY...
AIIEEE! MY CHINO-- HE EEZ SUCH A FOOL!
THAT'S THE STORY, MR. NELSON...
THINKS HE STILL YOUNG-- LIKE A BOY.
...SHE SAYS HER HUSBAND'S GONE WITH BAYARD TO FIND EL CONDOR'S CAMP...!
EEET'S ALL RIGHT, MAMA--MISTER NELSON IS A GOOD MAN.
HE'LL FIND PAPA.
SURE, KID.
HOW DO I GET IN TOUCH WITH THE MILITIA?
YOU DO NOT. THEY'RE GONE.
WE CAN DO-- NOTHING!


YOU KNOW WHAT FOGGY DOESN'T, DAREDEVIL--THAT THE ARMY IS ALREADY ON ITS WAY INTO THE HILLS--SEEKING OUT EL CONDOR, AND THE DIPLOMATS HE'S HOLDING AS HOSTAGES...
IF I CAN JUST... GET FREE--
THAT'S JUST FINE--CONSIDERING THAT EL CONDOR'S NO LONGER IN THOSE HILLS. RIGHT, MISTER BAYARD?
...MAYBE I CAN DO SOMETHING--INSTEAD OF JUST SITTING HERE. BLAST! IF I'D ONLY--
WHO'S THAT? WHO'S THERE?
DAREDEVIL!
SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU, BAYARD--BUT I'M NOT THE RESCUING CAVALRY.
QUIET! EL CONDOR HIMSELF WILL WANT TO SEE YOU, MASKED FOOL.
YOU'RE IN FOR QUITE A TREAT, DAREDEVIL.
BELIEVE ME!
AND SO YOU ARE, DAREDEVIL!
I HAVE HEARD OF YOU, MY FRIEND.
THE CONDOR HEARS OF MANY THINGS.
AARRK
I'LL JUST BET YOU DO.
YOU'D DO WELL TO WATCH YOUR TONGUE, DAREDEVIL--
--LEST MY BEAST TAKES OFFENSE AT YOUR WORDS.
HE LOVES ME--AS I LOVE THIS LAND.
A LAND--WHICH SHALL SOON BE MINE!
THE TIME FOR WORDS HAS PASSED.
NOW... WE ACT!
16

LIKE SOME MACABRE CLOAKED NIGHTMARE, EL CONDOR WHIRLS AND STALKS AWAY, LEAVING YOU REASONABLY ALONE, DAREDEVIL...
NOW WHAT, AMIGO?
NOW YOU WAIT, DEMON. WITHIN AN HOUR, THE CAPITAL WILL BE OURS.
AND WHEN THE CAPITAL FALLS--SO SHALL ALL DELVADIA!
WHY, MAN? WHY?
SOME HERE CLAIM TO FIGHT FOR FREEDOM. SO THEY MAY. BUT WHAT IS THIS FREEDOM, EH, SEÑOR?
I DO NOT KNOW...OR CARE. I FOLLOW EL CONDOR FOR THE FRUITS OF CONQUEST.
BUT ENOUGH. IT IS TIME.
YOU KNOW THE AGONY OF HELPLESSNESS, AS YOU LISTEN TO THE SHRILL VOICE OF EL CONDOR FILL THE CAVERN...
WHEN WE STRIKE--WE STRIKE FOR OUR OPPRESSED COUNTRYMEN.
REMEMBER THIS! OURS IS A BLOW FOR FREEDOM!
IT'S A PITY ALL YOUR MEN DON'T SHARE YOUR ALTRUISM, CONDOR. WHO'S LEADING WHOM?
YOU STRAIN, BRINGING THE ROPES AGAINST THE SHARP EDGE OF JAGGED ROCK AT YOUR BACK...


YOUR MUSCLES ACHE WITH THE PRESSURE--YOUR BONES FEEL LIKE BREAKING! THEN--
FREE! NOW FOR BAYARD!
WWIIT
HURRY, DAREDEVIL. THE HELI-COPTERS--!
DON'T WORRY, KEITH--
WWIITWIT
FOOLS! THE TWO OF THEM ARE FREE!
--THIS KIND OF ACTION'S RIGHT IN MY STYLE.
BROTHER, THAT'S A LOVELY SOUND.
-URK!-
YOU ARE A DEAD MAN! MY DESTINY IS VICTORY!
KEEP RIGHT ON DREAMING, BIG MAN.
FROM THIS POINT ON, IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF CLEANING UP.
KILL HIM! KILL HIM!
SAY, FRIEND-- HAS THAT BIRD HAD ITS SHOTS?
AARRK


THE HELICOPTER'S STACCATO ROAR DROWNS OUT YOUR WORDS, DAREDEVIL. IN A GRIM PANTOMIME OF ACTION, YOU SWING UP AND INTO THE CONDOR'S COCKPIT...
...AND YOU CONNECT!
CONDOR!
TOO LATE TO GRAB HIM--OR TO STEADY THE 'COPTER.
WATCH OUT, MR. MURDOCK--
--IT'S BAIL-OUT TIME!
EVEN AS YOU SPIRAL EARTHWARD, YOUR MIND SLIPS THROUGH THE FOLDS OF MEMORY, AND FOR A MOMENT, YOU WONDER--
"FOGGY! WHERE'S FOGGY?"
THOUGH YOU'RE IN NO POSITION TO SEE HIM, DD...
LUCKY MIGUEL AND I CAUGHT UP WITH THE MILITIA.
BUT IT'LL TAKE AN HOUR TO GET THERE--TOO LONG!
...THE FAITHFUL MR. NELSON IS RAPIDLY APPROACHING THE HILLSIDE ON WHICH YOU BATTLE EL CONDOR! AND, UNLIKE YOURSELF, MR. NELSON IS NOT ALONE!
BUT WHAT MATTER? UNDER THE BLIND GAZE OF EL CONDOR'S STATUE--
THAT STATUE--
--THE CLIMAX ARRIVES!
--IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE A SYMBOL, MAN.
A MEMORIAL --TO A DEAD HERO.
AYE! 'TIS WHY I CHOSE TO BECOME THAT SYMBOL.


THE PEASANTS OF DELVADIA ARE FOOLISH-- SUPERSTITIOUS!
THEY THINK ME EL CONDOR'S GHOST--
--AND THUS, THEY FOLLOW ME...FOLLOW ME BLINDLY!
BUT THE GLORY, MY FRIEND-- THE HONOR ...IS MINE! MINE!
HIS WORDS ECHO FOR BUT A MOMENT--AND THEN FATE TAKES A HAND--
CRASH!
THAT LIGHTNING-- DISLODGED THE STATUE!
MOVE, CONDOR! MOVE!
NOW HIS CRY IS MAD, DAREDEVIL-- AND YOU REALIZE THAT IT'S ALL UP TO YOU...
THE STATUE! THE STATUE!
EL CONDOR HIMSELF... ATTACKS ME!
HE'S PARALYZED --CAN'T THINK!
ALL RIGHT, MURDOCK-- YOU'VE ONLY GOT AN INSTANT--
BUT DESTINY WON'T BE CHEATED, DD...
NO!
HE'S GONE! THE GHOST OF EL CONDOR... HAS TAKEN HIS REVENGE.
FOR MANY MINUTES, YOU STARE AT THE RESULTING LAND-SLIDE. AND YOU CAN'T HELP BUT ASK YOURSELF-- WAS IT THE GHOST? OR WAS IT MERELY MORTAL MAN'S WEAKNESS THAT DESTROYED THE SELF-STYLED... EL CONDOR?
IF ONLY HE'D MOVED...
FORGET IT, FRIEND. THERE'RE ALREADY TOO MANY "IFS" IN THE WORLD.
AND SO IT GOES, LATER, AFTER CHANGING BACK TO MATT MURDOCK AND MAKING SOME FUMBLING EXCUSES TO AN UNLISTENING FOGGY NELSON...
BAYARD'LL KEEP QUIET ABOUT DAREDEVIL'S ROLE...
...AND SO WILL CHINO, ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, RIGHT, MATT?
SURE! WOULDN'T YOU JUST LIKE TO BELIEVE IT?
THINKING ABOUT KAREN PAGE, MATT? DON'T WORRY--KAREN RETURNS NEXT ISSUE, TOGETHER WITH A SPECIAL GUEST STAR WHO GOES BY THE NAME OF...
SPIDER-MAN!

DARE-DEVIL
15¢
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MARVEL COMICS GROUP
DAREDEVIL™
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
THANKS FOR CREAMING OL' HORNHEAD FOR ME, NAMOR!
THAT LEAVES ME FREE-- TO TOTAL YOU!
A THREE-IN-ONE TRIUMPH FOR MAGNIFICENT MARVEL!
GUEST-STARRING THE SUB-MARINER AND YOUR FRIENDLY NEIGHBOR HOOD SPIDER-MAN!

DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™
...AND SO ENTERS
the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN™
LIKE NO OTHER STORY IN THE MARVEL AGE OF COMICS... THIS ONE'S FOR YOU, SPORTS FAN--!
TREAD SOFTLY, MAN WITHOUT FEAR-- EVEN THE RADAR SENSE THAT KEEPS YOU FROM BEING A HELPLESS BLIND MAN MAY NOT SAVE YOU THIS GO-ROUND!
AND IN CASE THINGS AREN'T ALREADY BAD ENOUGH-- GUESS WHO ELSE IS GUEST-STARRING IN THIS ISSUE?
STAN LEE EDITOR • GERRY CONWAY WRITER • GENE COLAN ARTIST
TOM PALMER INKER • JEAN IZZO LETTERER
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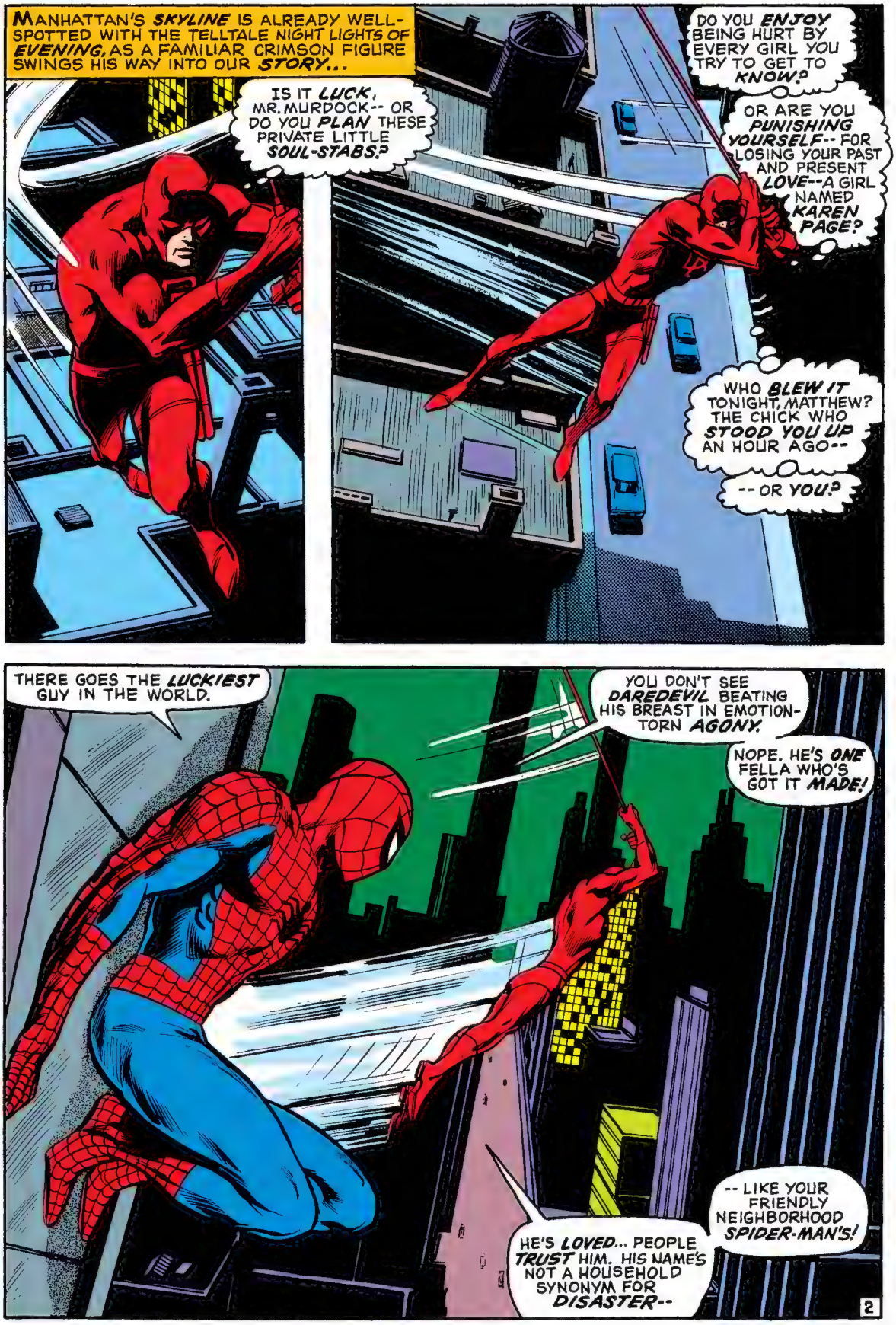
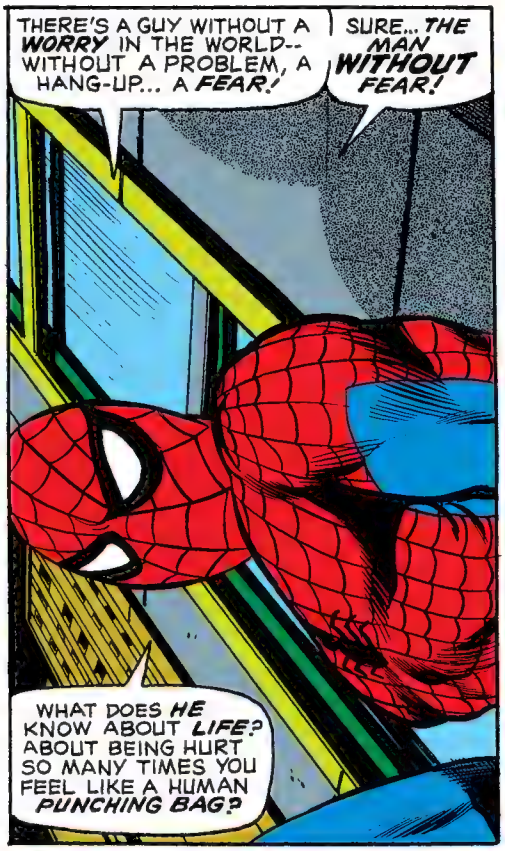
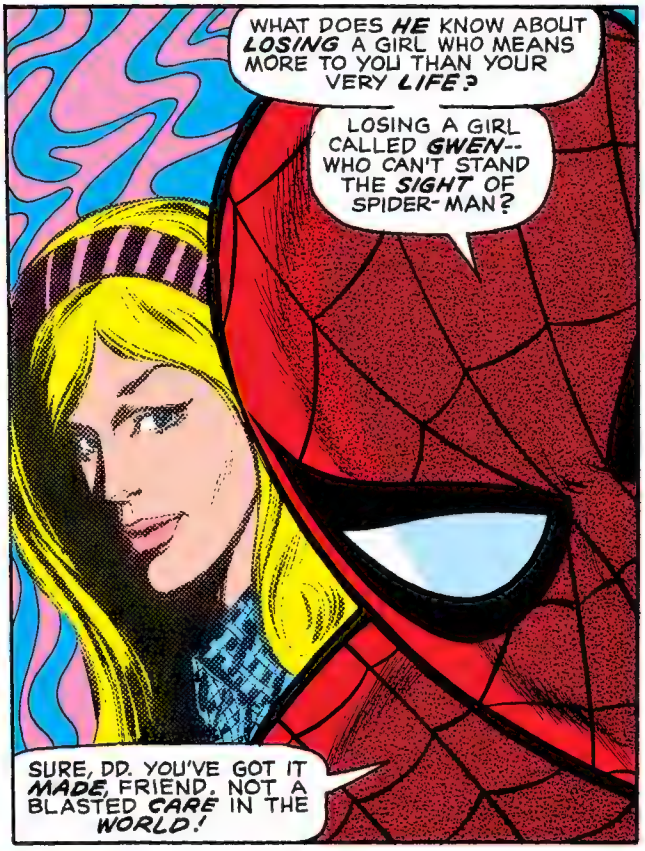

MANHATTAN'S SKYLINE IS ALREADY WELL-SPOTTED WITH THE TELLTALE NIGHT LIGHTS OF EVENING, AS A FAMILIAR CRIMSON FIGURE SWINGS HIS WAY INTO OUR STORY...
IS IT LUCK, MR. MURDOCK-- OR DO YOU PLAN THESE PRIVATE LITTLE SOUL-STABS?
DO YOU ENJOY BEING HURT BY EVERY GIRL YOU TRY TO GET TO KNOW?
OR ARE YOU PUNISHING YOURSELF-- FOR LOSING YOUR PAST AND PRESENT LOVE--A GIRL NAMED KAREN PAGE?
WHO BLEW IT TONIGHT, MATTHEW? THE CHICK WHO STOOD YOU UP AN HOUR AGO--
-- OR YOU?
THERE GOES THE LUCKIEST GUY IN THE WORLD.
YOU DON'T SEE DAREDEVIL BEATING HIS BREAST IN EMOTION-TORN AGONY.
NOPE. HE'S ONE FELLA WHO'S GOT IT MADE!
-- LIKE YOUR FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD SPIDER-MAN'S!
HE'S LOVED... PEOPLE TRUST HIM. HIS NAME'S NOT A HOUSEHOLD SYNONYM FOR DISASTER--
2

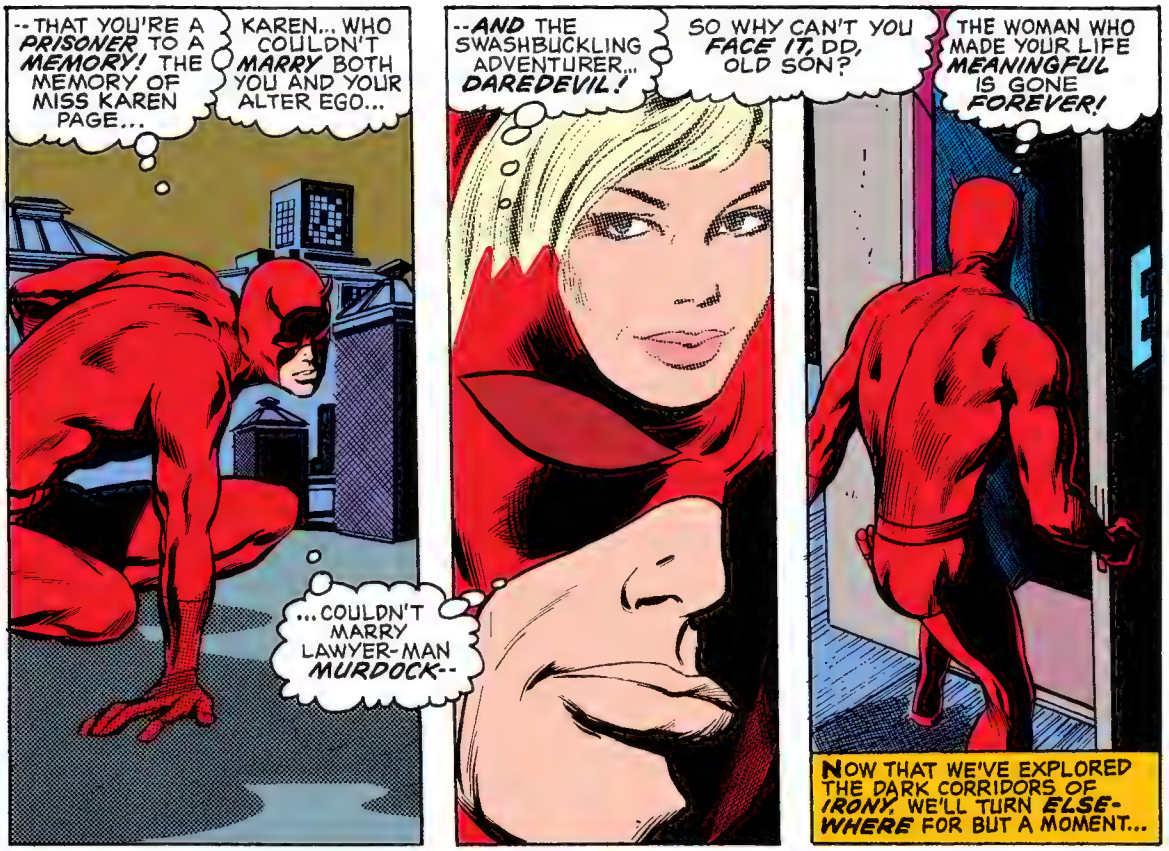

THERE'S A GUY WITHOUT A WORRY IN THE WORLD-- WITHOUT A PROBLEM, A HANG-UP... A FEAR!
SURE... THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
WHAT DOES HE KNOW ABOUT LIFE? ABOUT BEING HURT SO MANY TIMES YOU FEEL LIKE A HUMAN PUNCHING BAG?

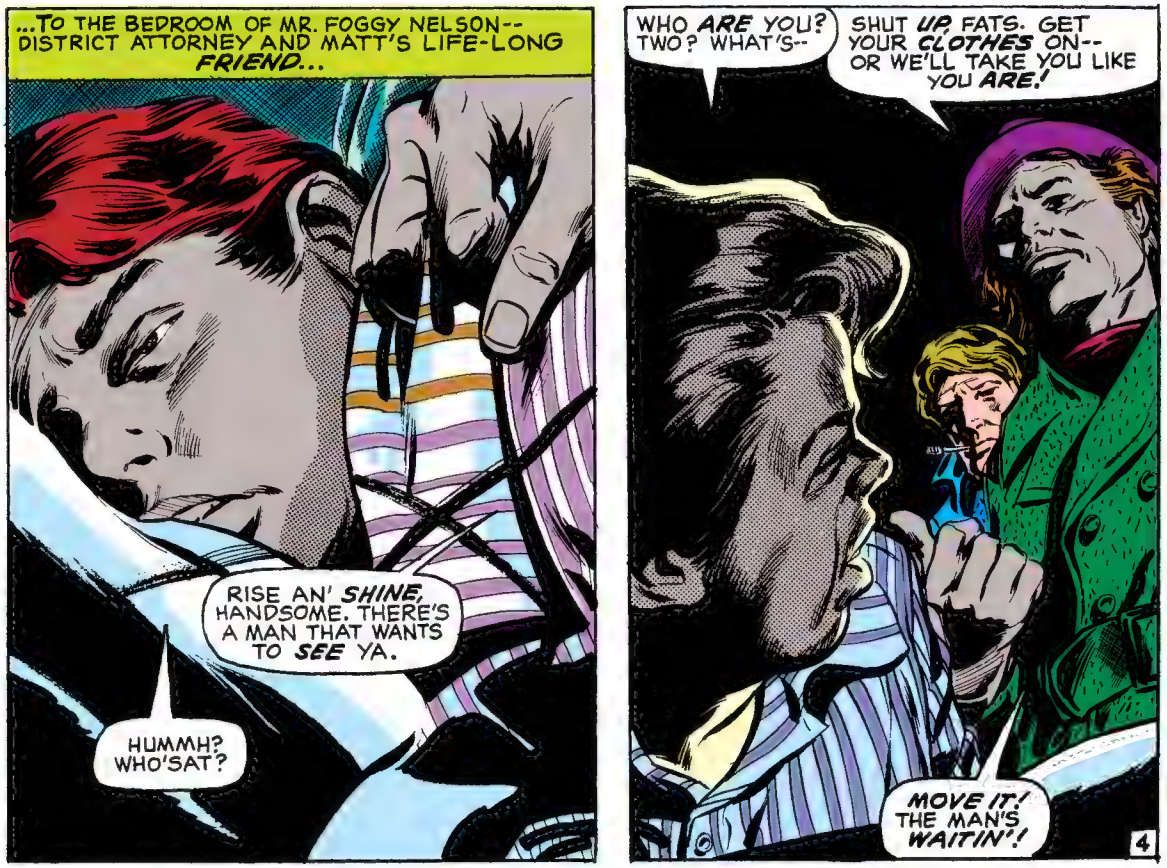

WHAT DOES HE KNOW ABOUT LOSING A GIRL WHO MEANS MORE TO YOU THAN YOUR VERY LIFE?
LOSING A GIRL CALLED GWEN-- WHO CAN'T STAND THE SIGHT OF SPIDER-MAN?
SURE, DD. YOU'VE GOT IT MADE, FRIEND. NOT A BLASTED CARE IN THE WORLD!

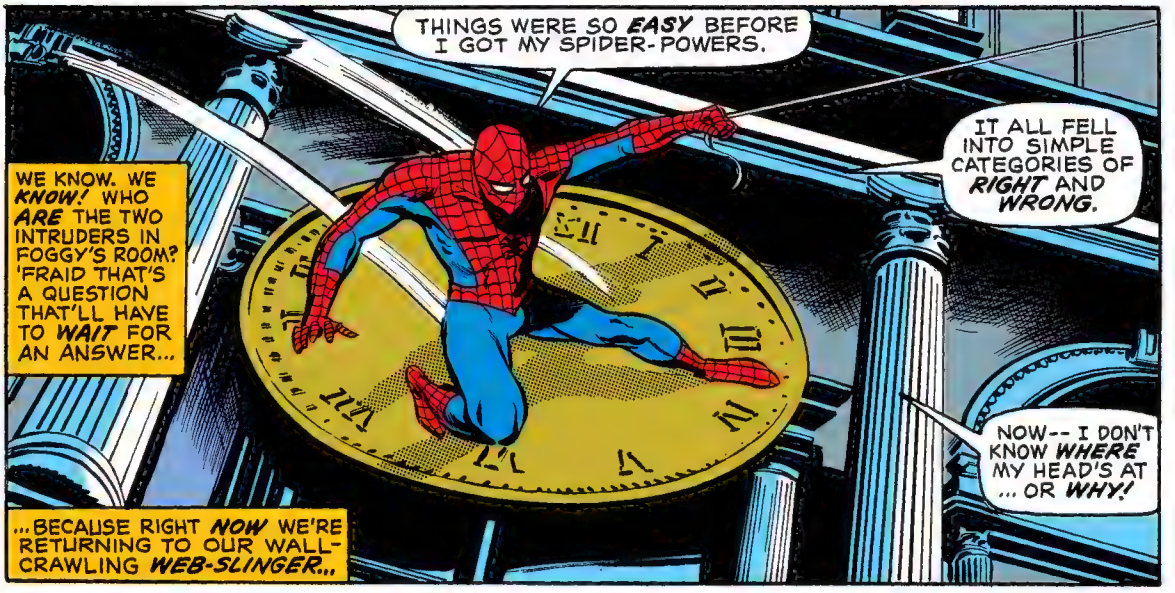
STOP CRUCIFYING YOURSELF, MATTHEW.
MAYBE IT WAS ALL JUST A MISTAKE. MAYBE CHRISTINE WAS HELD UP!
YEAH. AND MAYBE THINGS WERE ALL WRONG FROM THE START!*

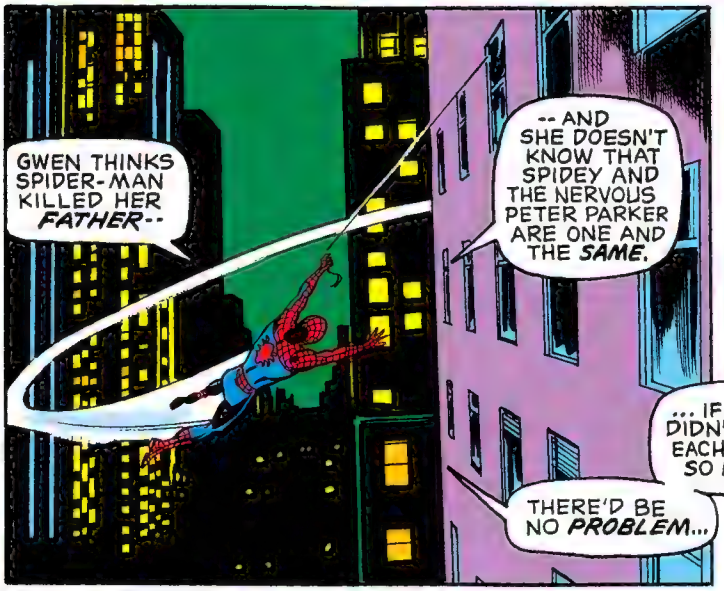
IT'S KAREN YOU LOVE MR. MURDOCK... KAREN YOU'VE ALWAYS LOVED.
CHRISTINE WAS JUST A SUBSTITUTE-- NOTHING MORE. AND MAYBE SHE KNEW THAT.
SHE KNEW WHAT YOU COULDN'T FACE--

*(DON'T FRET, FRIENDS-- YOU HAVEN'T MISSED AN ISSUE SINCE LAST MONTH'S CLIMACTIC BATTLE WITH EL CONDOR. THINGS HAPPEN BETWEEN ISSUES TOO, YOU KNOW!)--S.

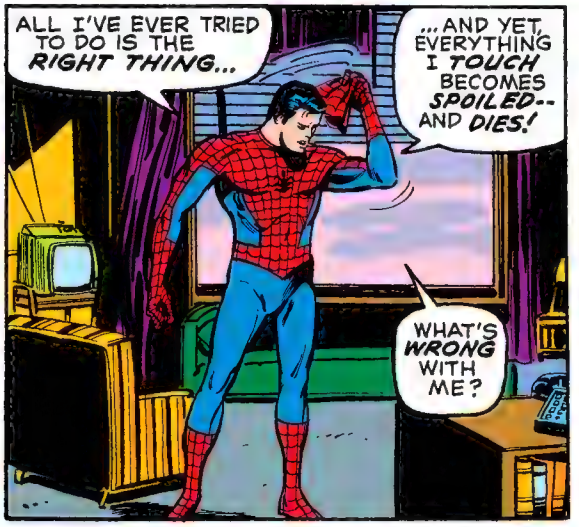

--THAT YOU'RE A PRISONER TO A MEMORY! THE MEMORY OF MISS KAREN PAGE...
KAREN... WHO COULDN'T MARRY BOTH YOU AND YOUR ALTER EGO...
...COULDN'T MARRY LAWYER-MAN MURDOCK--
--AND THE SWASHBUCKLING ADVENTURER... DAREDEVIL!
SO WHY CAN'T YOU FACE IT, DD, OLD SON?
THE WOMAN WHO MADE YOUR LIFE MEANINGFUL IS GONE FOREVER!
NOW THAT WE'VE EXPLORED THE DARK CORRIDORS OF IRONY, WE'LL TURN ELSEWHERE FOR BUT A MOMENT...


...TO THE BEDROOM OF MR. FOGGY NELSON-- DISTRICT ATTORNEY AND MATT'S LIFE-LONG FRIEND...
RISE AN' SHINE, HANDSOME. THERE'S A MAN THAT WANTS TO SEE YA.
HUMMH? WHO'SAT?
WHO ARE YOU? TWO? WHAT'S--
SHUT UP, FATS. GET YOUR CLOTHES ON-- OR WE'LL TAKE YOU LIKE YOU ARE!
MOVE IT! THE MAN'S WAITIN'!
4

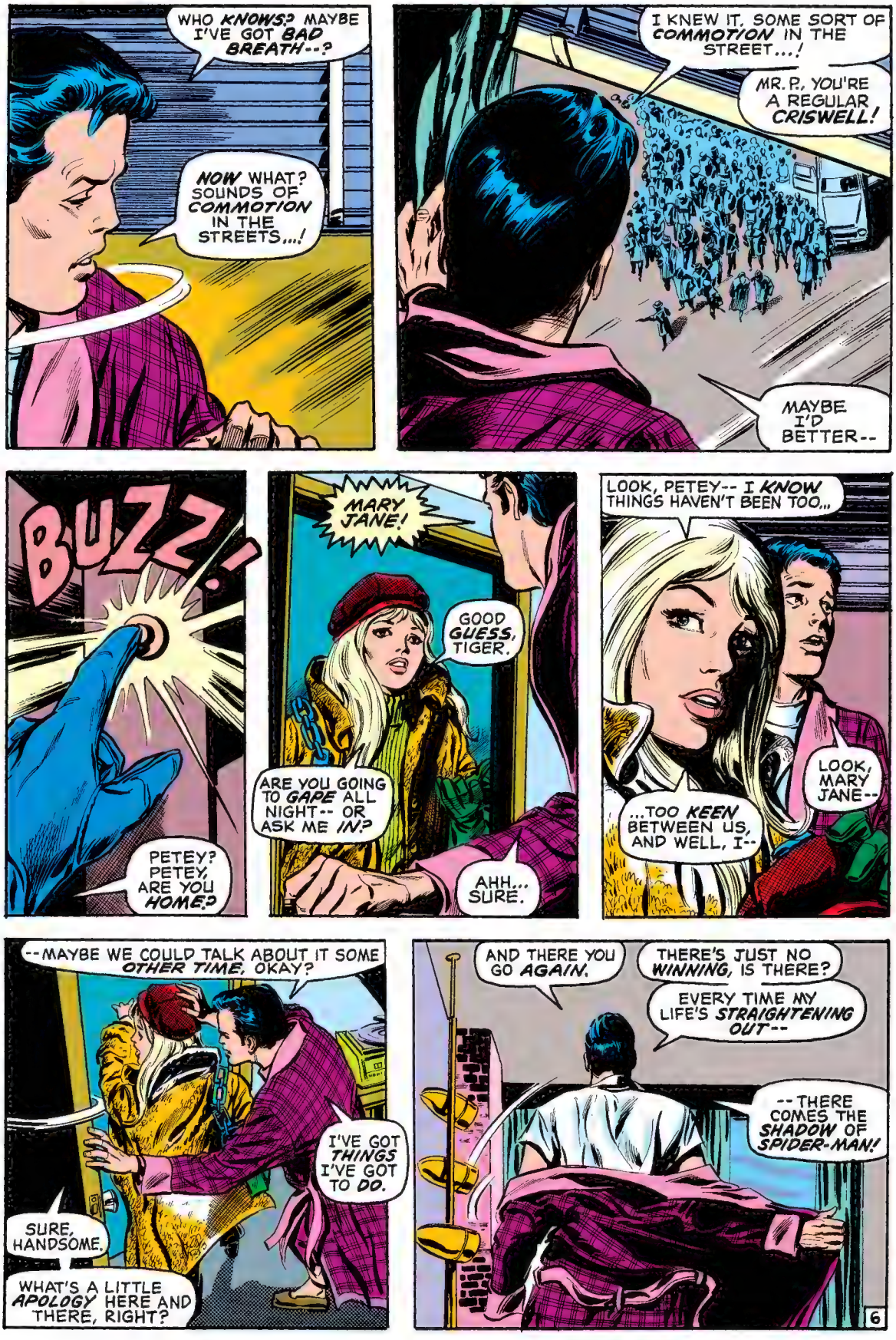

THINGS WERE SO EASY BEFORE I GOT MY SPIDER-POWERS.
IT ALL FELL INTO SIMPLE CATEGORIES OF RIGHT AND WRONG.
WE KNOW. WE KNOW! WHO ARE THE TWO INTRUDERS IN FOGGY'S ROOM? 'FRAID THAT'S A QUESTION THAT'LL HAVE TO WAIT FOR AN ANSWER...
NOW-- I DON'T KNOW WHERE MY HEAD'S AT ... OR WHY!
...BECAUSE RIGHT NOW WE'RE RETURNING TO OUR WALL-CRAWLING WEB-SLINGER...

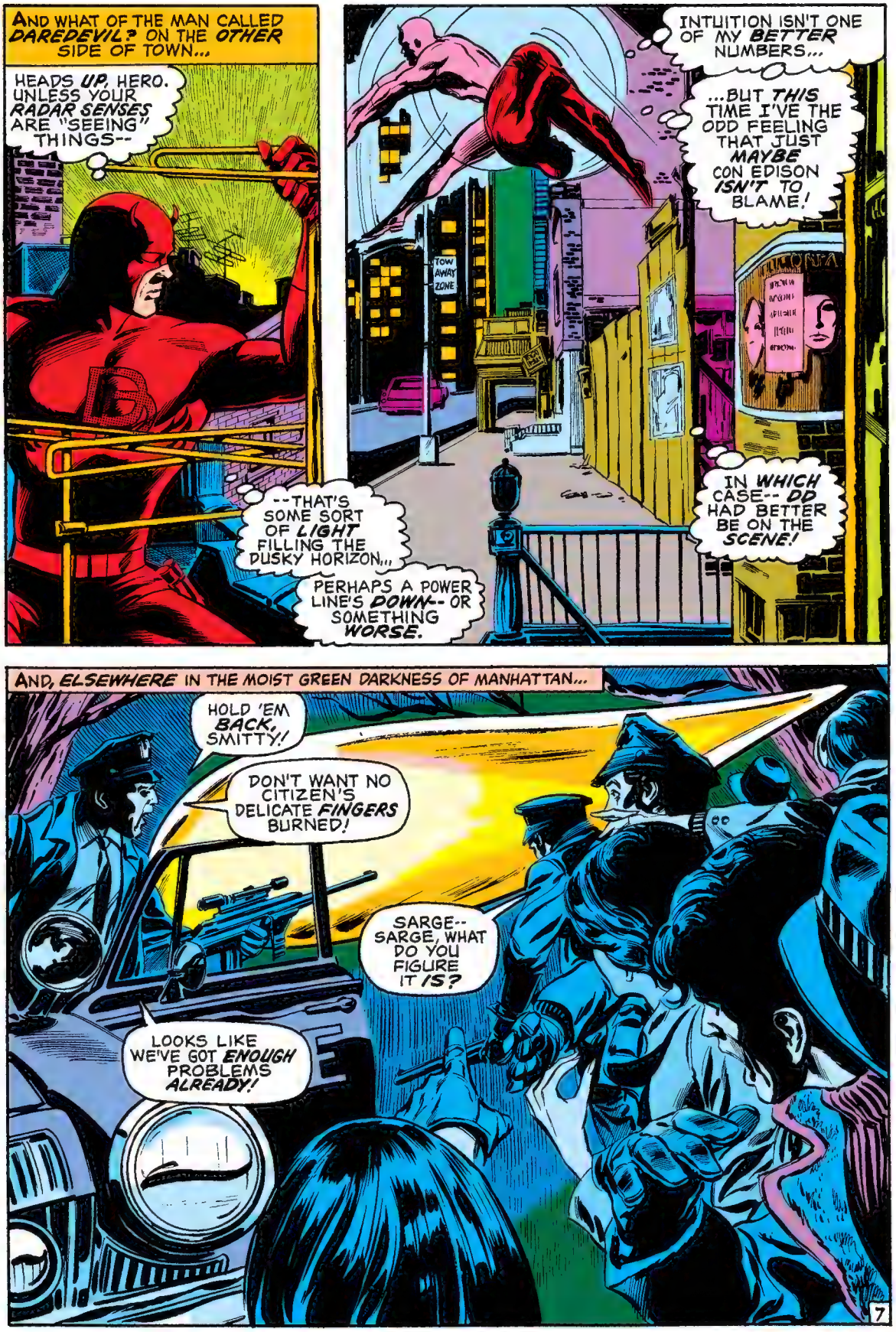

GWEN THINKS SPIDER-MAN KILLED HER FATHER--
-- AND SHE DOESN'T KNOW THAT SPIDEY AND THE NERVOUS PETER PARKER ARE ONE AND THE SAME.
THERE'D BE NO PROBLEM...
... IF WE DIDN'T LOVE EACH OTHER SO MUCH.

BLAST IT! WHY ME? WHY NOT SOME OTHER COSTUMED DO-GOODER?
WHY NOT A GUY LIKE DAREDEVIL?


ALL I'VE EVER TRIED TO DO IS THE RIGHT THING...
...AND YET, EVERYTHING I TOUCH BECOMES SPOILED-- AND DIES!
WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME?

SOMETIMES I THINK THERES A CONSPIRACY.
THERE'S GOT TO BE A HUGE CHUNK OF BAD LUCK-- WITH MY NAME CARVED ON IT.
WHY IS SPIDER-MAN HATED...
...AND DAREDEVIL LOVED?

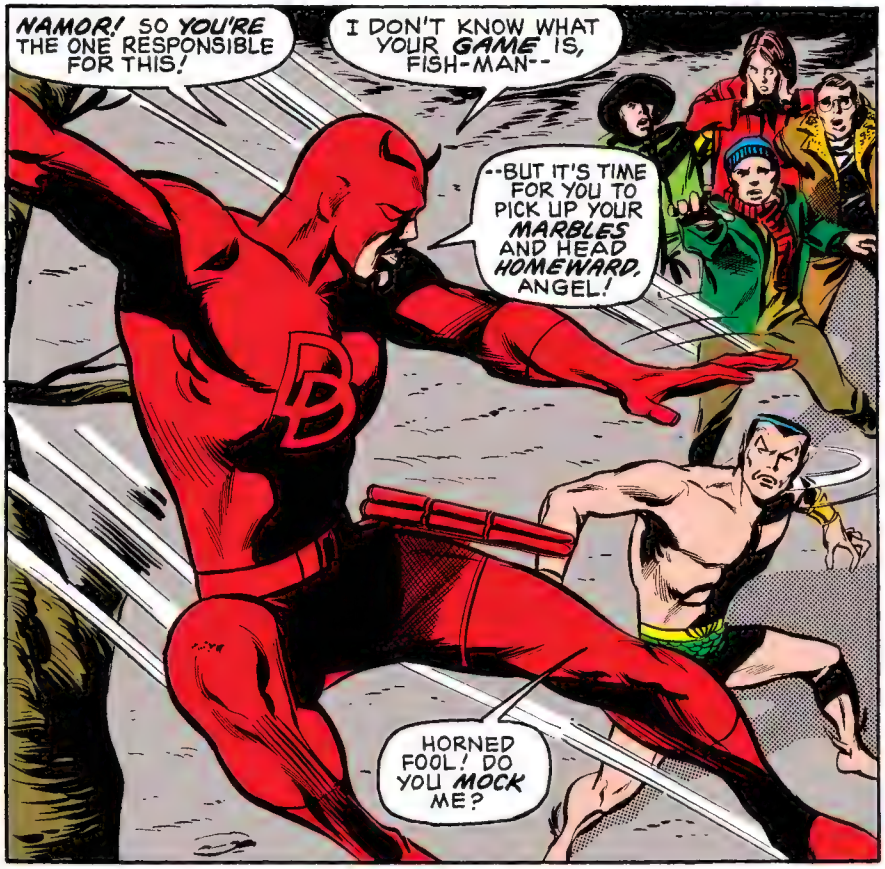

WHO KNOWS? MAYBE I'VE GOT BAD BREATH--?
NOW WHAT? SOUNDS OF COMMOTION IN THE STREETS...!
I KNEW IT. SOME SORT OF COMMOTION IN THE STREET...!
MR. P., YOU'RE A REGULAR CRISWELL!
MAYBE I'D BETTER--
BUZZ!
PETEY? PETEY, ARE YOU HOME?
MARY JANE!
GOOD GUESS, TIGER.
ARE YOU GOING TO GAPE ALL NIGHT-- OR ASK ME IN?
AHH... SURE.
LOOK, PETEY-- I KNOW THINGS HAVEN'T BEEN TOO...
LOOK, MARY JANE--
...TOO KEEN BETWEEN US, AND WELL, I--
--MAYBE WE COULD TALK ABOUT IT SOME OTHER TIME, OKAY?
I'VE GOT THINGS I'VE GOT TO DO.
SURE, HANDSOME.
WHAT'S A LITTLE APOLOGY HERE AND THERE, RIGHT?
AND THERE YOU GO AGAIN.
THERE'S JUST NO WINNING, IS THERE?
EVERY TIME MY LIFE'S STRAIGHTENING OUT--
--THERE COMES THE SHADOW OF SPIDER-MAN!
6


AND WHAT OF THE MAN CALLED DAREDEVIL? ON THE OTHER SIDE OF TOWN...
HEADS UP, HERO. UNLESS YOUR RADAR SENSES ARE "SEEING" THINGS--
--THAT'S SOME SORT OF LIGHT FILLING THE DUSKY HORIZON...
PERHAPS A POWER LINE'S DOWN-- OR SOMETHING WORSE.
INTUITION ISN'T ONE OF MY BETTER NUMBERS...
...BUT THIS TIME I'VE THE ODD FEELING THAT JUST MAYBE CON EDISON ISN'T TO BLAME!
IN WHICH CASE-- DD HAD BETTER BE ON THE SCENE!
TOW AWAY ZONE
AND, ELSEWHERE IN THE MOIST GREEN DARKNESS OF MANHATTAN...
HOLD 'EM BACK, SMITTY!
DON'T WANT NO CITIZEN'S DELICATE FINGERS BURNED!
SARGE-- SARGE, WHAT DO YOU FIGURE IT IS?
LOOKS LIKE WE'VE GOT ENOUGH PROBLEMS ALREADY!
7

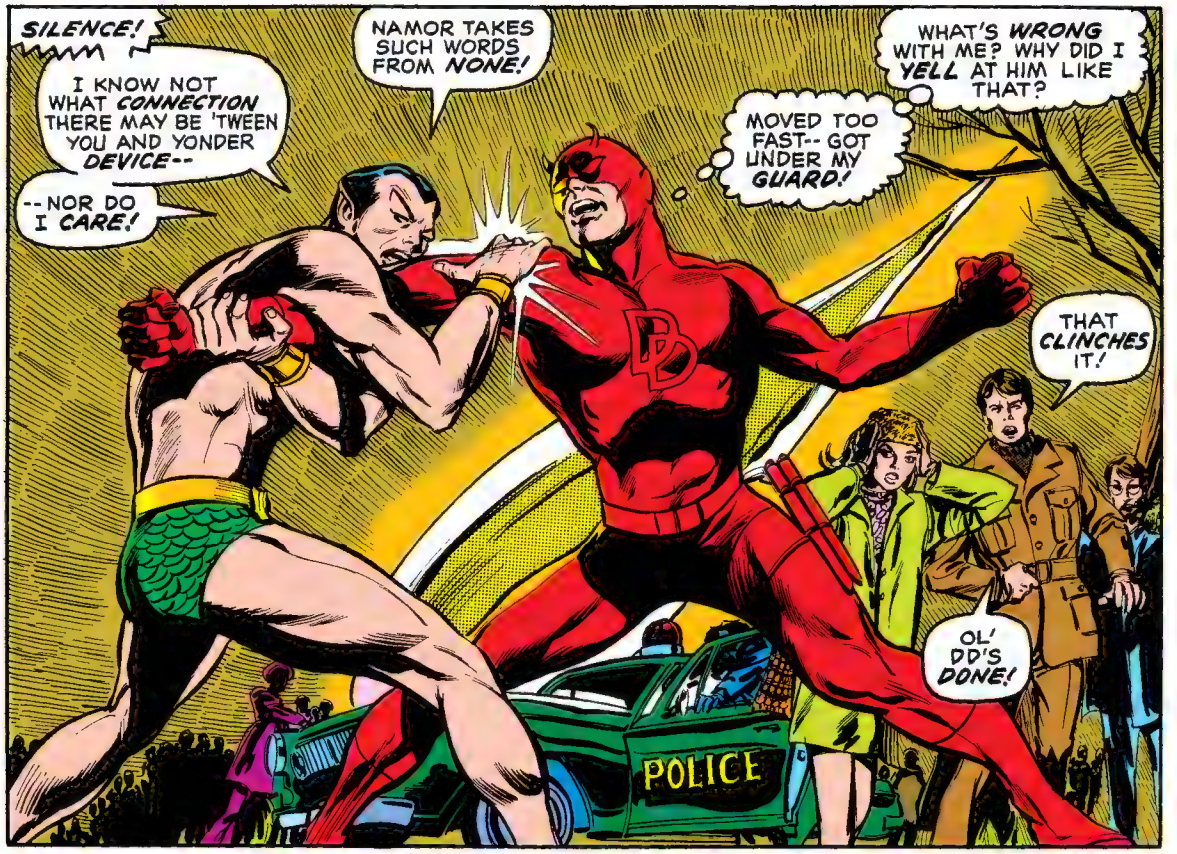
WHATEVER IT IS, THE COMMISSIONER AIN'T GONNA LIKE IT!
THAT I CAN TELL YOU!
I WOULD HAVE WORDS WITH THE ONE CALLED NAMOR!
CRIPES! THE BLASTED THING TALKS!
SEND HIM TO ME. SINGLE OUT AMONG YOU HE WHO IS CALLED NAMOR--
IT-IT JUST APPEARED THERE!
HENRY-- WHAT DOES IT MEAN?
-- HE WHO IS NAMED ...THE SUB-MARINER!
SO-- IT IS THIS WHICH DREW ME HERE.
I TELL YOU, HONEY--
I'D SWORN NEVER TO SKULK AGAIN, TO WALK PROUDLY AMONG THE LAND-CRAWLERS.
YET SOME FORCE PULLED ME HENCE, AND I SAW THE WISDOM OF CONCEALING MYSELF. NOW...
NAMOR HIDES NO MORE!
-- IT'S A GIMMICK FOR SOME MOVIE, SEE, AND-- HUNH?
HOLY COW!
8

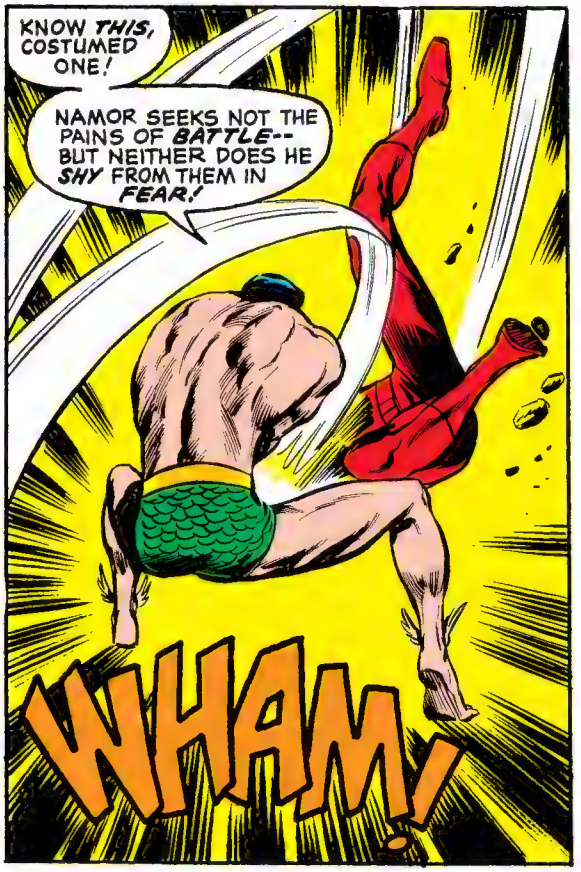
THOUGH NAMOR IS PRINCE NO LONGER--
--STILL, HIS IS THE BLOOD ROYAL!
SHOW YOURSELF, HIDDEN ONE...

...UNLESS YOUR NAME BE COWARD, OR YOUR FACE UNFIT FOR ALL TO SEE!
SPEAK! OR ARE YOU STRICKEN SUDDENLY DUMB AS WELL?
ANSWER-- WHO DARES ORDER NAMOR?

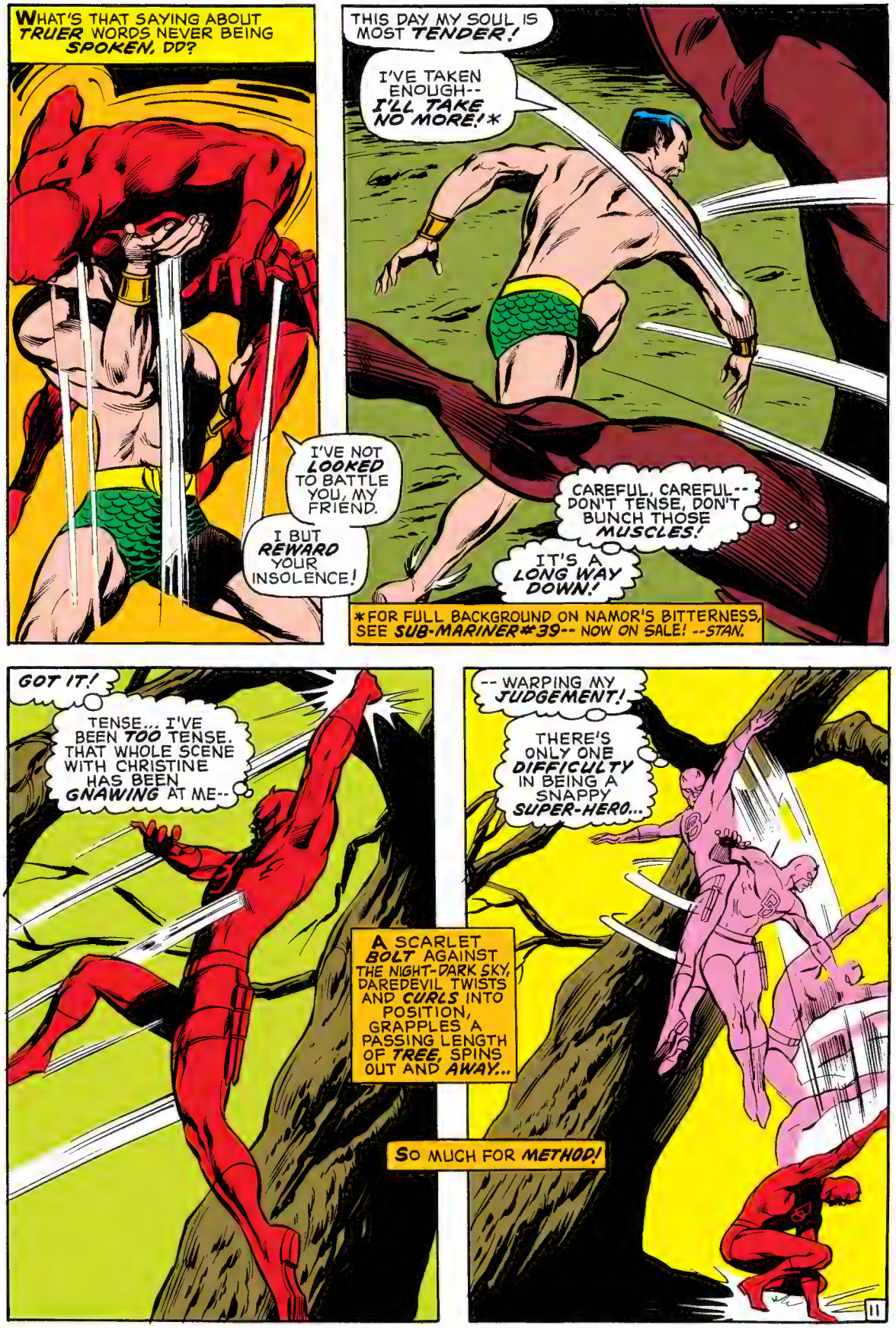

NAMOR! SO YOU'RE THE ONE RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOUR GAME IS, FISH-MAN--
--BUT IT'S TIME FOR YOU TO PICK UP YOUR MARBLES AND HEAD HOMEWARD, ANGEL!
HORNED FOOL! DO YOU MOCK ME?

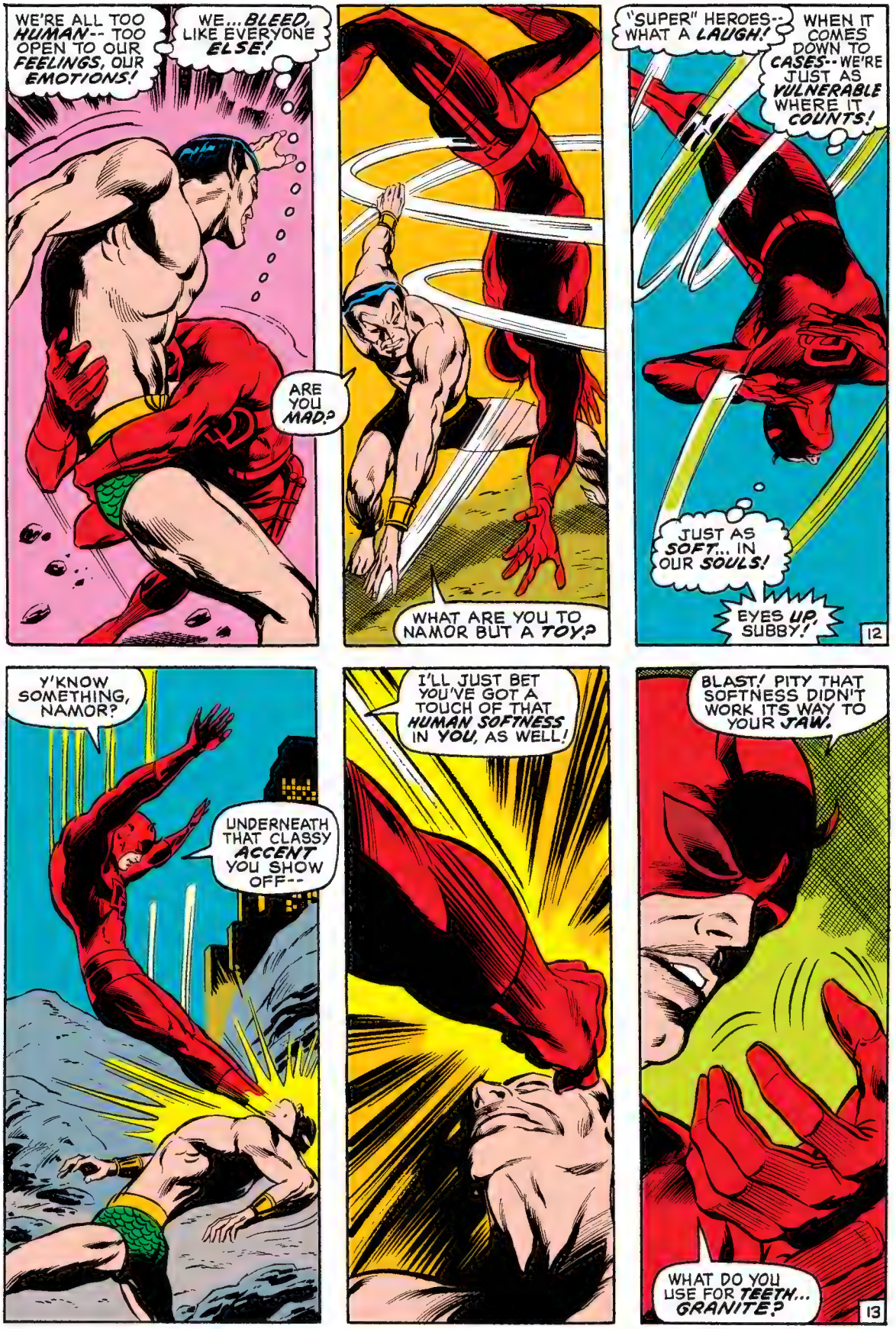
WHERE'D YOU GET AN IDEA LIKE THAT?
I'M JUST TRYING TO MAKE IT CLEAR-- WE WANT NO TROUBLE... LEAST OF ALL FROM YOU!


SILENCE!
I KNOW NOT WHAT CONNECTION THERE MAY BE 'TWEEN YOU AND YONDER DEVICE--
--NOR DO I CARE!
NAMOR TAKES SUCH WORDS FROM NONE!
MOVED TOO FAST-- GOT UNDER MY GUARD!
WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME? WHY DID I YELL AT HIM LIKE THAT?
THAT CLINCHES IT!
OL' DD'S DONE!
POLICE


KNOW THIS, COSTUMED ONE!
NAMOR SEEKS NOT THE PAINS OF BATTLE-- BUT NEITHER DOES HE SHY FROM THEM IN FEAR!
WHAM!

WHO TORE THE SKY DOWN?
FEEL LIKE-- MY ENTIRE BODY'S ON FIRE!
THIS IS ONE BRIGHT FIGHT, MATTHEW! NAMOR'LL WHIP YOU INTO COTTAGE CHEESE!


WHAT'S THAT SAYING ABOUT TRUER WORDS NEVER BEING SPOKEN, DD?
I'VE NOT LOOKED TO BATTLE YOU, MY FRIEND.
I BUT REWARD YOUR INSOLENCE!
THIS DAY MY SOUL IS MOST TENDER!
I'VE TAKEN ENOUGH-- I'LL TAKE NO MORE!*
CAREFUL, CAREFUL-- DON'T TENSE, DON'T BUNCH THOSE MUSCLES!
IT'S A LONG WAY DOWN!
*FOR FULL BACKGROUND ON NAMOR'S BITTERNESS, SEE SUB-MARINER #39-- NOW ON SALE! --STAN.
GOT IT!
TENSE... I'VE BEEN TOO TENSE. THAT WHOLE SCENE WITH CHRISTINE HAS BEEN GNAWING AT ME--
A SCARLET BOLT AGAINST THE NIGHT-DARK SKY, DAREDEVIL TWISTS AND CURLS INTO POSITION, GRAPPLES A PASSING LENGTH OF TREE, SPINS OUT AND AWAY...
-- WARPING MY JUDGEMENT!
THERE'S ONLY ONE DIFFICULTY IN BEING A SNAPPY SUPER-HERO...
SO MUCH FOR METHOD!
11

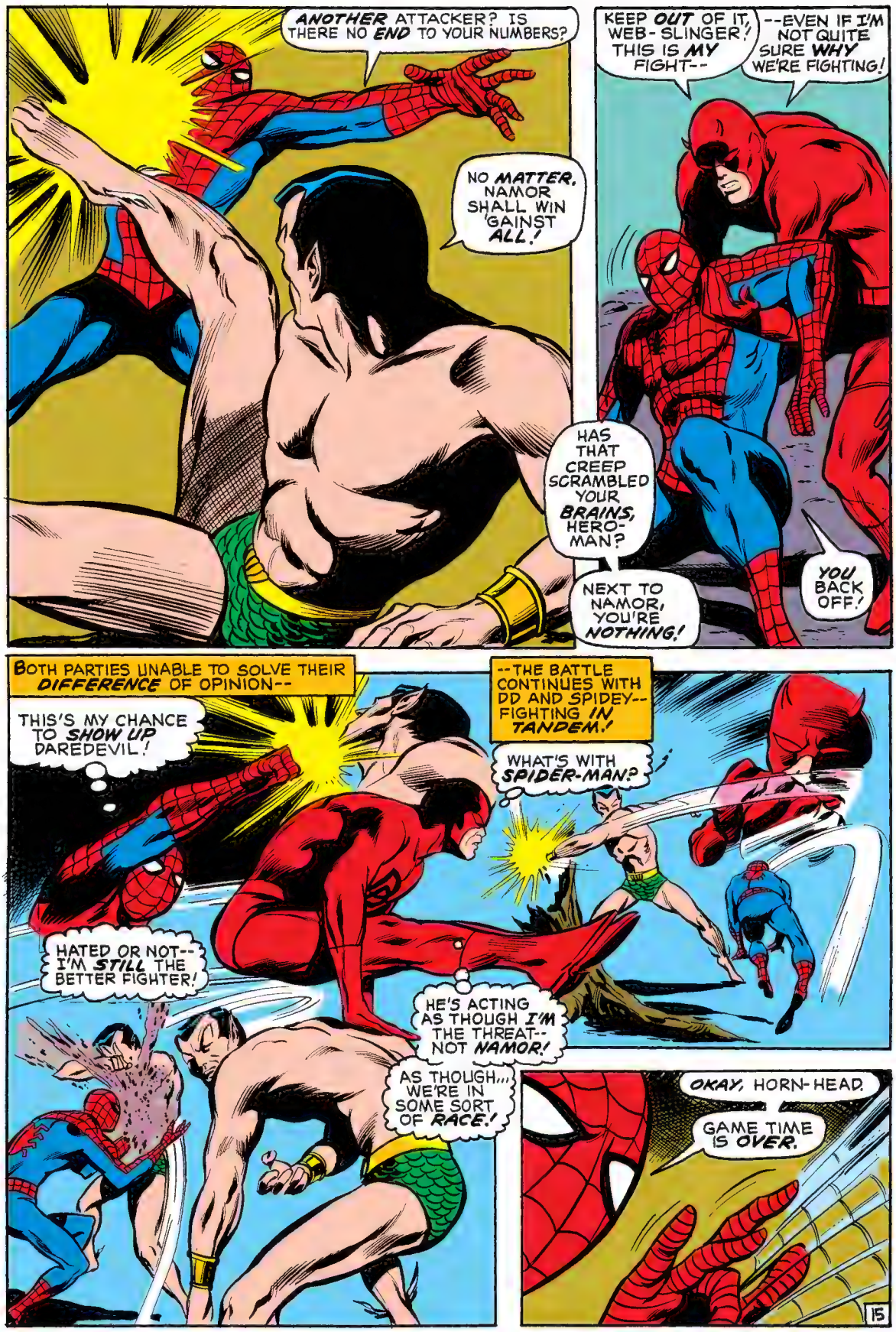

WE'RE ALL TOO HUMAN-- TOO OPEN TO OUR FEELINGS, OUR EMOTIONS!
WE... BLEED, LIKE EVERYONE ELSE!
ARE YOU MAD?
WHAT ARE YOU TO NAMOR BUT A TOY?
"SUPER" HEROES-- WHAT A LAUGH!
WHEN IT COMES DOWN TO CASES-- WE'RE JUST AS VULNERABLE WHERE IT COUNTS!
JUST AS SOFT... IN OUR SOULS!
EYES UP, SUBBY!
12
Y'KNOW SOMETHING, NAMOR?
UNDERNEATH THAT CLASSY ACCENT YOU SHOW OFF--
I'LL JUST BET YOU'VE GOT A TOUCH OF THAT HUMAN SOFTNESS IN YOU, AS WELL!
BLAST! PITY THAT SOFTNESS DIDN'T WORK ITS WAY TO YOUR JAW.
WHAT DO YOU USE FOR TEETH... GRANITE?
13

JIMMY KEEPS ASKING ME TO TAKE HIM INTO THE CITY--
HE'S GONNA KILL ME WHEN HE FINDS OUT HE MISSED...

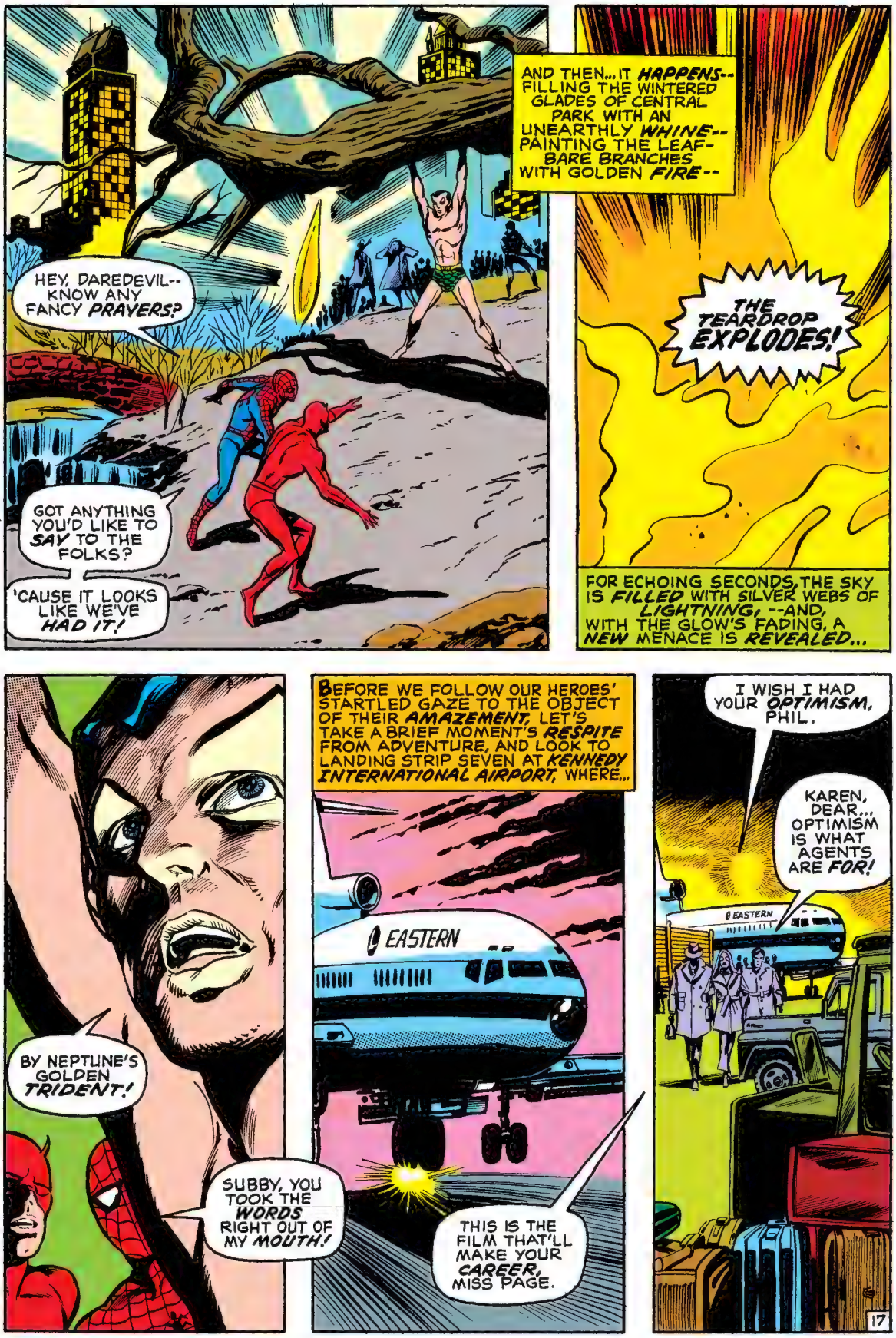
...SPIDER-MAN!
WELL, IT SURE ISN'T THE J. J. JAMESON STRING QUARTET, CHUCKLES!

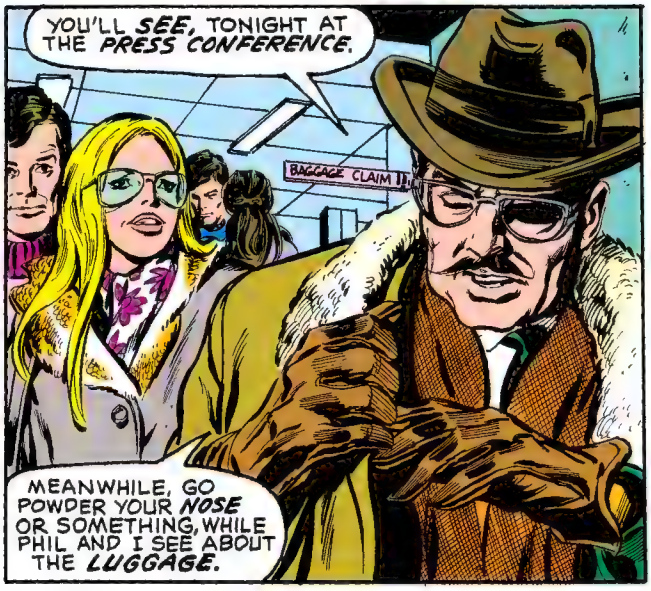
HAD TO GET RID OF MARY JANE-- JUST TO JOIN THIS FREAK SHOW?
PARKER, YOU JUST DON'T LIVE RIGHT!
GLAD TO SEE YOU'RE WITH IT, DAREDEVIL--
BUT YOU CAN CUT OUT NOW, MAN WITHOUT FEAR--

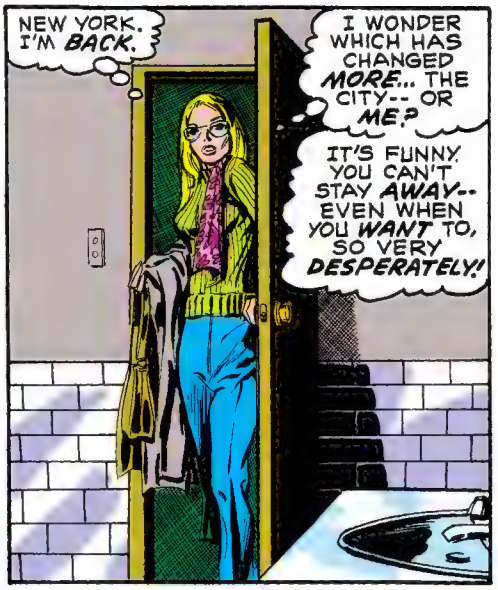
--'CAUSE SPIDEY IS HERE!!
GANGWAY, CHUMS!

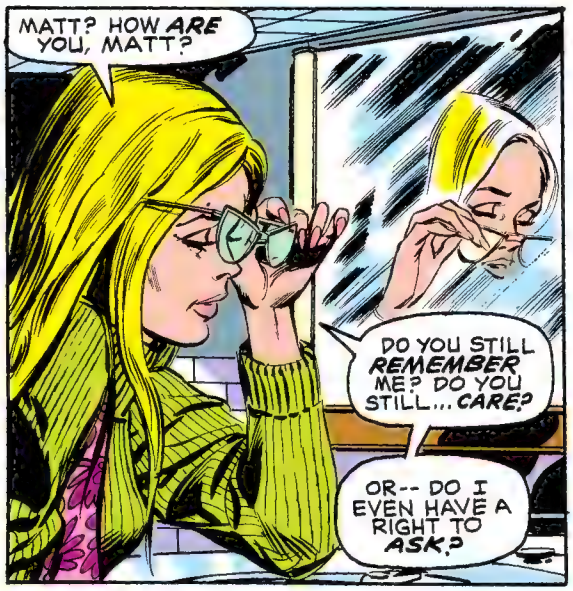

ANOTHER ATTACKER? IS THERE NO END TO YOUR NUMBERS?
NO MATTER. NAMOR SHALL WIN 'GAINST ALL!
KEEP OUT OF IT, WEB-SLINGER! THIS IS MY FIGHT--
--EVEN IF I'M NOT QUITE SURE WHY WE'RE FIGHTING!
HAS THAT CREEP SCRAMBLED YOUR BRAINS, HERO-MAN?
NEXT TO NAMOR, YOU'RE NOTHING!
YOU BACK OFF!
BOTH PARTIES UNABLE TO SOLVE THEIR DIFFERENCE OF OPINION--
--THE BATTLE CONTINUES WITH DD AND SPIDEY--FIGHTING IN TANDEM!
THIS'S MY CHANCE TO SHOW UP DAREDEVIL!
WHAT'S WITH SPIDER-MAN?
HATED OR NOT--I'M STILL THE BETTER FIGHTER!
HE'S ACTING AS THOUGH I'M THE THREAT--NOT NAMOR!
AS THOUGH... WE'RE IN SOME SORT OF RACE!
OKAY, HORN-HEAD.
GAME TIME IS OVER.
15

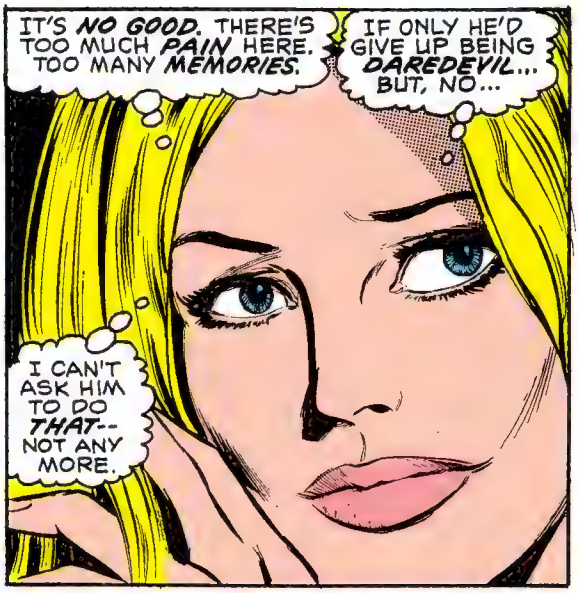
I'LL DO THE WRAPPING-UP HONORS ON FINS, HERE.
INDIGNITY UPON INDIGNITY!
NOW AM I BOUND LIKE SOME NETTED FISH!
THAT'S THE GENERAL IDEA, CUTES.
I THINK THAT OUGHT TO HOLD EVEN YOU!
BECAUSE I WAS OUT OF WATER, I FOUND MYSELF WEAKENED--
BUT NOW, THERE IS NO TIME FOR WEAKNESS!
I HAVE BORNE THE FINAL INSULT!
NAMOR A CAPTIVE? NEVER!
NEVER!
IT IS STILL A MYSTERY WHY I WAS CALLED HERE-- BY A VOICE FROM NOWHERE--
BUT, IT IS A MYSTERY THAT NO LONGER CONCERNS ME.
I HAVE TAKEN MUCH AT YOUR HANDS--
AT LAST. THE TIME IS COME!
AT LAST... NAMOR STRIKES!
16

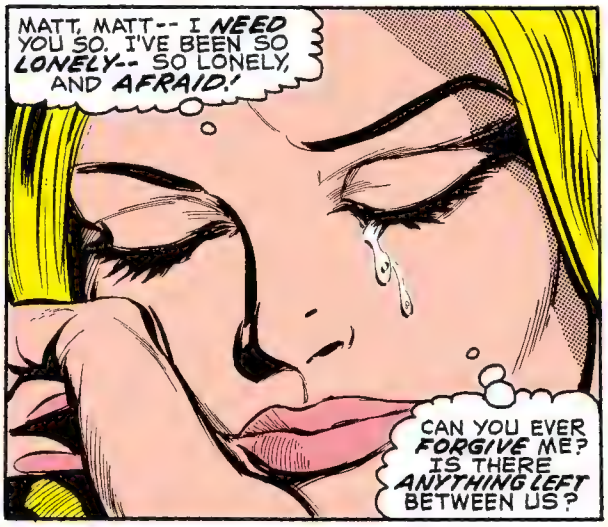

HEY, DAREDEVIL-- KNOW ANY FANCY PRAYERS?
GOT ANYTHING YOU'D LIKE TO SAY TO THE FOLKS?
'CAUSE IT LOOKS LIKE WE'VE HAD IT!
AND THEN... IT HAPPENS-- FILLING THE WINTERED GLADES OF CENTRAL PARK WITH AN UNEARTHLY WHINE-- PAINTING THE LEAF-BARE BRANCHES WITH GOLDEN FIRE--
THE TEARDROP EXPLODES!
FOR ECHOING SECONDS, THE SKY IS FILLED WITH SILVER WEBS OF LIGHTNING, --AND, WITH THE GLOW'S FADING, A NEW MENACE IS REVEALED...
BY NEPTUNE'S GOLDEN TRIDENT!
SUBBY, YOU TOOK THE WORDS RIGHT OUT OF MY MOUTH!
BEFORE WE FOLLOW OUR HEROES' STARTLED GAZE TO THE OBJECT OF THEIR AMAZEMENT, LET'S TAKE A BRIEF MOMENT'S RESPITE FROM ADVENTURE, AND LOOK TO LANDING STRIP SEVEN AT KENNEDY INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, WHERE...
EASTERN
THIS IS THE FILM THAT'LL MAKE YOUR CAREER, MISS PAGE.
I WISH I HAD YOUR OPTIMISM, PHIL.
KAREN, DEAR... OPTIMISM IS WHAT AGENTS ARE FOR!
EASTERN
17

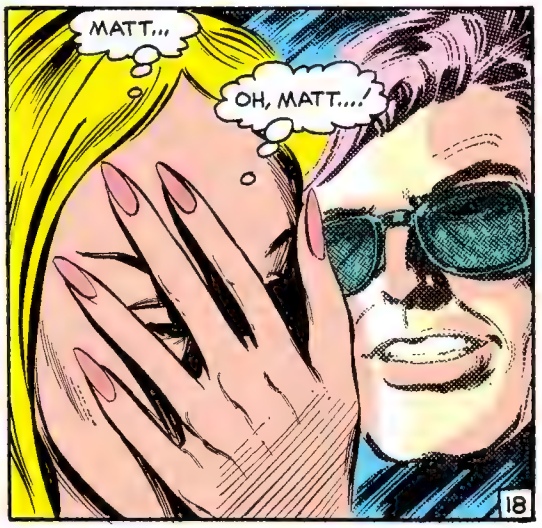

YOU'LL SEE, TONIGHT AT THE PRESS CONFERENCE.
BAGGAGE CLAIM
MEANWHILE, GO POWDER YOUR NOSE OR SOMETHING, WHILE PHIL AND I SEE ABOUT THE LUGGAGE.


NEW YORK. I'M BACK.
I WONDER WHICH HAS CHANGED MORE... THE CITY-- OR ME?
IT'S FUNNY YOU CAN'T STAY AWAY-- EVEN WHEN YOU WANT TO, SO VERY DESPERATELY!

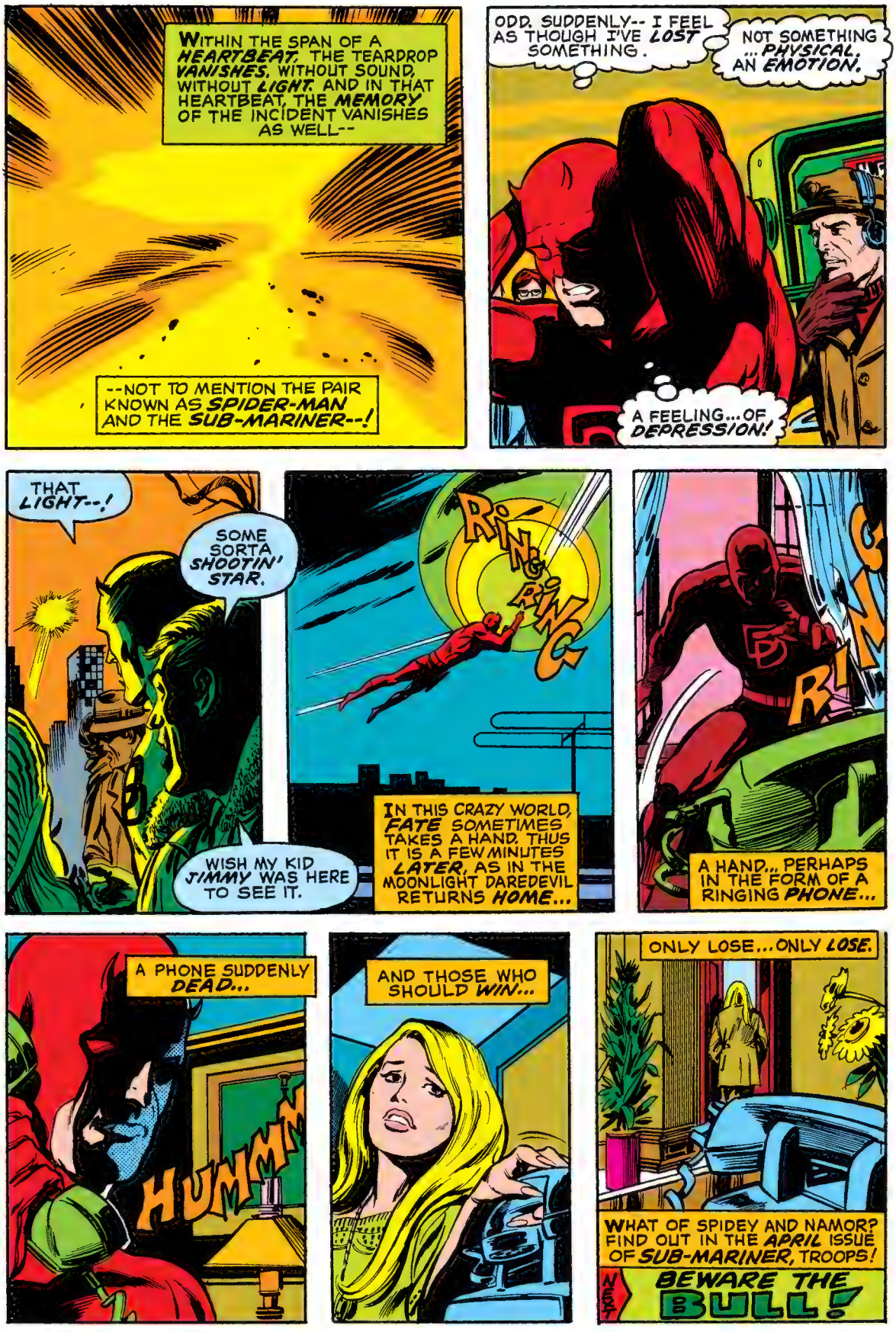

MATT? HOW ARE YOU, MATT?
DO YOU STILL REMEMBER ME? DO YOU STILL... CARE?
OR-- DO I EVEN HAVE A RIGHT TO ASK?


IT'S NO GOOD. THERE'S TOO MUCH PAIN HERE. TOO MANY MEMORIES.
IF ONLY HE'D GIVE UP BEING DAREDEVIL... BUT, NO...
I CAN'T ASK HIM TO DO THAT-- NOT ANY MORE.


MATT, MATT-- I NEED YOU SO. I'VE BEEN SO LONELY-- SO LONELY, AND AFRAID!
CAN YOU EVER FORGIVE ME? IS THERE ANYTHING LEFT BETWEEN US?


MATT...
OH, MATT...!

AND OF MR. MURDOCK THERE IS NO NEWS. AHH, BUT OF DAREDEVIL--!
BUT WAIT-- WITHIN THE YOUTH, I SENSE POWER, VIBRANT.. ALIVE! VERY WELL, HE TOO SHALL ACCOMPANY US.
WE JOURNEY FAR, THE THREE OF US-- FAR, TO A WORLD WITHIN YOUR WORLD!
YOU, THE TALL ONE. YOUR NAME IS NAMOR. YOU ARE THE ONE I SEEK.
BUT-- WHO ARE THOSE BESIDE YOU, WITH WHOM YOU WERE COMBATTING?
COME! WE ARE AWAY!
FROM THE SOUND OF THINGS--IT LOOKS LIKE DD AND I WERE WRONG.
OL' FISH-FACE DOESN'T KNOW ANY MORE ABOUT THIS DEAL THAN WE DO!
BUT HE'S HEADING INTO THAT THING--AFTER MISS WHOZIS THERE--LIKE A MAN IN A TRANCE!
SO HEADS UP, SPIDEY! LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE GONNA ACCEPT THE LITTLE LADY'S HOSPITALITY--
--AND HOPE YOU LIVE THRU IT!
19


WITHIN THE SPAN OF A HEARTBEAT, THE TEARDROP VANISHES, WITHOUT SOUND, WITHOUT LIGHT. AND IN THAT HEARTBEAT, THE MEMORY OF THE INCIDENT VANISHES AS WELL--
--NOT TO MENTION THE PAIR KNOWN AS SPIDER-MAN AND THE SUB-MARINER--!
ODD. SUDDENLY-- I FEEL AS THOUGH I'VE LOST SOMETHING.
NOT SOMETHING ... PHYSICAL, AN EMOTION.
A FEELING... OF DEPRESSION!
THAT LIGHT--!
SOME SORTA SHOOTIN' STAR.
WISH MY KID JIMMY WAS HERE TO SEE IT.
RING RING
IN THIS CRAZY WORLD, FATE SOMETIMES TAKES A HAND. THUS IT IS A FEW MINUTES LATER, AS IN THE MOONLIGHT DAREDEVIL RETURNS HOME...
A HAND... PERHAPS IN THE FORM OF A RINGING PHONE...
A PHONE SUDDENLY DEAD...
HUMMM
AND THOSE WHO SHOULD WIN...
ONLY LOSE... ONLY LOSE.
WHAT OF SPIDEY AND NAMOR? FIND OUT IN THE APRIL ISSUE OF SUB-MARINER, TROOPS!
NEXT
BEWARE THE BULL!

DARE-DEVIL
15¢
78
JULY
02459
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
DAREDEVIL
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
ON THE HORNS OF THE MAN-BULL!
TALK, YOU TWO-BIT HOOD! TELL ME HOW TO FIND THE GUY YOU CALL MR. KLINE---
--OR YOU'RE GONNA MAKE A NICE BIG SPLAT.. ALL OVER THE SIDEWALK!
WHO IS THE MYSTERIOUS MR. KLINE?

DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™
THE HORNS OF THE BULL!
KAREN---!
Y SMITH IN
TENDER AFFAIR
WITH
KAREN PAGE
IM
HER FIRST MOVIE-- I KNOW IT'S PLAYING AT THE THEATER I'M PASSING.
KAREN-- WHY CAN'T I CUT YOU OUT OF MY MIND? WHY CAN'T I FORGET YOU EVER EXISTED?
-- AND THAT ONCE-- YOU WERE THE GIRL I CALLED LOVE.
YOUR NAME IS MATT MURDOCK --AND YOU'RE BLIND --BUT NOT IN THE WAY OF OTHER SIGHTLESS MEN. NO-- FOR YOU, THE DARKNESS NEVER LIFTS --IT'S ONLY SLIGHTLY LIGHTENED-- LIGHTENED BY THE GIFT OF THE "RADAR SENSES" THAT LET YOU--"SEE!"
YOUR NAME IS MATT MURDOCK--AND YOU'RE BLIND-- BUT IT'S A SIGHTLESSNESS YOU LIVE WITH--FOR YOU'RE THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR-- DAREDEVIL!
FOR EACH OF US, A MOMENT OF GENTLENESS. THIS MOMENT OF MATT IS BROUGHT TO YOU BY:
STAN LEE EDITOR • GERRY CONWAY WRITER • GENE COLAN ARTIST
TOM PALMER INKER • SAM ROSEN LETTERER
591 Z

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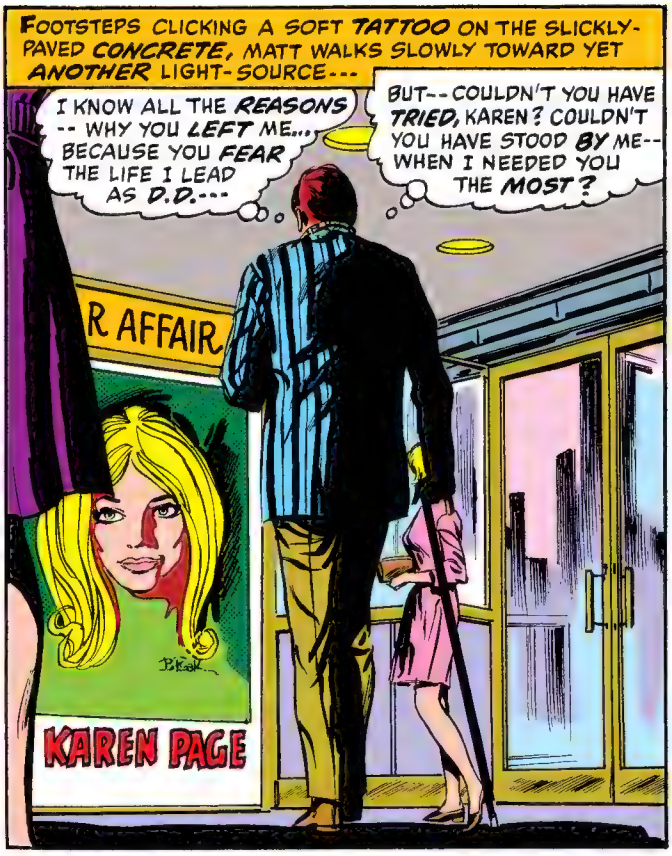
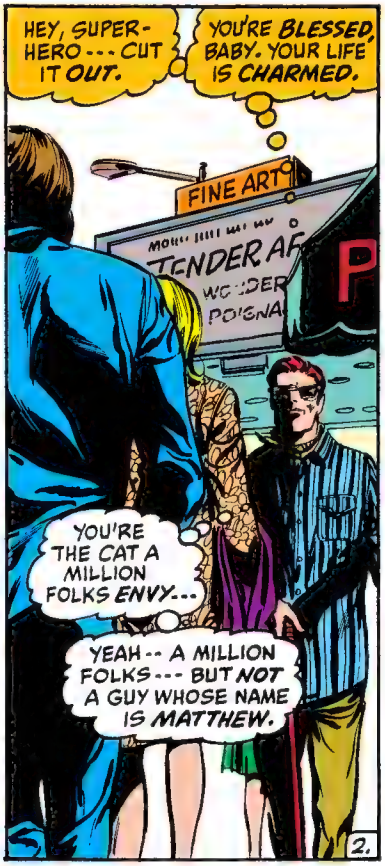
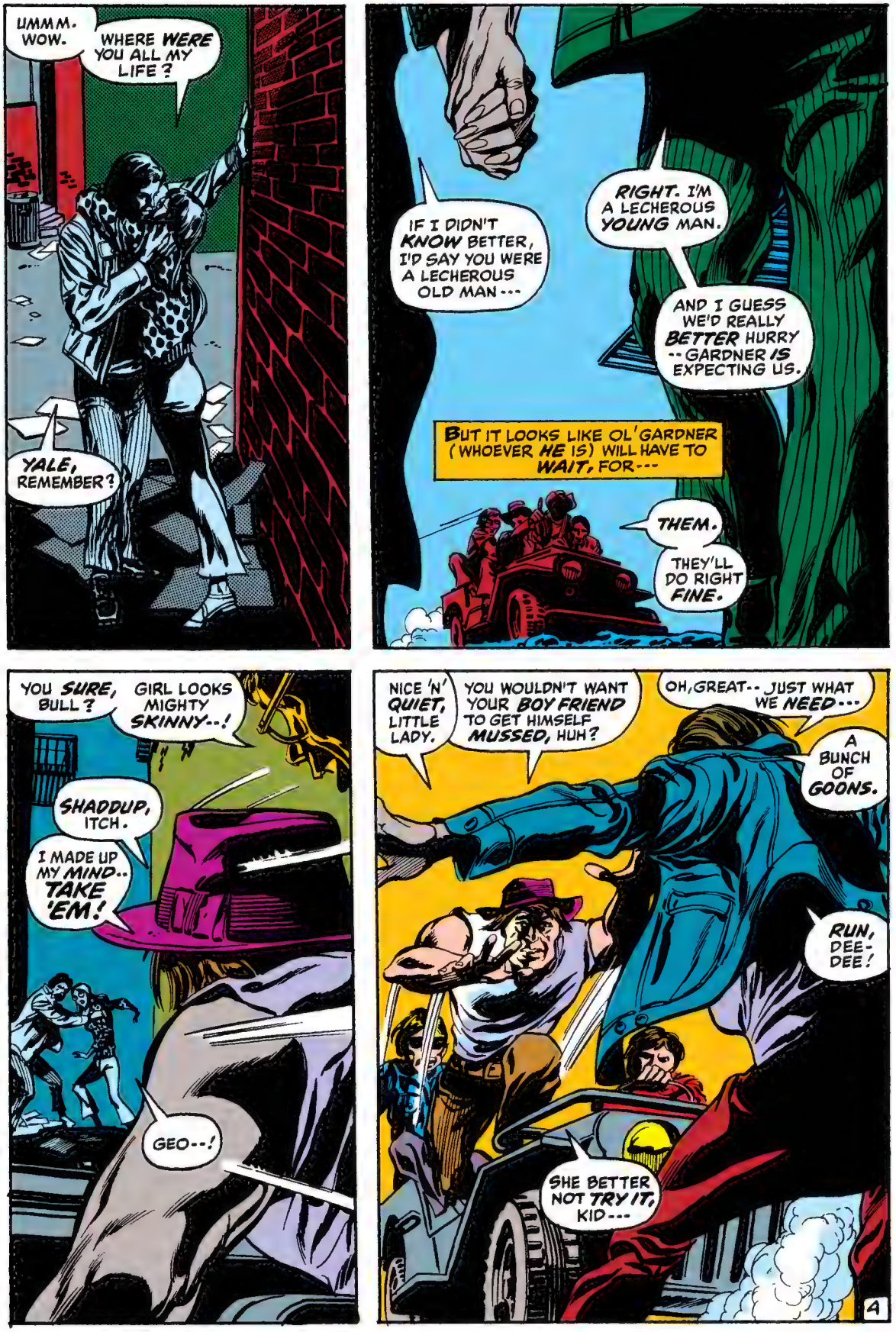

FOOTSTEPS CLICKING A SOFT TATTOO ON THE SLICKLY-PAVED CONCRETE, MATT WALKS SLOWLY TOWARD YET ANOTHER LIGHT-SOURCE---
I KNOW ALL THE REASONS -- WHY YOU LEFT ME... BECAUSE YOU FEAR THE LIFE I LEAD AS D.D.---
BUT-- COULDN'T YOU HAVE TRIED, KAREN? COULDN'T YOU HAVE STOOD BY ME-- WHEN I NEEDED YOU THE MOST?
R AFFAIR
KAREN PAGE

I NEVER TRIED TO HURT YOU, DARLING--- I ONLY DID WHAT I HAD TO DO!
I'VE A RESPONSIBILITY, KAREN--- TO MYSELF, AND THE ACT OF FATE THAT GAVE ME MY POWERS---
I CAN'T BETRAY THAT RESPONSIBILITY---

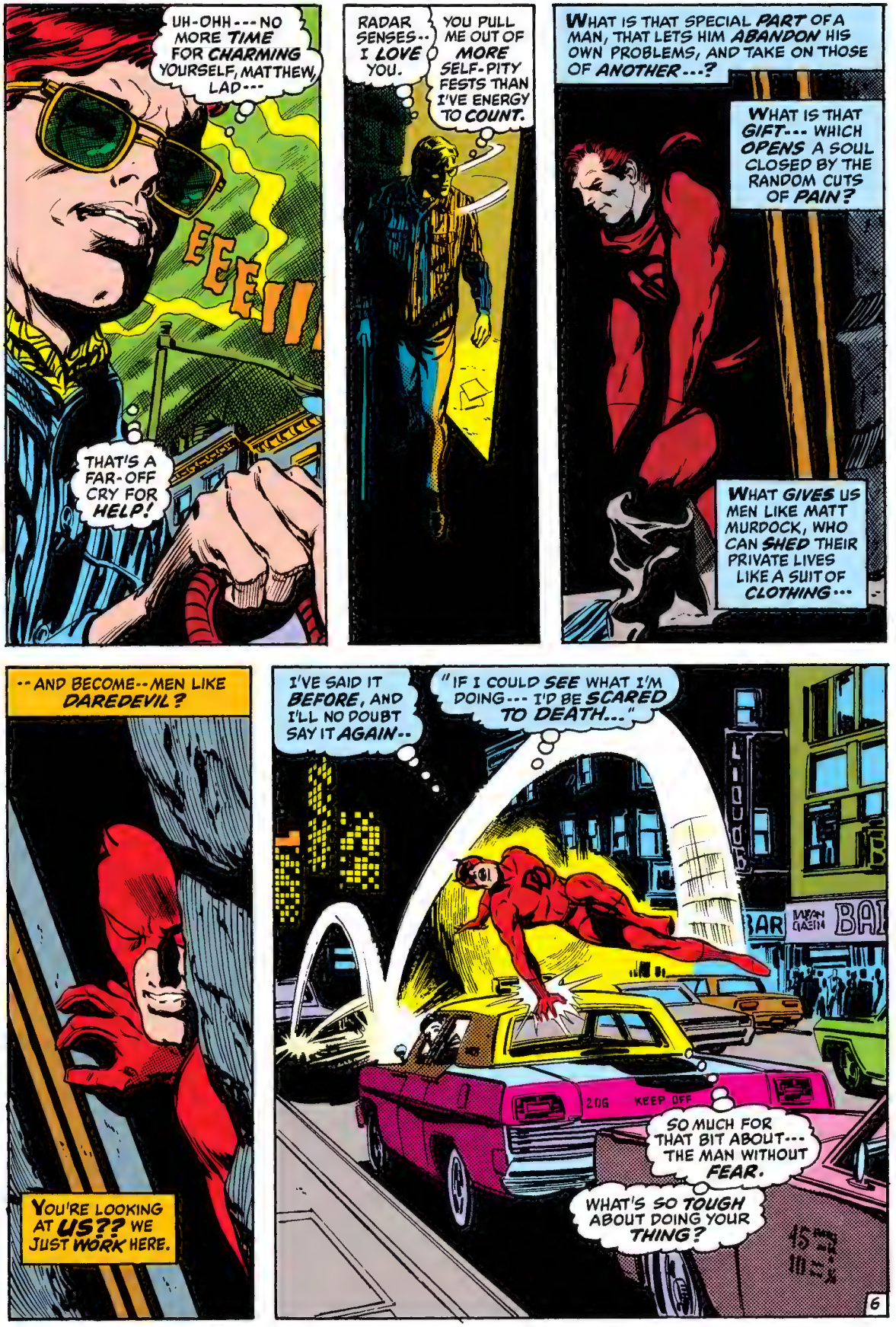
NOT FOR YOU, GOD HELP ME-- NOT FOR ANYONE.
AND THAT IS WHY DD WALKS ALONE.
IT'S EASY TO BE BRAVE, ISN'T IT, MR. MURDOCK? EASY TO GIVE UP--- SOMEONE YOU LOVE..!
---DON'T YOU ONLY WISH IT WERE?


HEY, SUPER-HERO--- CUT IT OUT.
YOU'RE BLESSED, BABY. YOUR LIFE IS CHARMED.
FINE ART
YOU'RE THE CAT A MILLION FOLKS ENVY---
YEAH -- A MILLION FOLKS--- BUT NOT A GUY WHOSE NAME IS MATTHEW.
2.

LET'S LEAVE THE TORMENTED MR. MURDOCK, AND CAST OUR LINES OF INTEREST ELSEWHERE---
-- TO A SCENE, PERHAPS, ONLY A FEW BLOCKS DISTANT---A SCENE THE EXACT OPPOSITE OF MATTHEW'S WOES---
SURE, GEORGE--
NOW THAT YOU'RE A BIG-TIME WRITER -- YOU'LL HAVE TO LOOK THE PART!
HONEY-- I THOUGHT YOU LOVED ME FOR MYSELF!
NOW THAT YOU MENTION IT---
I SUPPOSE MAYBE I DO.
C'MON--- GARDNER'S EXPECTING US.
LET 'IM WAIT. IT ISN'T OFTEN WE'RE IN NEW YORK---
WE'VE A CITY TO GET RE-ACQUAINTED WITH.
UMM--- NOT JUST A CITY, HONEY.
WATCH IT, KID--- THAT GLIMMER YOU SEE IN MY EYE ISN'T FROM THE SMOG.
SPEAKING OF WHICH--- IS IT JUST MY BAD MEMORY--- OR HAVE THINGS REALLY GOTTEN WORSE IN OLD FUN CITY?
NOT MUCH-- YOU'RE JUST SPOILED BY ALL THAT CONNECTICUT AIR---
HEY--- WHAT'S HAPPENING?
WHY THE SHORTCUT?
NOW, GEORGE--- LET'S NOT START PLAYING YOUNG NEWLYWEDS ALL OVER AGAIN.
GEORGE--?
DIA--- SHUT UP, HONEY.
3.


UMMM. WOW.
WHERE WERE YOU ALL MY LIFE?
YALE, REMEMBER?
IF I DIDN'T KNOW BETTER, I'D SAY YOU WERE A LECHEROUS OLD MAN---
RIGHT. I'M A LECHEROUS YOUNG MAN.
AND I GUESS WE'D REALLY BETTER HURRY -- GARDNER IS EXPECTING US.
BUT IT LOOKS LIKE OL' GARDNER (WHOEVER HE IS) WILL HAVE TO WAIT, FOR---
THEM.
THEY'LL DO RIGHT FINE.
YOU SURE, BULL?
GIRL LOOKS MIGHTY SKINNY--!
SHADDUP, ITCH.
I MADE UP MY MIND.. TAKE 'EM!
GEO--!
NICE 'N' QUIET, LITTLE LADY.
YOU WOULDN'T WANT YOUR BOYFRIEND TO GET HIMSELF MUSSED, HUH?
OH, GREAT-- JUST WHAT WE NEED---
A BUNCH OF GOONS.
RUN, DEE-DEE!
SHE BETTER NOT TRY IT, KID---
4

---'LESSEN' SHE'D LIKE TO KISS A MOUTH FULLA BROKEN TEETH.
GET WHAT WE CALL--- THE PICTURE?
YOU'RE CALLING THEM, FRIEND.
YOU BET YOUR SWEET HAIRCREAM, SONNY.
HEY, BULL-- DO WE TAKE 'IM BACK TO THE PRO-FESSOR NOW?
WHAT'SA RUSH? THE PROF'S TEST TUBES KIN WAIT.
MISTER KLINE TOLD US TO GET OURSELVES SOME GUINEA PIGS...
HE DIDN'T SAY NOTHING ABOUT WHAT CONDITION THEY WAS IN--- RIGHT, CHICK?
KEEP TALKIN', BIG MAN--
FRANKLY-- I THINK IT'S KINDA FUNNY THE WAY YOU CLOWNS TRAVEL IN PACKS.
HEY, PAL--- WAS THAT A SLUR?
THE BULL DON'T LIKE SLURS...
THUMP!
URRK. I DIG.
GEORGE--- DON'T LET THEM HURT YOU.
DON'T LET THEM-- GEORGE!
5


UH-OHH--- NO MORE TIME FOR CHARMING YOURSELF, MATTHEW, LAD---
EEEII
THAT'S A FAR-OFF CRY FOR HELP!
RADAR SENSES-- I LOVE YOU.
YOU PULL ME OUT OF MORE SELF-PITY FESTS THAN I'VE ENERGY TO COUNT.
WHAT IS THAT SPECIAL PART OF A MAN, THAT LETS HIM ABANDON HIS OWN PROBLEMS, AND TAKE ON THOSE OF ANOTHER---?
WHAT IS THAT GIFT--- WHICH OPENS A SOUL CLOSED BY THE RANDOM CUTS OF PAIN?
WHAT GIVES US MEN LIKE MATT MURDOCK, WHO CAN SHED THEIR PRIVATE LIVES LIKE A SUIT OF CLOTHING---
--AND BECOME--MEN LIKE DAREDEVIL?
YOU'RE LOOKING AT US?? WE JUST WORK HERE.
I'VE SAID IT BEFORE, AND I'LL NO DOUBT SAY IT AGAIN--
"IF I COULD SEE WHAT I'M DOING--- I'D BE SCARED TO DEATH..."
LIQUOR
BAR
MAN EATER
BA
20G
KEEP OFF
SO MUCH FOR THAT BIT ABOUT--- THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR.
WHAT'S SO TOUGH ABOUT DOING YOUR THING?
6

NO! PLEASE DON'T HIT HIM AGAIN.
SHADDAP! PRETTY BOY CALLED ME A-- WHATWUZIT?
PLEASE!
HEY, BULL --MAYBE YOU'D BETTER--!

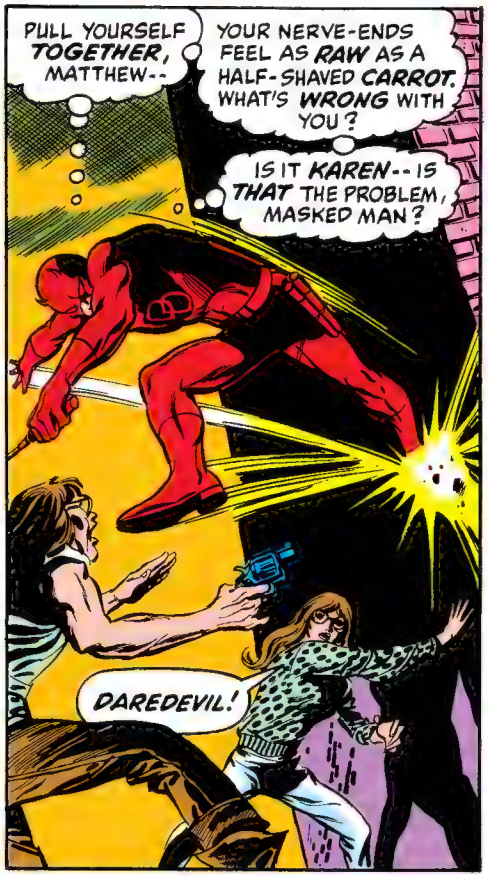
YEAH--- A "TROGLODYTE" ---AND I KINDA THINK I'VE BEEN INSULTED.
SO, SISTER-- I'M GONNA TURN YOUR BOY FRIEND INTO A MESSA CREAM CHEESE--- WANNA WATCH?
SORRY, HANDSOME-- BUT I CAN'T LET YOU DO IT!

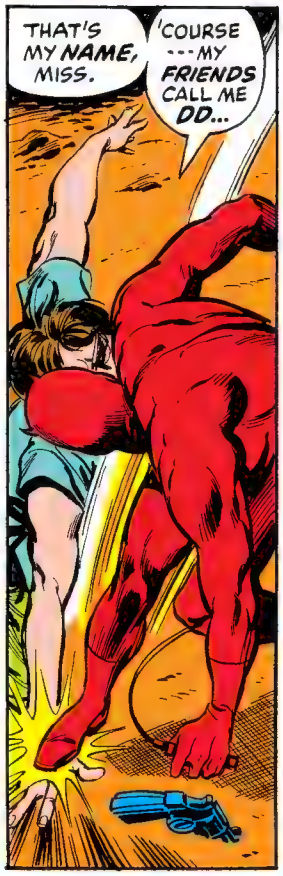
HUH? MY HAND --- SOMETHIN'S SNAKING AROUND MY HAND--!
NOT JUST "SOMETHING", FELLA---

THAT THERE'S MY HANDY-LITTLE BILLY CLUB WIRE!
BUT-- I SUPPOSE YOU'VE ALREADY BEEN INTRO-DUCED.
HAVE YOU MET THE SIDEWALK YET?
AHHH-- BUT OF COURSE YOU HAVE.
THAT'S IT RIGHT NOW!
URRRK!
KRUNCH!

DON'T WORRY, BULL-- I KIN HANDLE HIM FOR YA--- :-MMRRF!:
WHAT WAS THAT, BOY?
DIDN'T HEAR YOU OVER THAT "CLUMP"!
ITCH! FREAK-FACE-- GIT 'IM!

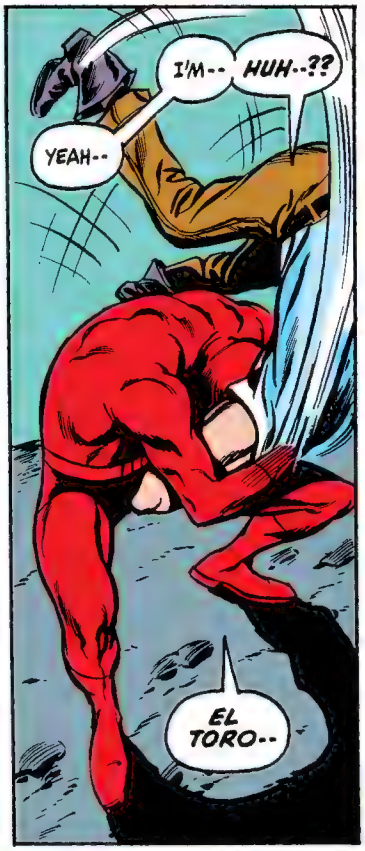
"GIT 'IM?" SHAME--- YOUR FOURTH GRADE TEACHER WILL BE HORRIFIED---
THAT IS--- IF YOU GOT TO THE FOURTH GRADE.
WHAT'S WITH HIM?
HE'S MOVIN' LIKE A BLASTED FROG.


PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER, MATTHEW--
YOUR NERVE-ENDS FEEL AS RAW AS A HALF-SHAVED CARROT. WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU?
IS IT KAREN-- IS THAT THE PROBLEM, MASKED MAN?
DAREDEVIL!

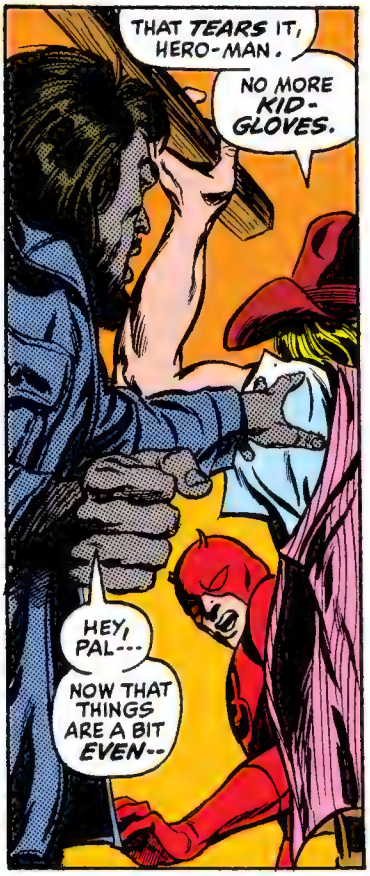

THAT'S MY NAME, MISS.
'COURSE ---MY FRIENDS CALL ME DD...

BUT JUNIOR HERE CAN CALL ME--- DAREDEVIL.
IF HE'S ABLE TO TALK AGAIN.

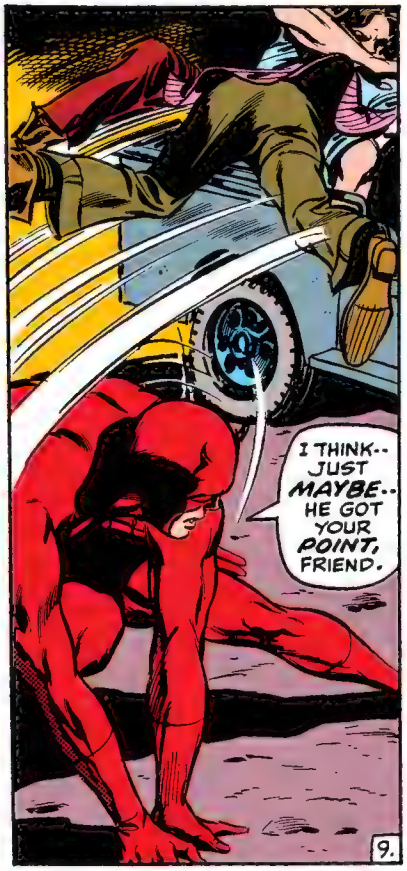
OKAY, BUSTER-- NO MORE FOOLIN' AROUND.
I'M GONNA BUST YER SPINE.
WHAT WAS IT THEY CALLED YOU --- THE BULL?

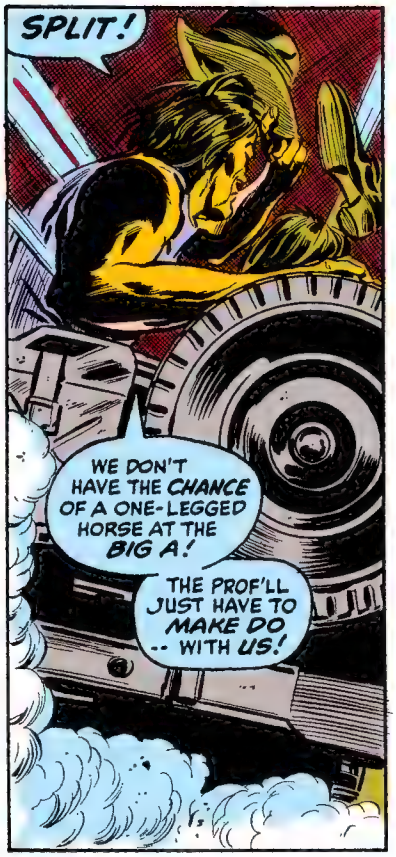

I'M--
HUH--??
YEAH--
EL TORO--

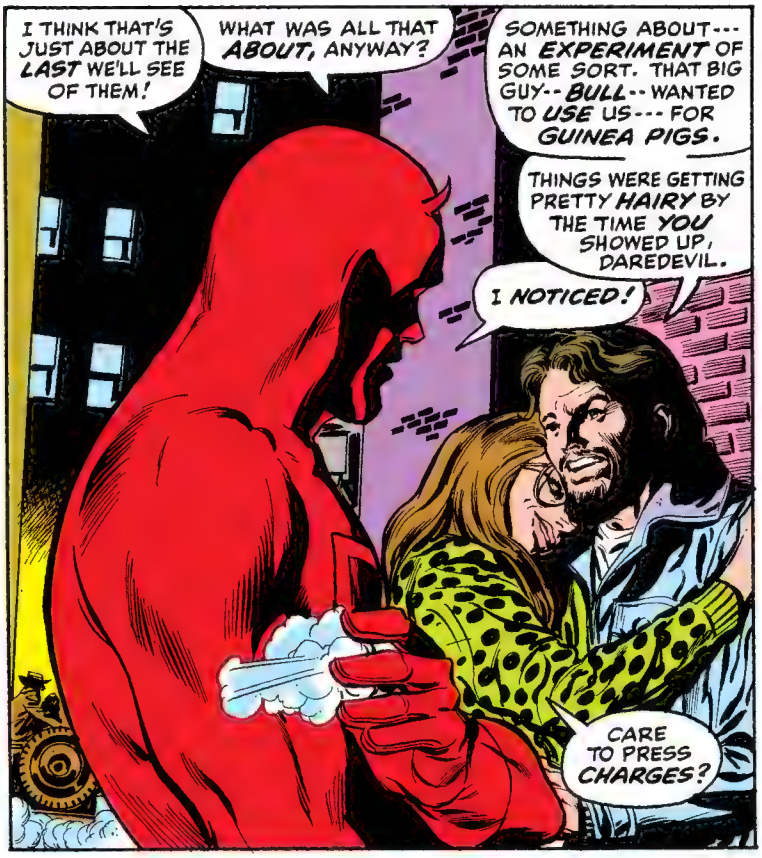
OLÉ!
KAREN--ISN'T SHE ALL YOU CAN THINK OF, MURDOCK?
MURDOCK-- YOU FOOL.


THAT TEARS IT, HERO-MAN.
NO MORE KID-GLOVES.
HEY, PAL---
NOW THAT THINGS ARE A BIT EVEN--

--I'D LIKE TO MAKE A POINT--
--ABOUT INVASION OF PRIVACY!


I THINK-- JUST MAYBE-- HE GOT YOUR POINT, FRIEND.

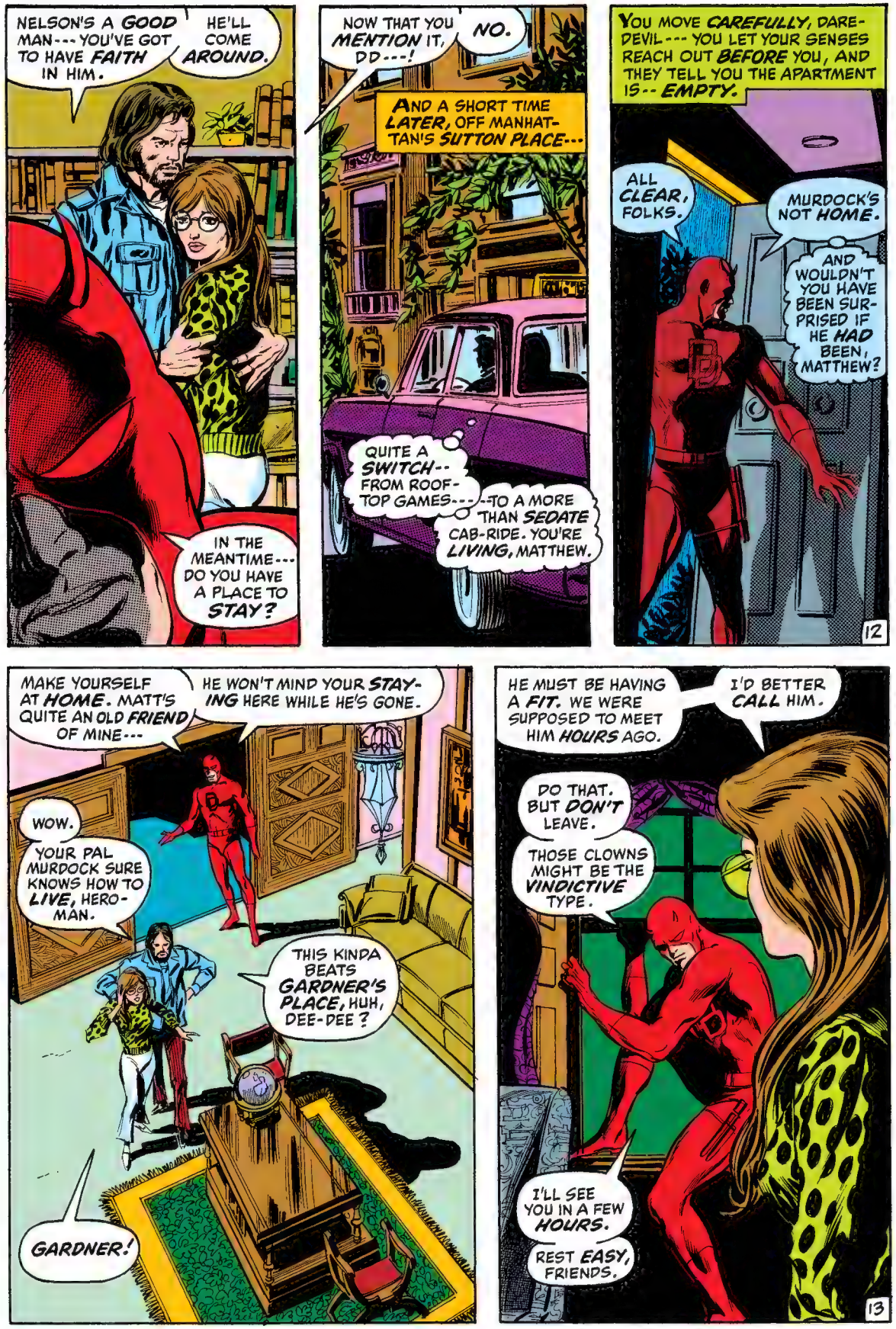

SPLIT!
WE DON'T HAVE THE CHANCE OF A ONE-LEGGED HORSE AT THE BIG A!
THE PROF'LL JUST HAVE TO MAKE DO -- WITH US!

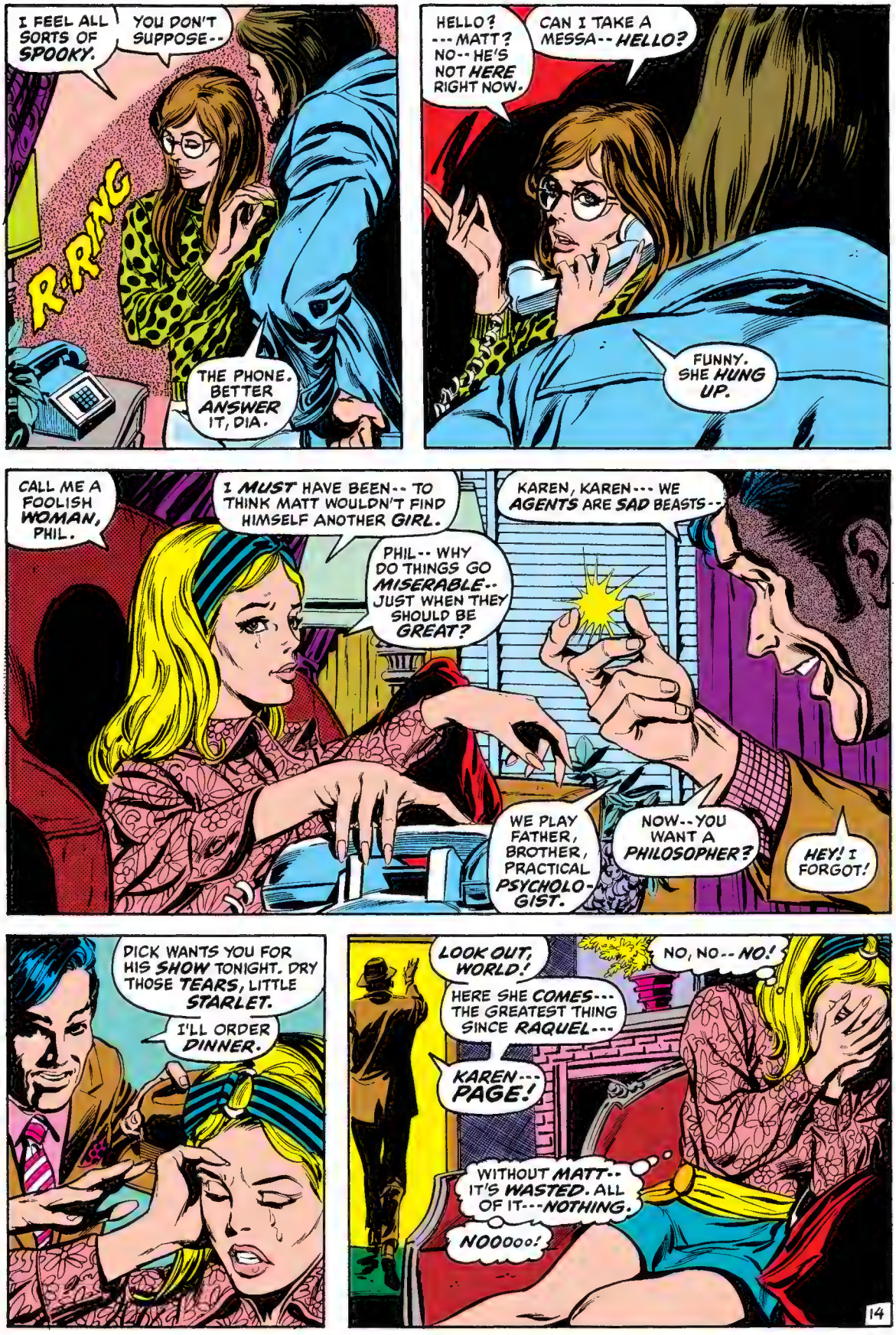

I THINK THAT'S JUST ABOUT THE LAST WE'LL SEE OF THEM!
WHAT WAS ALL THAT ABOUT, ANYWAY?
SOMETHING ABOUT--- AN EXPERIMENT OF SOME SORT. THAT BIG GUY-- BULL-- WANTED TO USE US--- FOR GUINEA PIGS.
THINGS WERE GETTING PRETTY HAIRY BY THE TIME YOU SHOWED UP, DAREDEVIL.
I NOTICED!
CARE TO PRESS CHARGES?

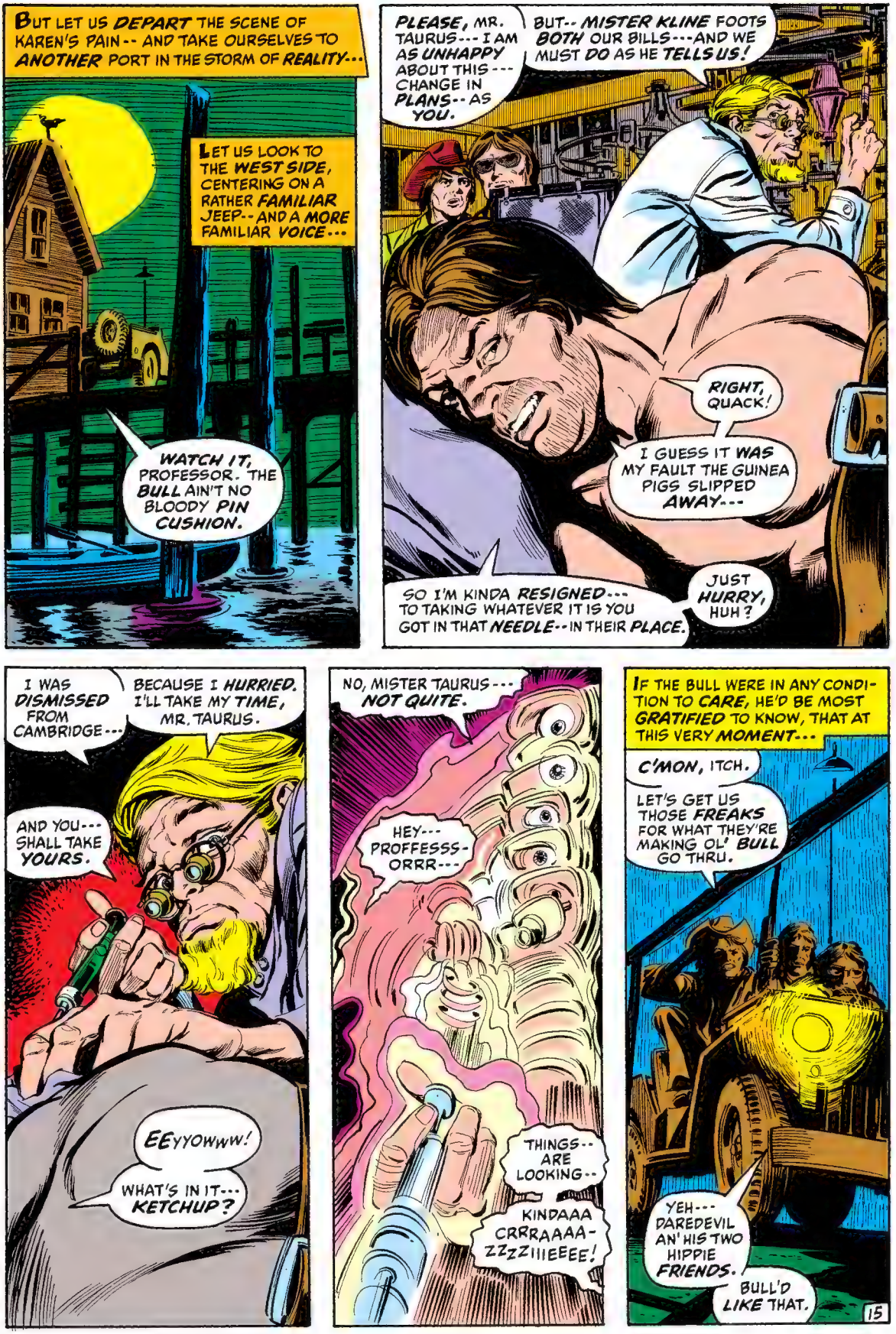
PLAY THE ESTABLISHMENT GAME? WEIRD---!
YEAH. WELL, I SUPPOSE SO. MY NAME'S GEORGE ---GEORGE ALEC--!
AND THIS HERE PIECE OF PULCHRITUDE IS MY WIFE, DIA.
COME ON, KIDS.
THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY IS A FRIEND OF MINE.

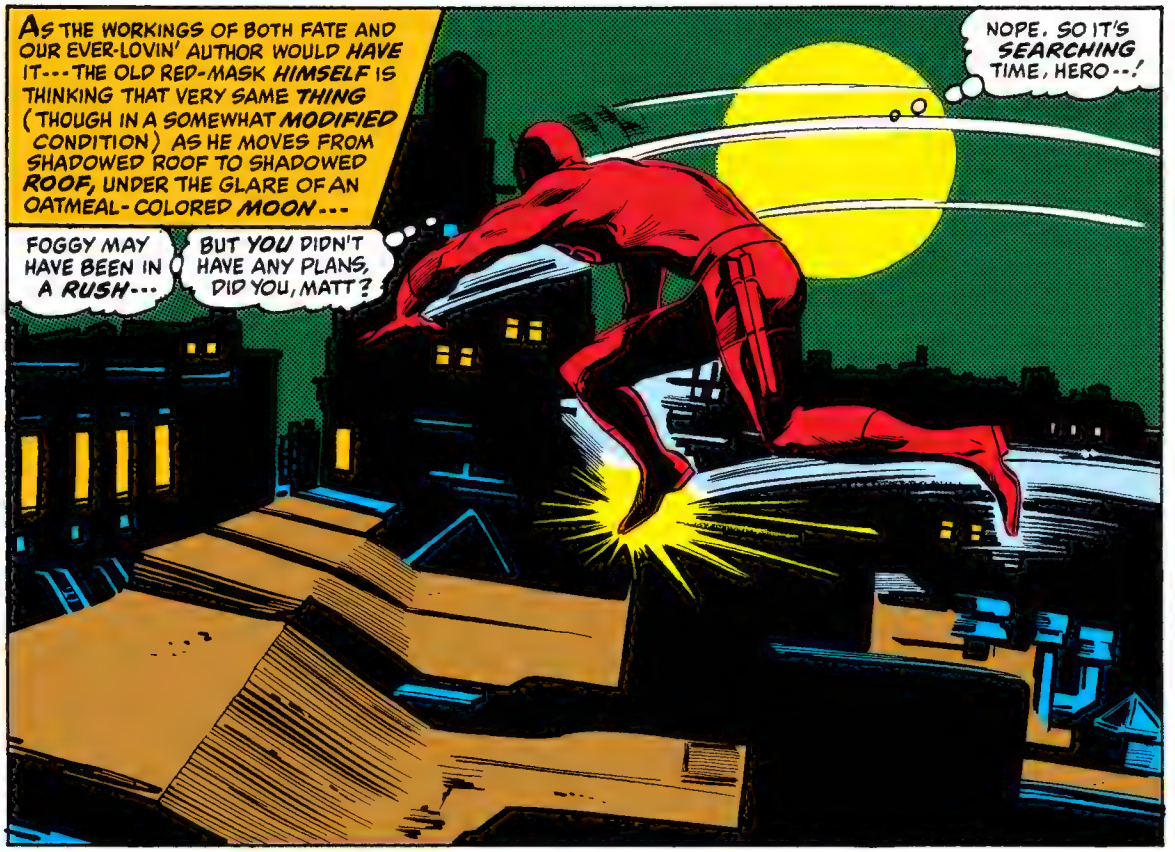
WHAT GIVES US THE SUFFERERS--- THE ONES WHOSE SHORT LIVES SEEM DOOMED EVER TO BE MARKED BY IRONY---?
LOOK AT THEM, MATTHEW-- THEY'RE EVERYTHING YOU'RE NOT WITH KAREN--
HAPPY-- MARRIED-- TOGETHER.
WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOUR LIFE, MURDOCK?
WHY CAN'T YOU MAKE IT?
NO ANSWERS. SILENCE IS PART OF THE GAME.

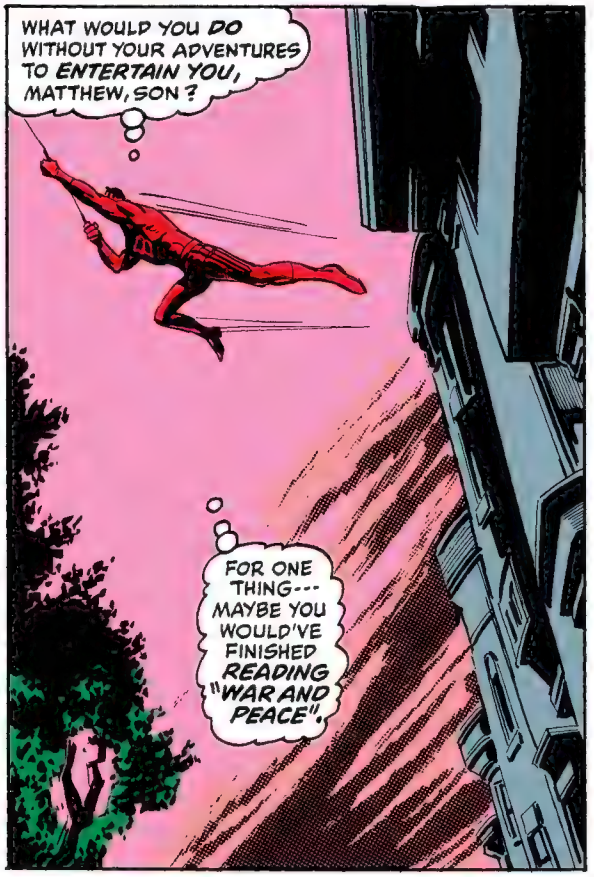
I'VE TOLD YOU---
I CAN'T KEEP MEETING THOSE--- PAYMENTS.
I'M NOT A RICH MAN!
COME NOW, MR. NELSON---
AS THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY-- YOU MUST HAVE MANY OPPORTUNITIES--- TO MAKE A LITTLE EXTRA.
PERHAPS YOU'D BETTER TAKE ADVANTAGE OF SUCH AN OPPORTUNITY --- SOON.
NOW, LOOK. I'M NOT GOING TO--!
BUT YOU ARE--- YOU ARE!
CLICK!
BLAST!
WHAT HAVE YOU GOTTEN YOURSELF INTO, FOGGY?
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE??
FOGGY. HOPE WE'RE NOT BARGING IN.
YOUR SECRE-TARY---
FORGET WHAT SHE SAID, DAREDEVIL. I'M OUT.
DO ME A FAVOR, WILL YOU?
IF YOU SEE A SHYSTER NAMED MURDOCK--
--TELL HIM I WANT TO SEE HIM--- TOMORROW, AT THE ABSOLUTE LATEST.
FOGGY, THIS IS IMPOR-TANT--!
SORRY, MASKED MAN -- I HAVEN'T ANY TIME.
WOW. SO MUCH FOR PLAYING THE STRAIGHT GAME.
DIDN'T KNOW YOUR FRIEND WAS A HIPPIE-HATER.
WHOA, GEORGE---
SLAM
11.

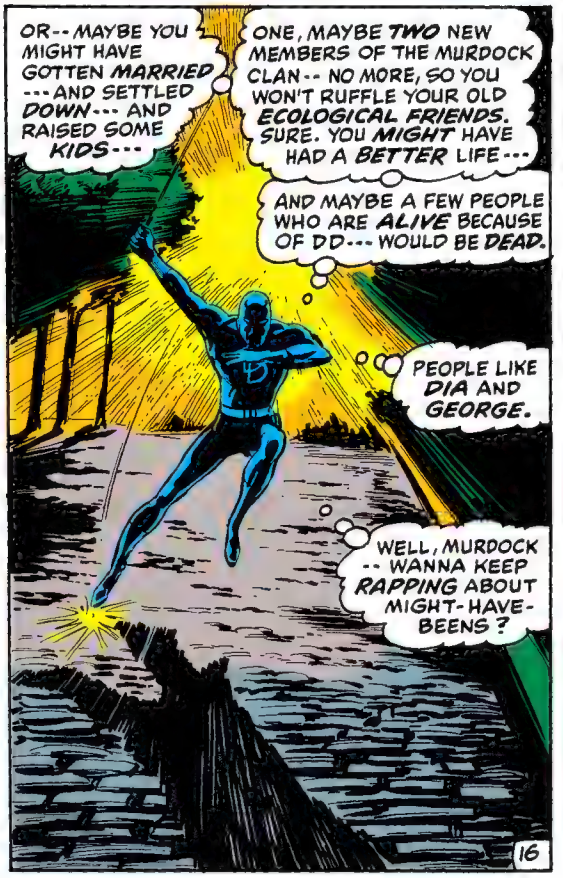

NELSON'S A GOOD MAN--- YOU'VE GOT TO HAVE FAITH IN HIM.
HE'LL COME AROUND.
IN THE MEANTIME--- DO YOU HAVE A PLACE TO STAY?
NOW THAT YOU MENTION IT, DD---!
NO.
AND A SHORT TIME LATER, OFF MANHATTAN'S SUTTON PLACE---
QUITE A SWITCH-- FROM ROOFTOP GAMES---
--TO A MORE THAN SEDATE CAB-RIDE. YOU'RE LIVING, MATTHEW.
YOU MOVE CAREFULLY, DAREDEVIL--- YOU LET YOUR SENSES REACH OUT BEFORE YOU, AND THEY TELL YOU THE APARTMENT IS-- EMPTY.
ALL CLEAR, FOLKS.
MURDOCK'S NOT HOME.
AND WOULDN'T YOU HAVE BEEN SURPRISED IF HE HAD BEEN, MATTHEW?
12
MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME. MATT'S QUITE AN OLD FRIEND OF MINE---
HE WON'T MIND YOUR STAYING HERE WHILE HE'S GONE.
WOW.
YOUR PAL MURDOCK SURE KNOWS HOW TO LIVE, HERO-MAN.
THIS KINDA BEATS GARDNER'S PLACE, HUH, DEE-DEE?
GARDNER!
HE MUST BE HAVING A FIT. WE WERE SUPPOSED TO MEET HIM HOURS AGO.
I'D BETTER CALL HIM.
DO THAT. BUT DON'T LEAVE.
THOSE CLOWNS MIGHT BE THE VINDICTIVE TYPE.
I'LL SEE YOU IN A FEW HOURS.
REST EASY, FRIENDS.
13

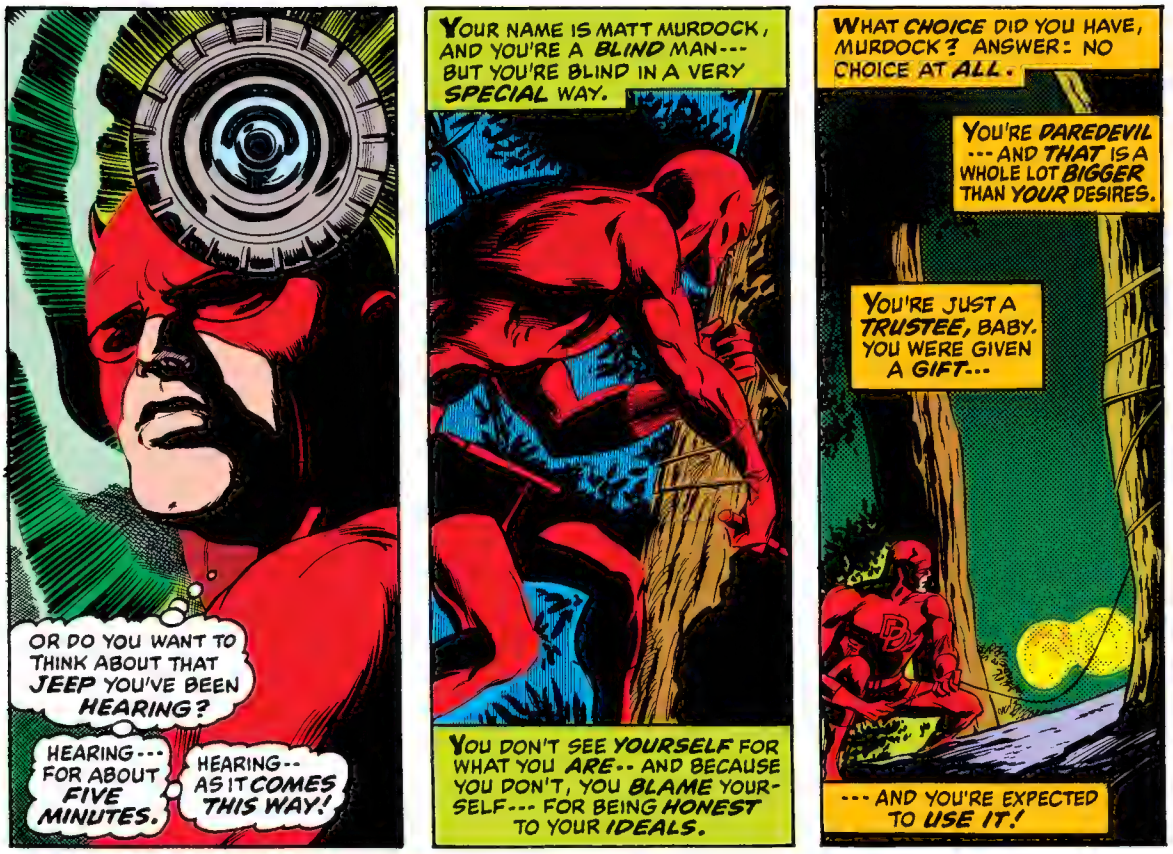

I FEEL ALL SORTS OF SPOOKY.
YOU DON'T SUPPOSE--
R'RING
THE PHONE. BETTER ANSWER IT, DIA.
HELLO? --- MATT? NO-- HE'S NOT HERE RIGHT NOW.
CAN I TAKE A MESSA-- HELLO?
FUNNY. SHE HUNG UP.
CALL ME A FOOLISH WOMAN, PHIL.
I MUST HAVE BEEN-- TO THINK MATT WOULDN'T FIND HIMSELF ANOTHER GIRL.
PHIL-- WHY DO THINGS GO MISERABLE-- JUST WHEN THEY SHOULD BE GREAT?
KAREN, KAREN--- WE AGENTS ARE SAD BEASTS--
WE PLAY FATHER, BROTHER, PRACTICAL PSYCHOLO-GIST.
NOW--YOU WANT A PHILOSOPHER?
HEY! I FORGOT!
DICK WANTS YOU FOR HIS SHOW TONIGHT. DRY THOSE TEARS, LITTLE STARLET.
I'LL ORDER DINNER.
LOOK OUT, WORLD!
HERE SHE COMES--- THE GREATEST THING SINCE RAQUEL---
KAREN--- PAGE!
NO, NO-- NO!
WITHOUT MATT-- IT'S WASTED. ALL OF IT---NOTHING.
NOOOOO!
14

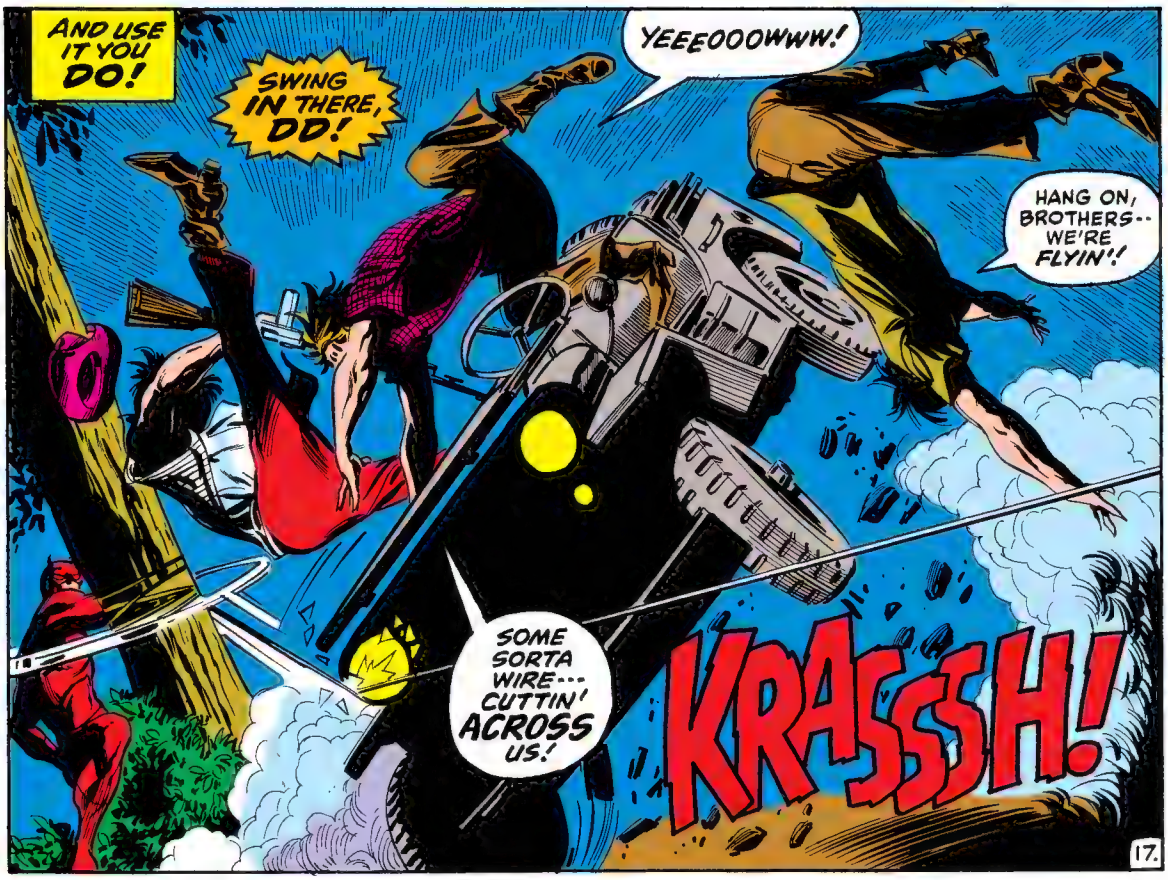

BUT LET US DEPART THE SCENE OF KAREN'S PAIN -- AND TAKE OURSELVES TO ANOTHER PORT IN THE STORM OF REALITY...
LET US LOOK TO THE WEST SIDE, CENTERING ON A RATHER FAMILIAR JEEP -- AND A MORE FAMILIAR VOICE...
WATCH IT, PROFESSOR. THE BULL AIN'T NO BLOODY PIN CUSHION.
PLEASE, MR. TAURUS --- I AM AS UNHAPPY ABOUT THIS --- CHANGE IN PLANS -- AS YOU.
BUT -- MISTER KLINE FOOTS BOTH OUR BILLS --- AND WE MUST DO AS HE TELLS US!
RIGHT, QUACK!
I GUESS IT WAS MY FAULT THE GUINEA PIGS SLIPPED AWAY---
SO I'M KINDA RESIGNED --- TO TAKING WHATEVER IT IS YOU GOT IN THAT NEEDLE -- IN THEIR PLACE.
JUST HURRY, HUH?
I WAS DISMISSED FROM CAMBRIDGE---
BECAUSE I HURRIED. I'LL TAKE MY TIME, MR. TAURUS.
AND YOU --- SHALL TAKE YOURS.
EEYYOWWW!
WHAT'S IN IT --- KETCHUP?
NO, MISTER TAURUS --- NOT QUITE.
HEY --- PROFFESSS-ORRR---
THINGS -- ARE LOOKING --
KINDAAA CRRRAAAA-ZZzZIIIEEEE!
IF THE BULL WERE IN ANY CONDITION TO CARE, HE'D BE MOST GRATIFIED TO KNOW, THAT AT THIS VERY MOMENT...
C'MON, ITCH.
LET'S GET US THOSE FREAKS FOR WHAT THEY'RE MAKING OL' BULL GO THRU.
YEH --- DAREDEVIL AN' HIS TWO HIPPIE FRIENDS.
BULL'D LIKE THAT.

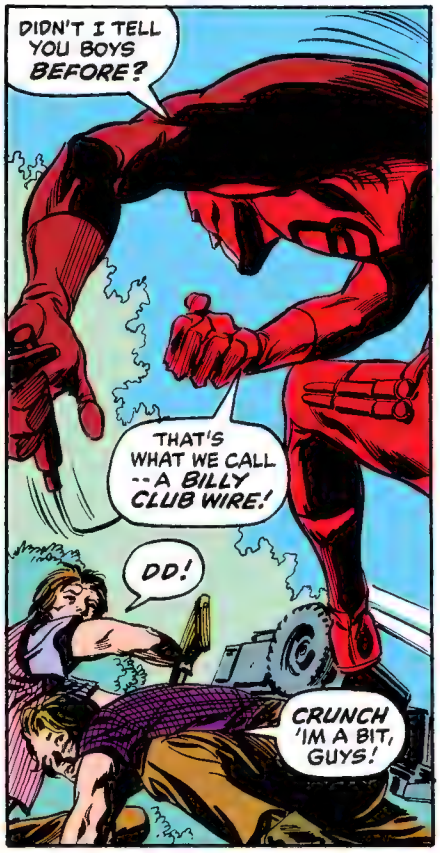

AS THE WORKINGS OF BOTH FATE AND OUR EVER-LOVIN' AUTHOR WOULD HAVE IT---THE OLD RED-MASK HIMSELF IS THINKING THAT VERY SAME THING (THOUGH IN A SOMEWHAT MODIFIED CONDITION) AS HE MOVES FROM SHADOWED ROOF TO SHADOWED ROOF, UNDER THE GLARE OF AN OATMEAL-COLORED MOON---
FOGGY MAY HAVE BEEN IN A RUSH---
BUT YOU DIDN'T HAVE ANY PLANS, DID YOU, MATT?
NOPE. SO IT'S SEARCHING TIME, HERO--!

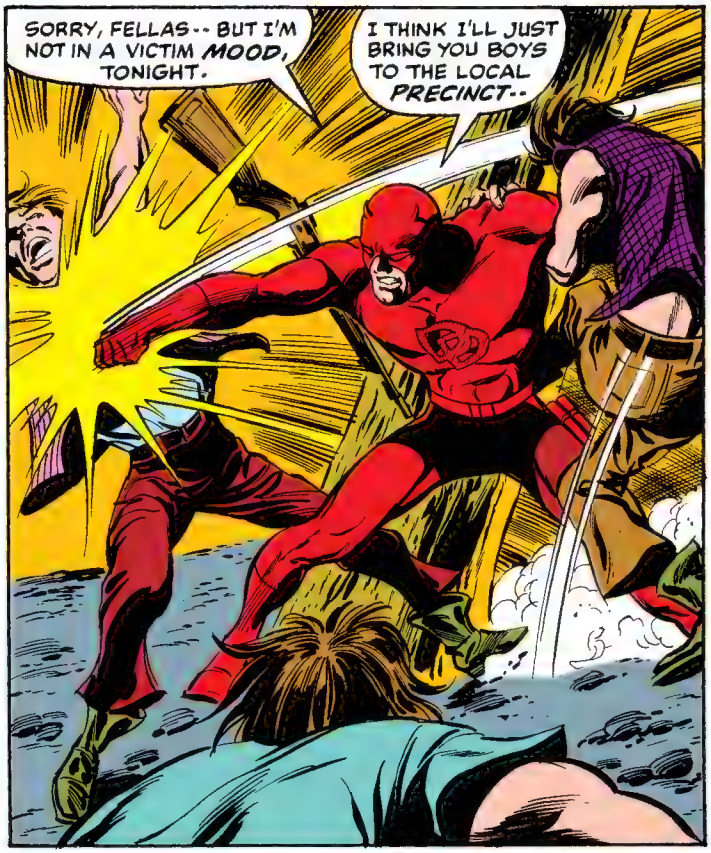

WHAT WOULD YOU DO WITHOUT YOUR ADVENTURES TO ENTERTAIN YOU, MATTHEW, SON?
FOR ONE THING--- MAYBE YOU WOULD'VE FINISHED READING "WAR AND PEACE".


OR--MAYBE YOU MIGHT HAVE GOTTEN MARRIED---AND SETTLED DOWN--- AND RAISED SOME KIDS---
ONE, MAYBE TWO NEW MEMBERS OF THE MURDOCK CLAN--NO MORE, SO YOU WON'T RUFFLE YOUR OLD ECOLOGICAL FRIENDS. SURE. YOU MIGHT HAVE HAD A BETTER LIFE---
AND MAYBE A FEW PEOPLE WHO ARE ALIVE BECAUSE OF DD--- WOULD BE DEAD.
PEOPLE LIKE DIA AND GEORGE.
WELL, MURDOCK --WANNA KEEP RAPPING ABOUT MIGHT-HAVE-BEENS?

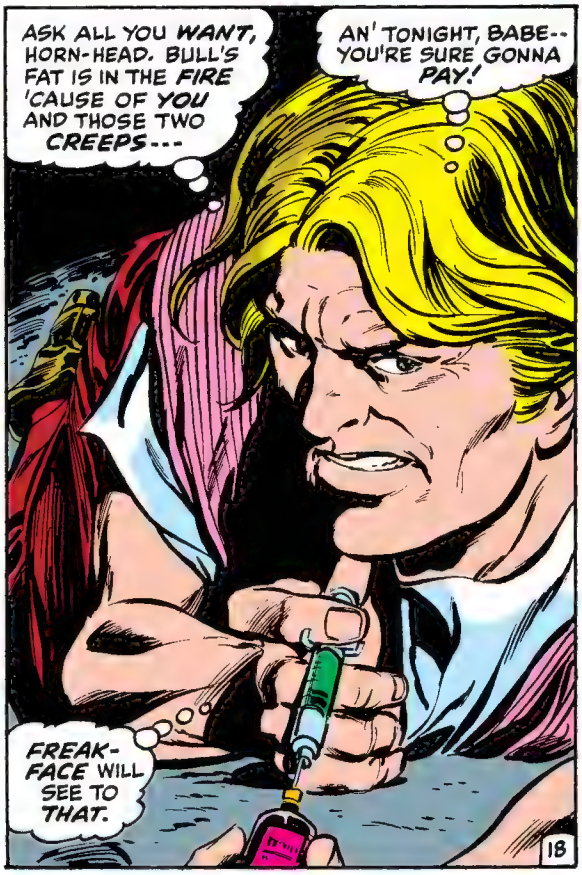

OR DO YOU WANT TO THINK ABOUT THAT JEEP YOU'VE BEEN HEARING?
HEARING--- FOR ABOUT FIVE MINUTES.
HEARING-- AS IT COMES THIS WAY!
YOUR NAME IS MATT MURDOCK, AND YOU'RE A BLIND MAN--- BUT YOU'RE BLIND IN A VERY SPECIAL WAY.
YOU DON'T SEE YOURSELF FOR WHAT YOU ARE-- AND BECAUSE YOU DON'T, YOU BLAME YOURSELF--- FOR BEING HONEST TO YOUR IDEALS.
WHAT CHOICE DID YOU HAVE, MURDOCK? ANSWER: NO CHOICE AT ALL.
YOU'RE DAREDEVIL --- AND THAT IS A WHOLE LOT BIGGER THAN YOUR DESIRES.
YOU'RE JUST A TRUSTEE, BABY. YOU WERE GIVEN A GIFT...
--- AND YOU'RE EXPECTED TO USE IT!

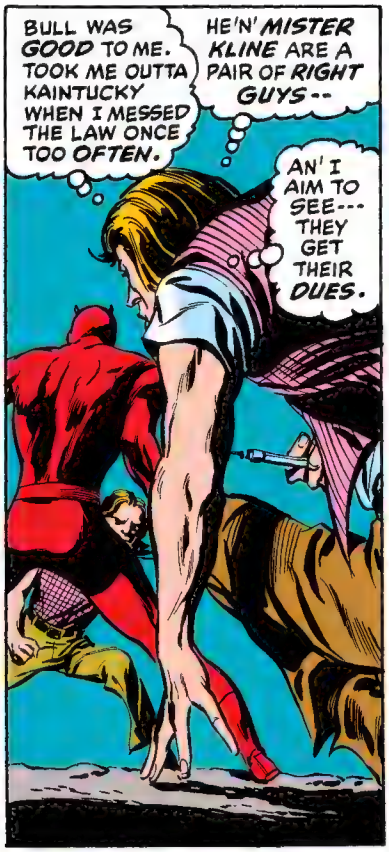

AND USE IT YOU DO!
SWING IN THERE, DD!
YEEEOOOWWW!
HANG ON, BROTHERS-- WE'RE FLYIN'!
SOME SORTA WIRE--- CUTTIN' ACROSS US!
KRASSSH!


DIDN'T I TELL YOU BOYS BEFORE?
THAT'S WHAT WE CALL --A BILLY CLUB WIRE!
DD!
CRUNCH 'IM A BIT, GUYS!


SORRY, FELLAS-- BUT I'M NOT IN A VICTIM MOOD, TONIGHT.
I THINK I'LL JUST BRING YOU BOYS TO THE LOCAL PRECINCT--

---AND LET THE GENTS THERE HANDLE ALL THE CLEANING UP.
SAY--- DO MY LITTLE EYES PERCEIVE ONE OF YOUR NUMBER MISSING?
WHAT HAPPENED TO EL TORO?
OR SHOULDN'T I ASK?

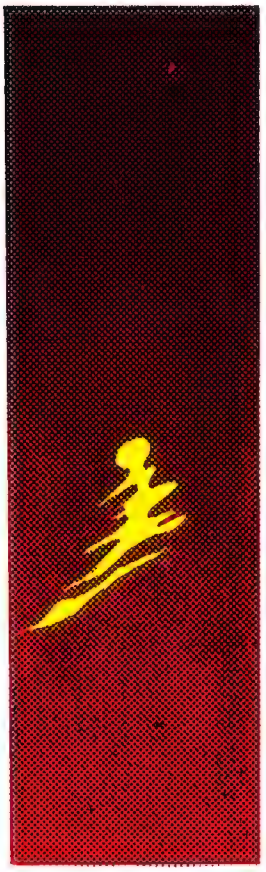

ASK ALL YOU WANT, HORN-HEAD. BULL'S FAT IS IN THE FIRE 'CAUSE OF YOU AND THOSE TWO CREEPS---
AN' TONIGHT, BABE-- YOU'RE SURE GONNA PAY!
FREAK-FACE WILL SEE TO THAT.


BULL WAS GOOD TO ME. TOOK ME OUTTA KAINTUCKY WHEN I MESSED THE LAW ONCE TOO OFTEN.
HE'N' MISTER KLINE ARE A PAIR OF RIGHT GUYS--
AN' I AIM TO SEE--- THEY GET THEIR DUES.

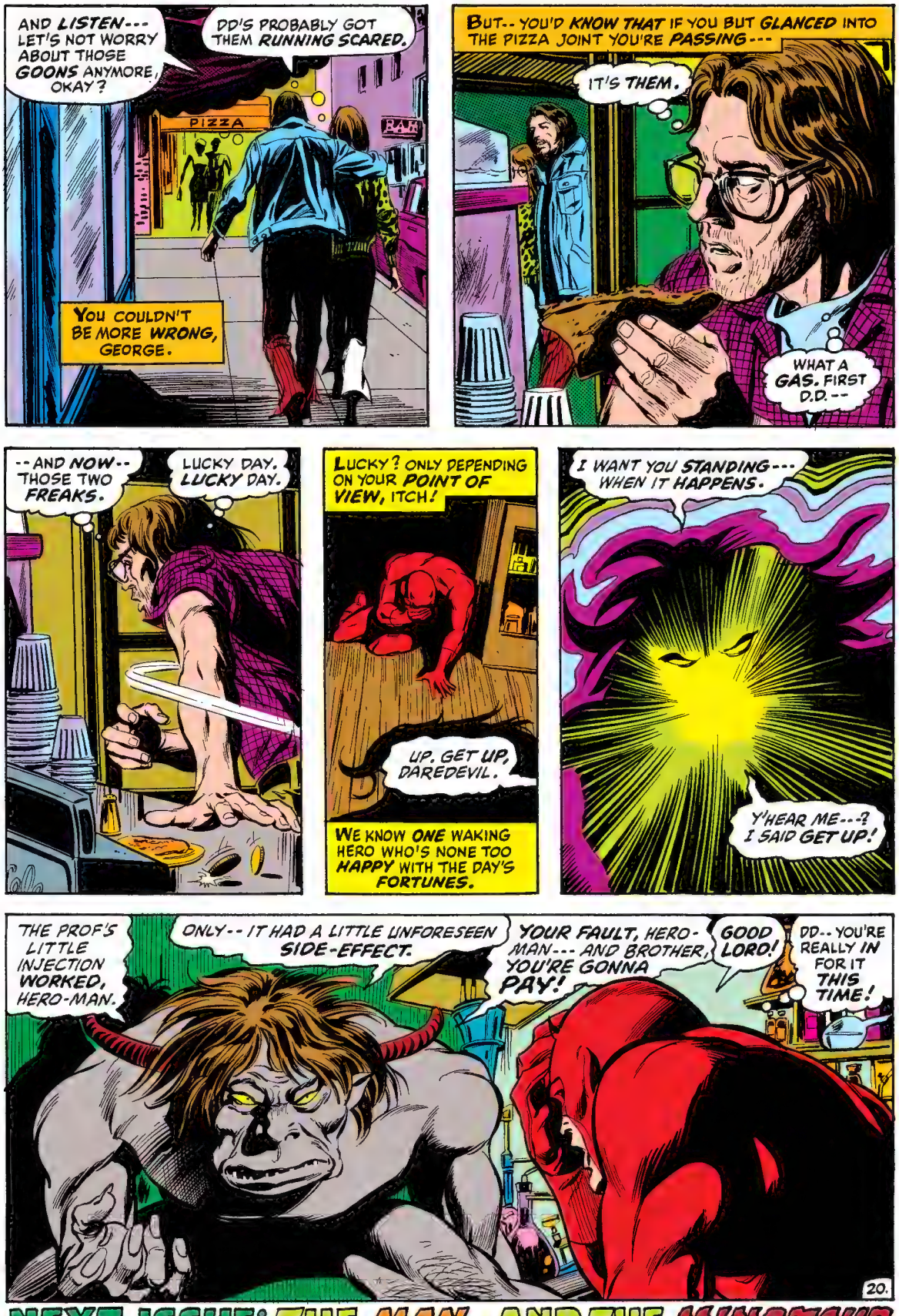
NOW!
WHAT--?

MY HEAD-- TWISTING ALL AROUND...CAN'T THINK---
I'M--- BLACKING OUT. SOME SORT OF-- KNOCK-OUT DRUG.

HAVE TO--- CONCENTRATE--- TRY TO KEEP MY BALANCE---
NO GOOD! ALL FALLING APART... COMING UNRAVELED --- SPINNING--- SPPINNNninnggggg



--DRAG! THIS PLUSH LIFE-STYLE ISN'T WHAT IT'S KNOCKED-UP TO BE, GEORGE.
GUESS WE'RE JUST BASICALLY POOR, HONEY.
C'MON. LET'S GO GET A 'BURGER!


AND LISTEN--- LET'S NOT WORRY ABOUT THOSE GOONS ANYMORE, OKAY?
DD'S PROBABLY GOT THEM RUNNING SCARED.
PIZZA
RAM
YOU COULDN'T BE MORE WRONG, GEORGE.
BUT-- YOU'D KNOW THAT IF YOU BUT GLANCED INTO THE PIZZA JOINT YOU'RE PASSING---
IT'S THEM.
WHAT A GAS. FIRST D.D.--
--AND NOW-- THOSE TWO FREAKS.
LUCKY DAY. LUCKY DAY.
LUCKY? ONLY DEPENDING ON YOUR POINT OF VIEW, ITCH!
UP. GET UP, DAREDEVIL.
WE KNOW ONE WAKING HERO WHO'S NONE TOO HAPPY WITH THE DAY'S FORTUNES.
I WANT YOU STANDING--- WHEN IT HAPPENS.
Y'HEAR ME---? I SAID GET UP!
THE PROF'S LITTLE INJECTION WORKED, HERO-MAN.
ONLY-- IT HAD A LITTLE UNFORESEEN SIDE-EFFECT.
YOUR FAULT, HERO-MAN--- AND BROTHER, YOU'RE GONNA PAY!
GOOD LORD!
DD-- YOU'RE REALLY IN FOR IT THIS TIME!
20.
NEXT ISSUE: THE MAN-- AND THE MINOTAUR.

DARE-DEVIL
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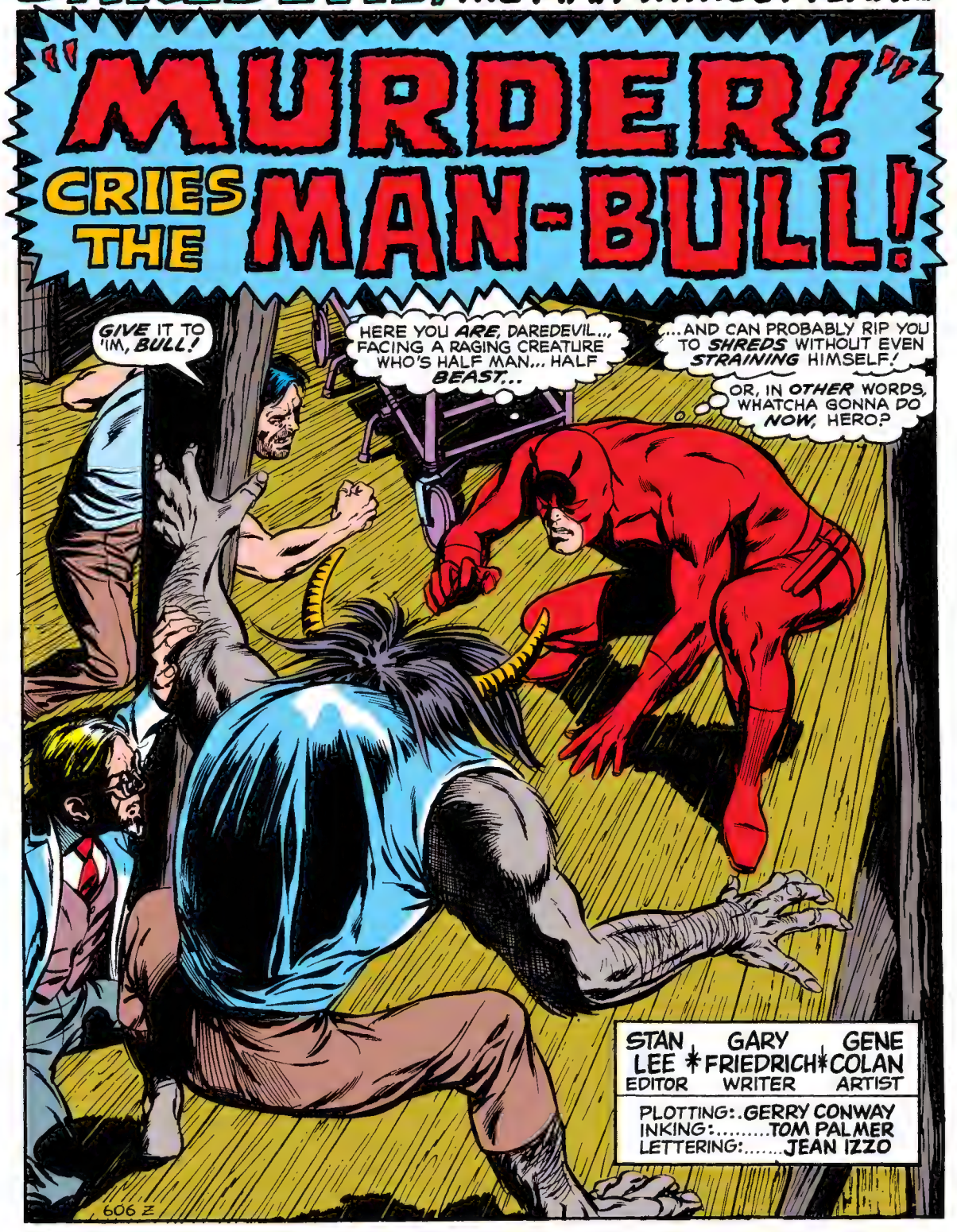
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
DAREDEVIL
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
YOU'VE BEEN A THORN IN MY SIDE LONG ENOUGH, MASKED MAN!
THIS DAY.. YOU DIE!
IF THAT HORN-HEAD CONNECTS-- THIS ONE IS FINISHED!
"MURDER!" CRIES THE MAN-BULL!

DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™


"MURDER!" CRIES THE MAN-BULL!
GIVE IT TO 'IM, BULL!
HERE YOU ARE, DAREDEVIL... FACING A RAGING CREATURE WHO'S HALF MAN... HALF BEAST...
...AND CAN PROBABLY RIP YOU TO SHREDS WITHOUT EVEN STRAINING HIMSELF!
OR, IN OTHER WORDS, WHATCHA GONNA DO NOW, HERO?
606 Z
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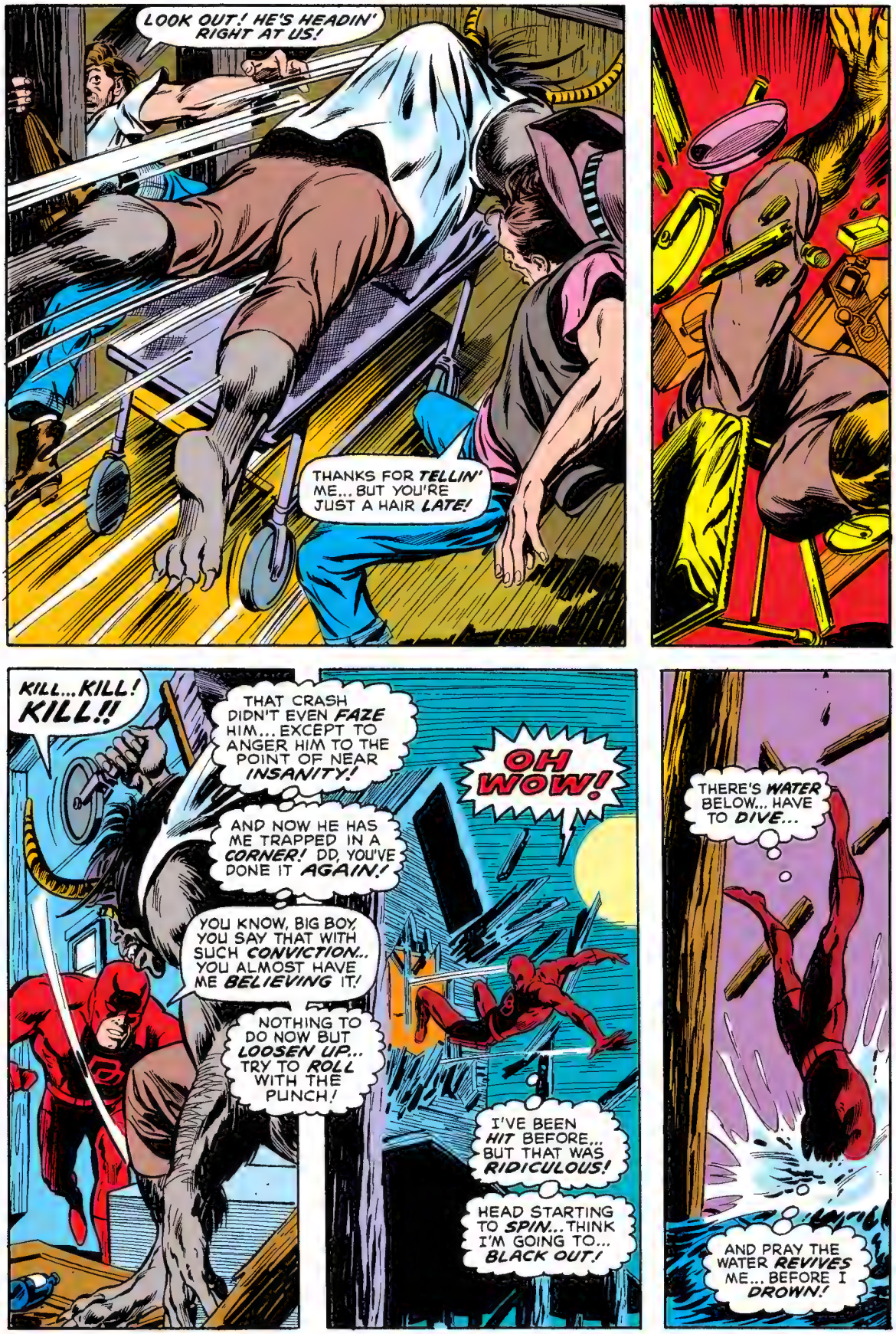
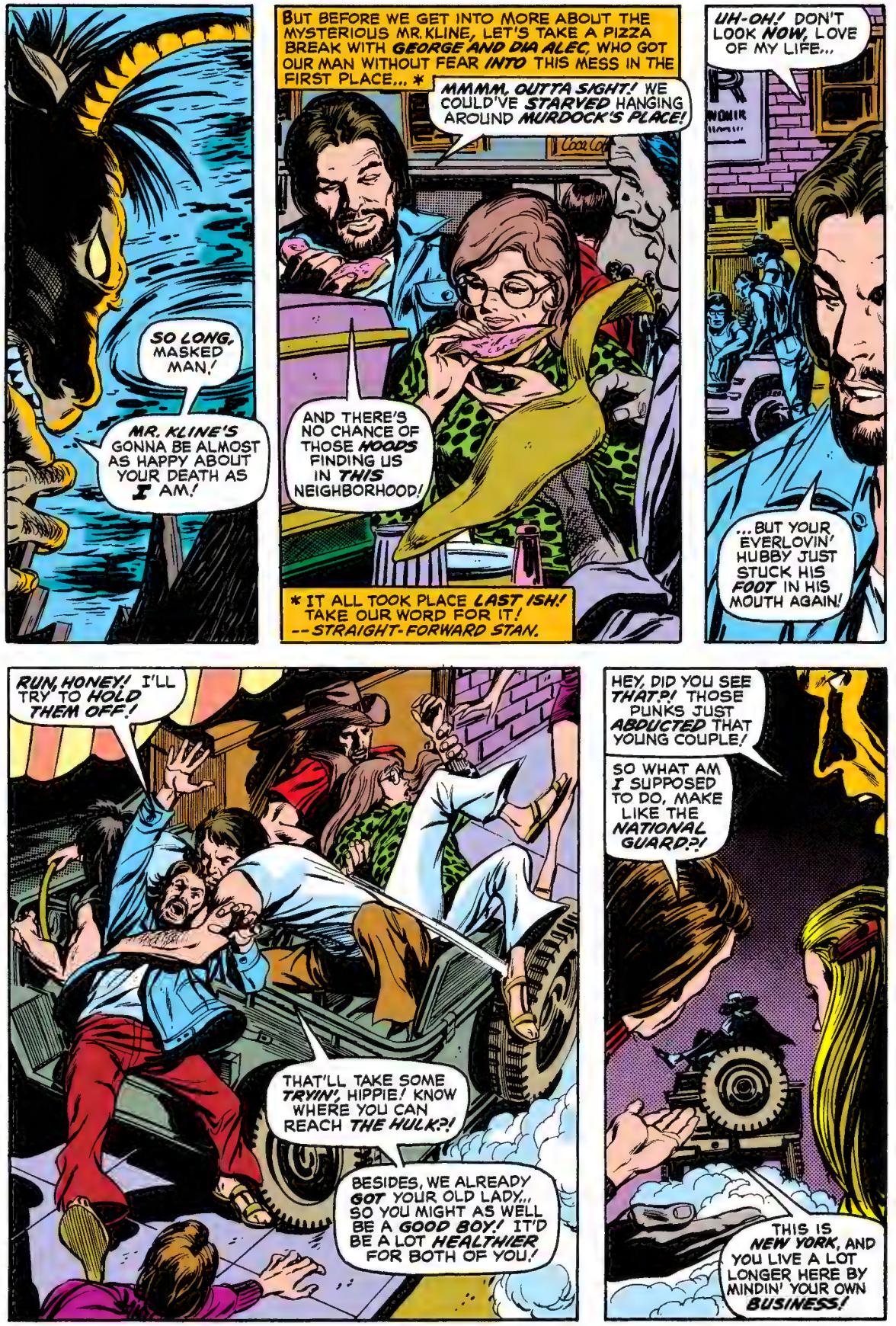
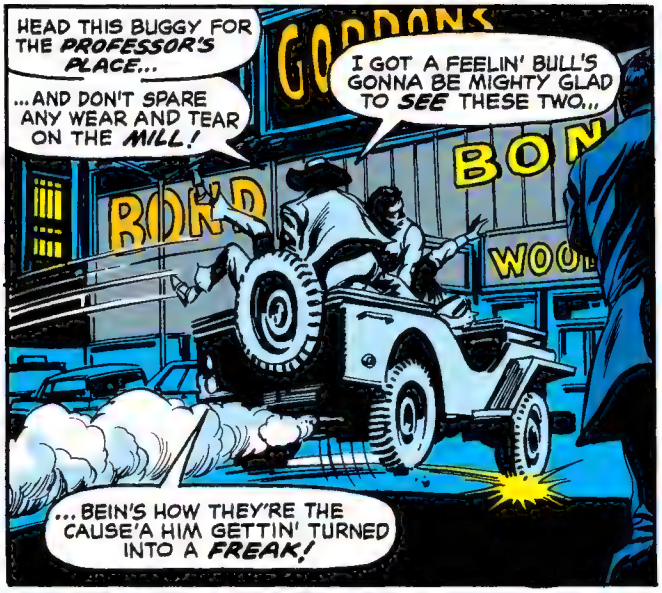
WAIT, MR. TARUS... I BEG OF YOU!
WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU WAS AN ACCIDENT...
... AND YOU CAN'T MURDER A MAN FOR THAT!
YOU THINK NOT, HUH...?!
WELL, SUPPOSIN' YOU JUST WATCH ME... IF YOU'RE ABLE!
UUNNHHH!
IT MIGHT'VE BEEN THE DOC'S SERUM THAT DID THIS TO ME... BUT IT WAS YOUR FAULT I GOT INJECTED WITH IT, MASKED MAN!
AND NOW YOU'RE GONNA PAY!
YOU TELL 'IM, BULL!
THE WAY YOU'RE BUILT NOW... YOU CAN REALLY MESS UP HIS MIND!
MAYBE SO... BUT I GET THE DISTINCT IMPRESSION HE HAS SOMETHING MORE PHYSICAL IN MIND!

HAVE TO FIGURE OUT AN INTELLIGENT WAY TO HANDLE THIS...
...BUT THE ONLY WAY TO BE BRIGHT ABOUT THE SITUATION IS TO RUN!
SO, SINCE NO ONE EVER ACCUSED US COSTUMED CRIME-FIGHTERS OF BEING HEAVY IN THE BRAIN DEPARTMENT...
...GUESS I'LL STICK AROUND AND GET MY HEAD KICKED IN!
I WUZ JUST GONNA BEAT YOU TO A PULP...
...NOW I'M GONNA MURDER YUH!
ALL BY YOUR LITTLE LONESOME?!
WELL SAID... IF ONLY I COULD BELIEVE IT!
TEMPER, TEMPER!
KEEP STOMPING AROUND LIKE THAT AND YOU'LL WIND UP IN THE OFFICE OF YOUR FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD PODIATRIST!
HAVE TO KEEP TAUNTING HIM... MAKE HIM TOO ANGRY TO THINK CLEARLY... OTHERWISE I MAY WIND UP IN THE MORGUE!

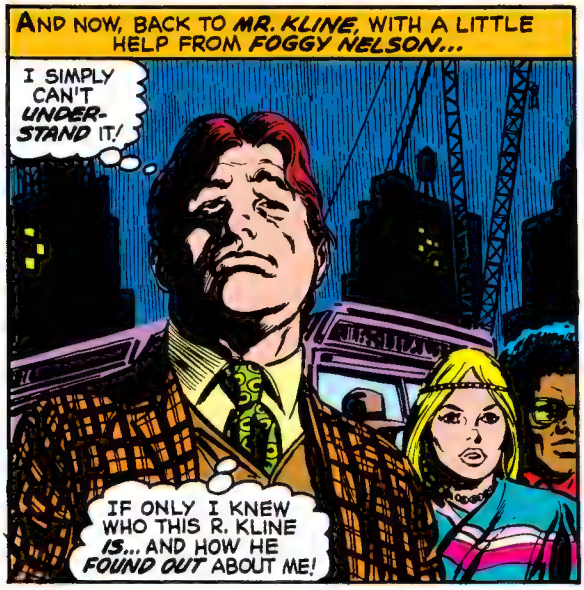
OKAY, LOUTHMOUTH...YOU HAD YOUR YUKS, AND I SURE HOPE THEY WAS...
...BEIN'S HOW THEY'RE GONNA BE YOUR LAST!
HANG IN THERE, UGLY... AND MAYBE YOU'LL TALK ME INTO AN EARLY GRAVE!
I THINK I'VE MADE HIM MAD ENOUGH... AND THAT MEANS IT'S TIME TO MAKE MY MOVE!
THWAK!
WHAT GOES UP...
...MUST COME DOWN, WITH APOLOGIES TO BLOOD, SWEAT, AND TEARS!
AAGGHHH!
WHOK!
AND AWAAAAAAY YOU GO! YOU'LL NEVER MAKE A RICHARD PETTY ON THAT SET OF WHEELS... BUT THEN, THIS ISN'T EXACTLY THE FIRECRACKER 400!


LOOK OUT! HE'S HEADIN' RIGHT AT US!
THANKS FOR TELLIN' ME... BUT YOU'RE JUST A HAIR LATE!
KILL... KILL! KILL!!
THAT CRASH DIDN'T EVEN FAZE HIM... EXCEPT TO ANGER HIM TO THE POINT OF NEAR INSANITY!
AND NOW HE HAS ME TRAPPED IN A CORNER! DD, YOU'VE DONE IT AGAIN!
YOU KNOW, BIG BOY, YOU SAY THAT WITH SUCH CONVICTION... YOU ALMOST HAVE ME BELIEVING IT!
NOTHING TO DO NOW BUT LOOSEN UP... TRY TO ROLL WITH THE PUNCH!
OH WOW!
I'VE BEEN HIT BEFORE... BUT THAT WAS RIDICULOUS!
HEAD STARTING TO SPIN... THINK I'M GOING TO... BLACK OUT!
THERE'S WATER BELOW... HAVE TO DIVE...
AND PRAY THE WATER REVIVES ME... BEFORE I DROWN!

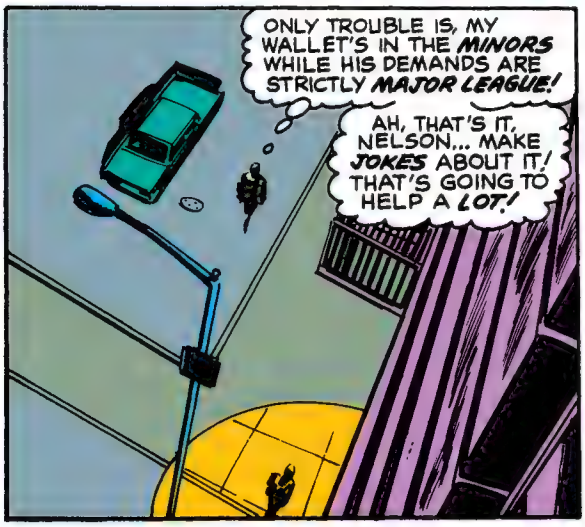

SO LONG, MASKED MAN!
MR. KLINE'S GONNA BE ALMOST AS HAPPY ABOUT YOUR DEATH AS I AM!
BUT BEFORE WE GET INTO MORE ABOUT THE MYSTERIOUS MR. KLINE, LET'S TAKE A PIZZA BREAK WITH GEORGE AND DIA ALEC, WHO GOT OUR MAN WITHOUT FEAR INTO THIS MESS IN THE FIRST PLACE... *
MMMM, OUTTA SIGHT! WE COULD'VE STARVED HANGING AROUND MURDOCK'S PLACE!
AND THERE'S NO CHANCE OF THOSE HOODS FINDING US IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD!
* IT ALL TOOK PLACE LAST ISH! TAKE OUR WORD FOR IT! --STRAIGHT-FORWARD STAN.
UH-OH! DON'T LOOK NOW, LOVE OF MY LIFE...
...BUT YOUR EVERLOVIN' HUBBY JUST STUCK HIS FOOT IN HIS MOUTH AGAIN!
RUN, HONEY! I'LL TRY TO HOLD THEM OFF!
THAT'LL TAKE SOME TRYIN', HIPPIE! KNOW WHERE YOU CAN REACH THE HULK?!
BESIDES, WE ALREADY GOT YOUR OLD LADY... SO YOU MIGHT AS WELL BE A GOOD BOY! IT'D BE A LOT HEALTHIER FOR BOTH OF YOU!
HEY, DID YOU SEE THAT?! THOSE PUNKS JUST ABDUCTED THAT YOUNG COUPLE!
SO WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO, MAKE LIKE THE NATIONAL GUARD?!
THIS IS NEW YORK, AND YOU LIVE A LOT LONGER HERE BY MINDIN' YOUR OWN BUSINESS!

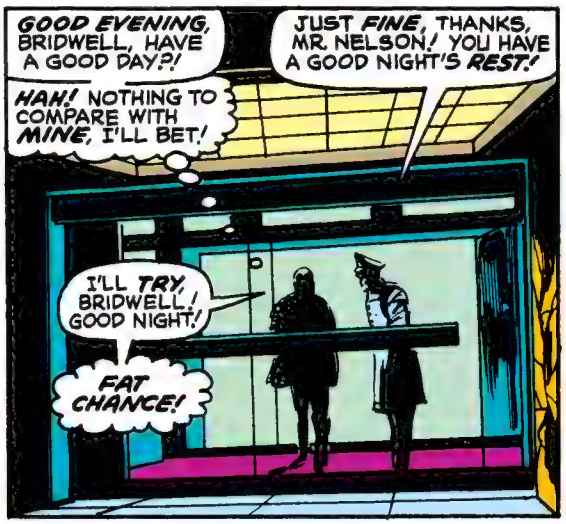

HEAD THIS BUGGY FOR THE PROFESSOR'S PLACE...
...AND DON'T SPARE ANY WEAR AND TEAR ON THE MILL!
I GOT A FEELIN' BULL'S GONNA BE MIGHTY GLAD TO SEE THESE TWO...
...BEIN'S HOW THEY'RE THE CAUSE'A HIM GETTIN' TURNED INTO A FREAK!

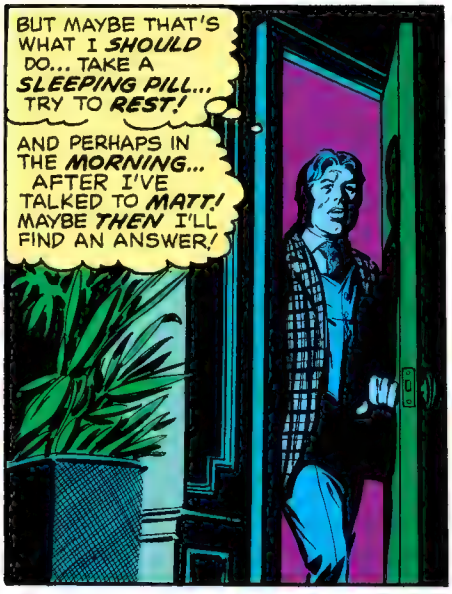
HEY!
CRAZY TOURISTS, COME OUT OF THE BACKWOODS AND THINK THEY OWN THE TOWN!
TWEEE!

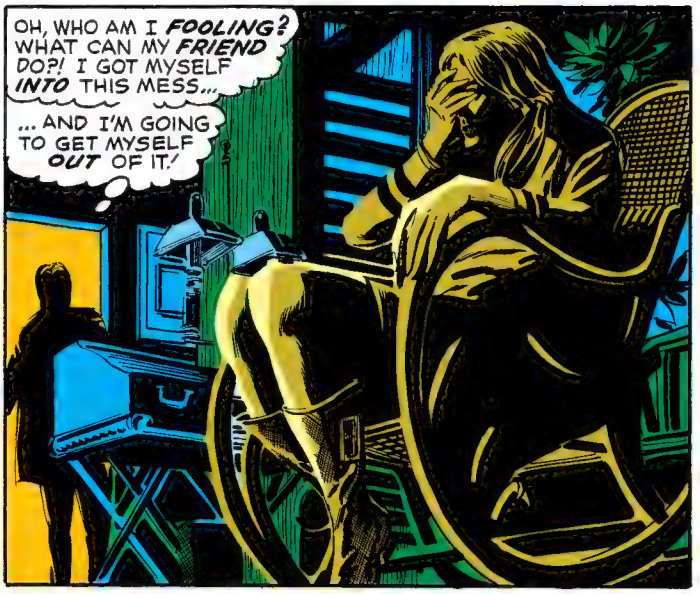

AND NOW, BACK TO MR. KLINE, WITH A LITTLE HELP FROM FOGGY NELSON...
I SIMPLY CAN'T UNDER-STAND IT!
IF ONLY I KNEW WHO THIS R. KLINE IS... AND HOW HE FOUND OUT ABOUT ME!

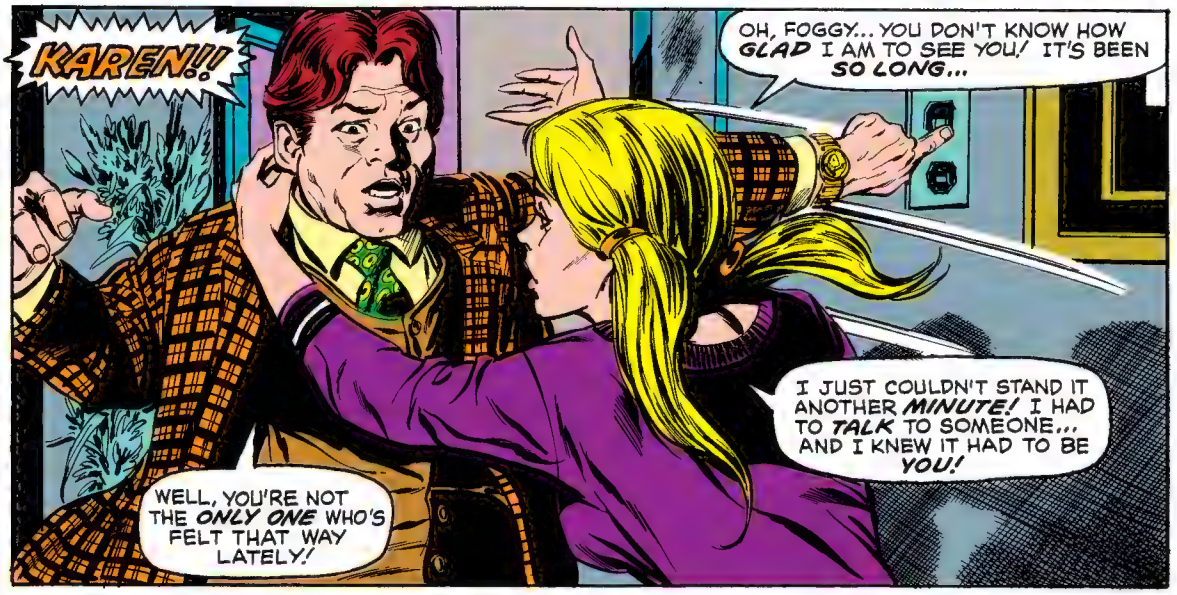
BUT ALL I CAN GET FROM HIS PHONE CALLS IS, "COME UP WITH THE MONEY OR ELSE..."
AND IT'S BEGINNING TO LOOK LIKE MY ONLY CHOICE IS TO PLAY BALL WITH HIM!

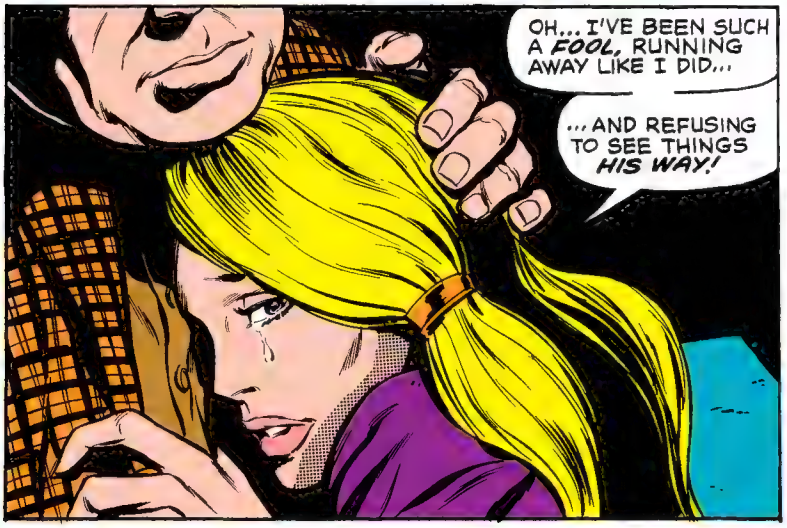

ONLY TROUBLE IS, MY WALLET'S IN THE MINORS WHILE HIS DEMANDS ARE STRICTLY MAJOR LEAGUE!
AH, THAT'S IT, NELSON... MAKE JOKES ABOUT IT! THAT'S GOING TO HELP A LOT!


GOOD EVENING, BRIDWELL, HAVE A GOOD DAY?!
JUST FINE, THANKS, MR. NELSON! YOU HAVE A GOOD NIGHT'S REST!
HAH! NOTHING TO COMPARE WITH MINE, I'LL BET!
I'LL TRY, BRIDWELL! GOOD NIGHT!
FAT CHANCE!

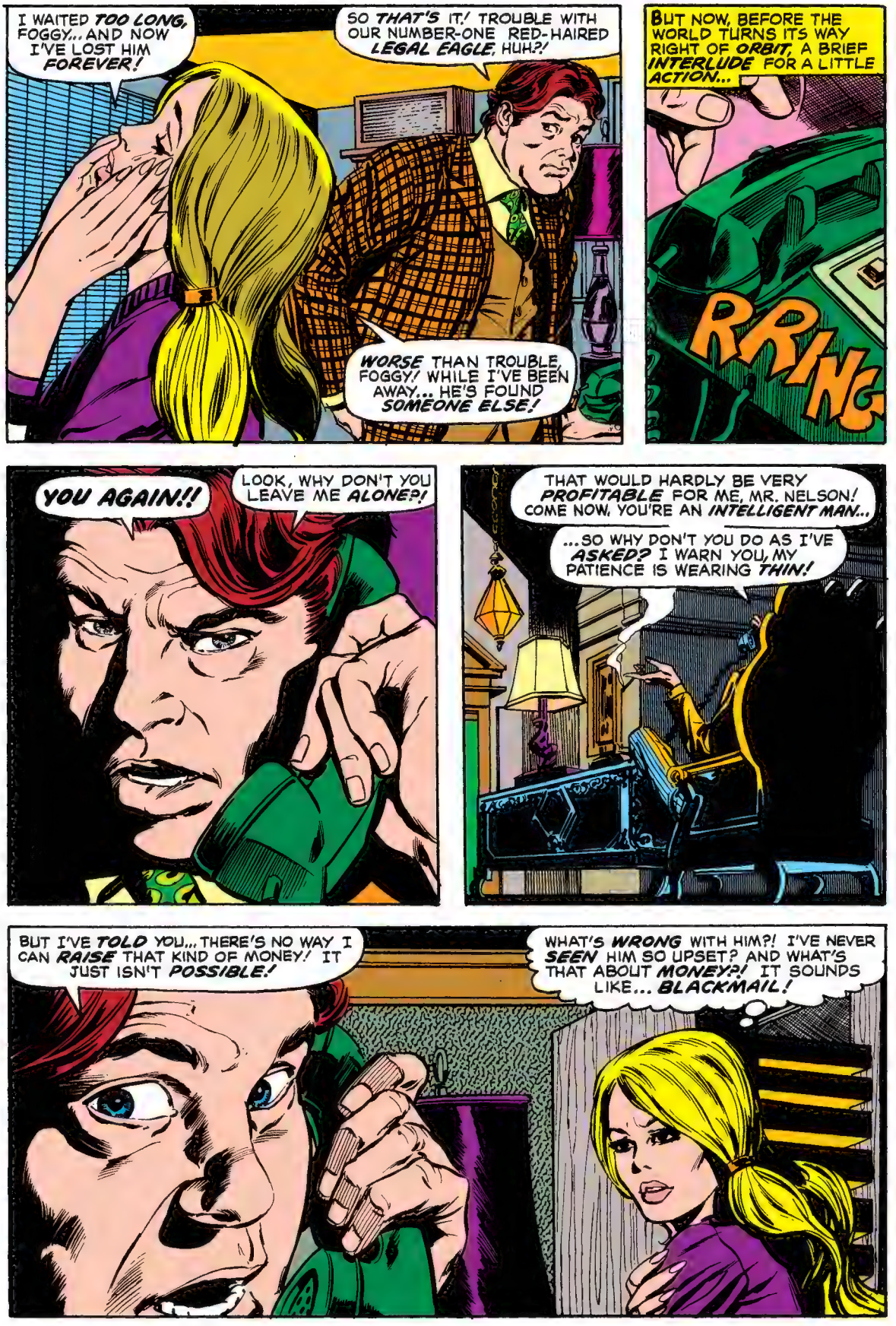

BUT MAYBE THAT'S WHAT I SHOULD DO... TAKE A SLEEPING PILL... TRY TO REST!
AND PERHAPS IN THE MORNING... AFTER I'VE TALKED TO MATT! MAYBE THEN I'LL FIND AN ANSWER!

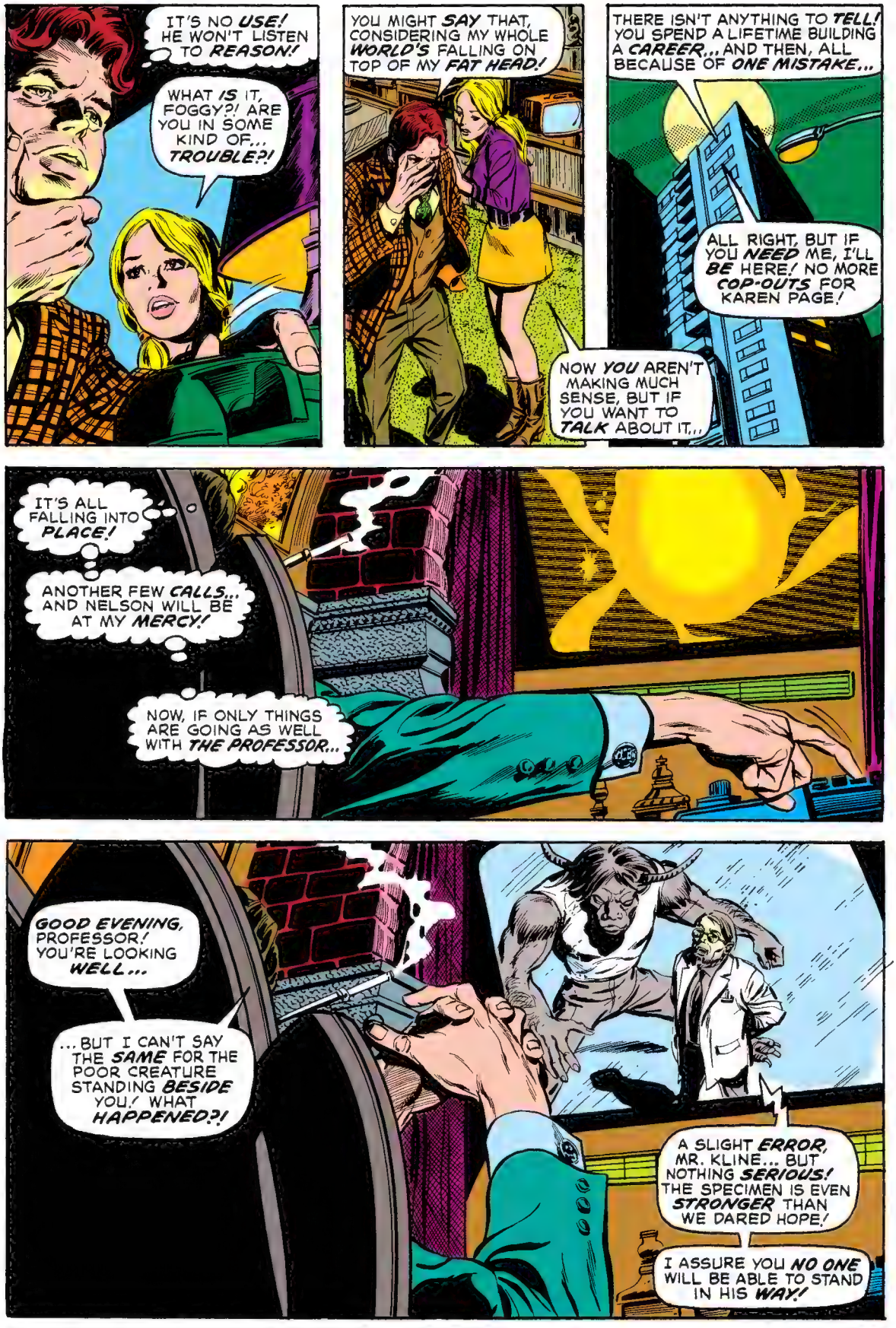

OH, WHO AM I FOOLING? WHAT CAN MY FRIEND DO?! I GOT MYSELF INTO THIS MESS...
... AND I'M GOING TO GET MYSELF OUT OF IT!


KAREN!!
OH, FOGGY... YOU DON'T KNOW HOW GLAD I AM TO SEE YOU! IT'S BEEN SO LONG...
I JUST COULDN'T STAND IT ANOTHER MINUTE! I HAD TO TALK TO SOMEONE... AND I KNEW IT HAD TO BE YOU!
WELL, YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY ONE WHO'S FELT THAT WAY LATELY!


OH... I'VE BEEN SUCH A FOOL, RUNNING AWAY LIKE I DID...
... AND REFUSING TO SEE THINGS HIS WAY!

WHOA, LADY! YOU'RE NOT MAKING MUCH SENSE... AND I THOUGHT YOU WERE IN L.A.!
I WAS... BUT I COULDN'T BEAR IT ANY MORE!


I WAITED TOO LONG, FOGGY... AND NOW I'VE LOST HIM FOREVER!
SO THAT'S IT! TROUBLE WITH OUR NUMBER-ONE RED-HAIRED LEGAL EAGLE, HUH?!
WORSE THAN TROUBLE, FOGGY! WHILE I'VE BEEN AWAY... HE'S FOUND SOMEONE ELSE!
BUT NOW, BEFORE THE WORLD TURNS ITS WAY RIGHT OF ORBIT, A BRIEF INTERLUDE FOR A LITTLE ACTION...
RRING
YOU AGAIN!!
LOOK, WHY DON'T YOU LEAVE ME ALONE?!
THAT WOULD HARDLY BE VERY PROFITABLE FOR ME, MR. NELSON! COME NOW, YOU'RE AN INTELLIGENT MAN...
...SO WHY DON'T YOU DO AS I'VE ASKED? I WARN YOU, MY PATIENCE IS WEARING THIN!
BUT I'VE TOLD YOU... THERE'S NO WAY I CAN RAISE THAT KIND OF MONEY! IT JUST ISN'T POSSIBLE!
WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM?! I'VE NEVER SEEN HIM SO UPSET? AND WHAT'S THAT ABOUT MONEY?! IT SOUNDS LIKE... BLACKMAIL!


IT'S NO USE! HE WON'T LISTEN TO REASON!
WHAT IS IT, FOGGY?! ARE YOU IN SOME KIND OF... TROUBLE?!
YOU MIGHT SAY THAT, CONSIDERING MY WHOLE WORLD'S FALLING ON TOP OF MY FAT HEAD!
NOW YOU AREN'T MAKING MUCH SENSE, BUT IF YOU WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT...
THERE ISN'T ANYTHING TO TELL! YOU SPEND A LIFETIME BUILDING A CAREER... AND THEN, ALL BECAUSE OF ONE MISTAKE...
ALL RIGHT, BUT IF YOU NEED ME, I'LL BE HERE! NO MORE COP-OUTS FOR KAREN PAGE!
IT'S ALL FALLING INTO PLACE!
ANOTHER FEW CALLS... AND NELSON WILL BE AT MY MERCY!
NOW, IF ONLY THINGS ARE GOING AS WELL WITH THE PROFESSOR...
GOOD EVENING, PROFESSOR! YOU'RE LOOKING WELL...
...BUT I CAN'T SAY THE SAME FOR THE POOR CREATURE STANDING BESIDE YOU! WHAT HAPPENED?!
A SLIGHT ERROR, MR. KLINE... BUT NOTHING SERIOUS! THE SPECIMEN IS EVEN STRONGER THAN WE DARED HOPE!
I ASSURE YOU NO ONE WILL BE ABLE TO STAND IN HIS WAY!

TAKE A GANDER AT WHAT *WE* BROUGHT YUH, BULL!
ARE THESE THE TWO YOU *ORIGINALLY* INTENDED TO BRING ME?!
THAT'S *THEM*, ALL RIGHT... BUT YOU AIN'T GONNA GET TO *USE* 'EM NOW!
I'M GONNA TAKE CARE'A THEM JUST LIKE I DID THEIR FRIEND IN THE *RED UNDERWEAR!*

GGRROOWWRR!
RRAK!

BUT *WAIT!* ON SECOND THOUGHT, MAYBE I'LL LET YOU *SHOOT 'EM UP* FIRST! YEAH, THEN THEY'LL KNOW HOW IT *FEELS!*
GET THE *HYPOS* · READY, DOC... AND BE *QUICK* ABOUT IT!
CALM DOWN, AND I WILL!

YOU HEAR THAT HIPPIE?! THEY'RE GONNA MAKE YOU EVEN FREAKIER THAN YUH ALREADY ARE!
SURE IS A SHAME TO DO IT TO THAT PRETTY LITTLE WIFE OF YOURS!
...RECKON THAT'S HOW IT'LL BE, THOUGH! WE'LL MAKE YOU WATCH HER BEIN' TURNED INTO AN ANIMAL!

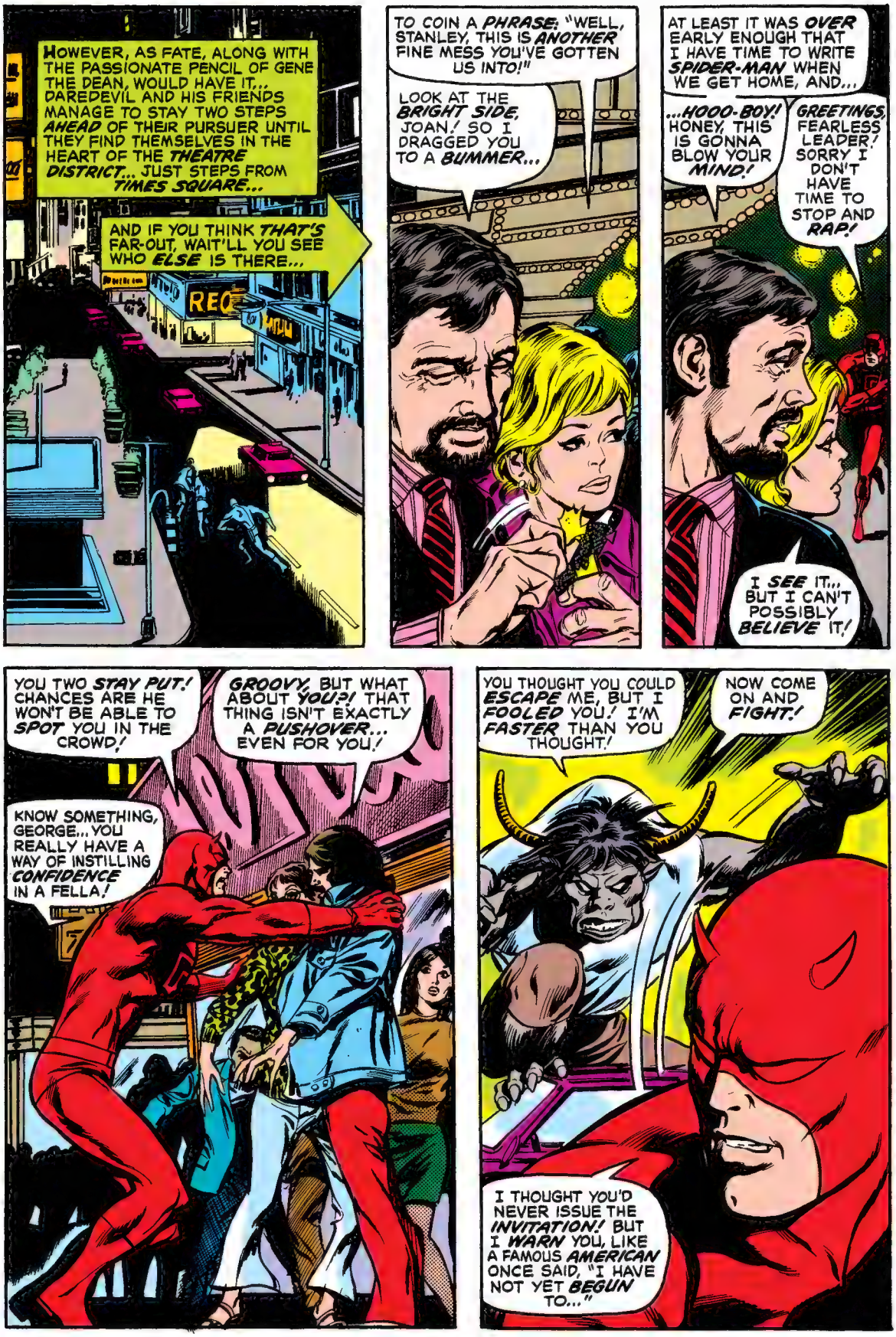
NOT WITHOUT A FIGHT, FRIEND!
I DON'T MIND YOU THREATENING ME, BUT SCARING DIA... THAT MAKES ME MAD!

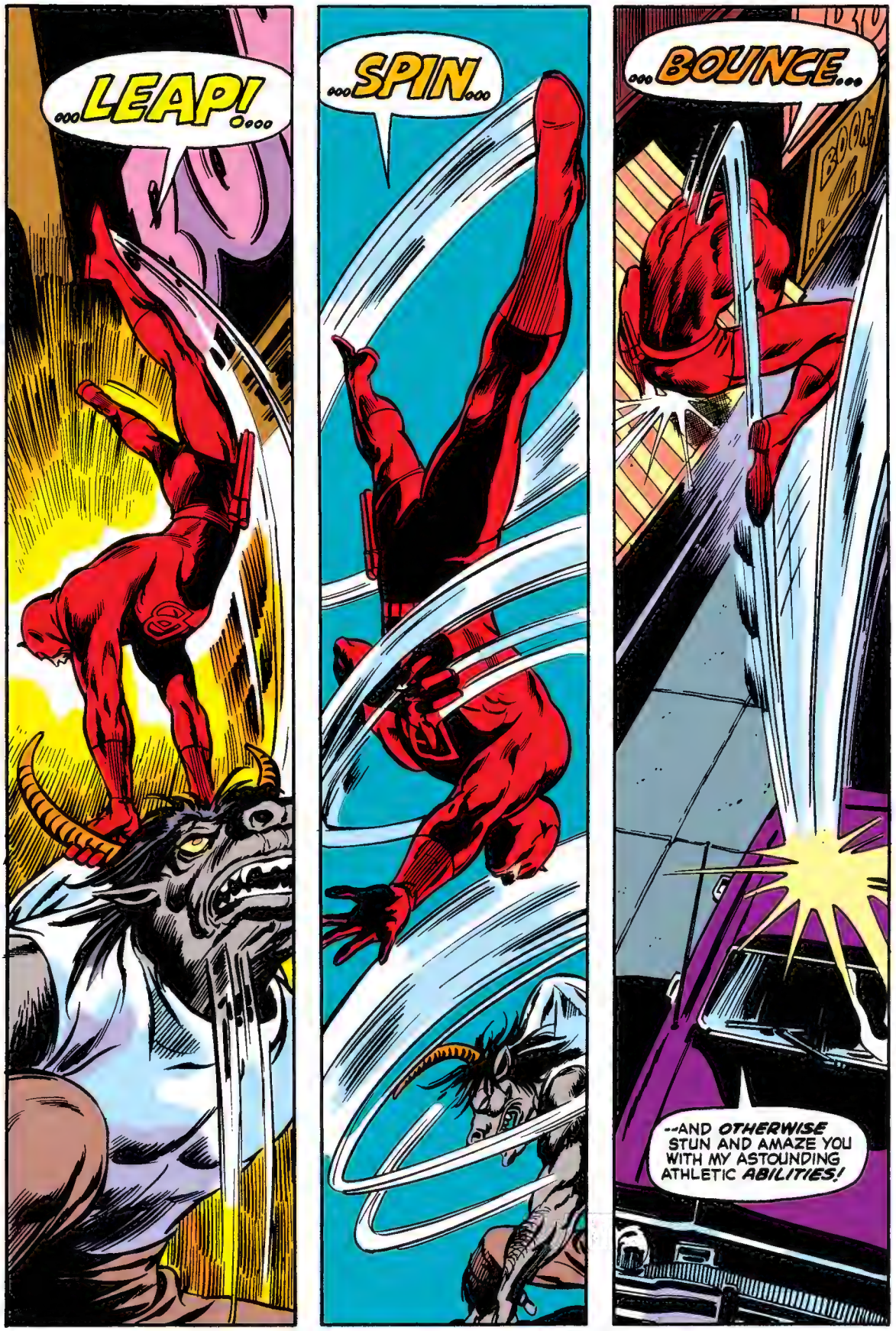
AND IF YOU'LL PARDON ME, THE LADY HAPPENS TO BELONG TO ME!
WHOK!
FALL UNDER ME, BABY! THE BIG ONE'S CHARGING STRAIGHT AT US!

GGRRUUNNNTTT!
OOHHHH!
THAT WAS CLOSE... AND IT'S PROBABLY ONLY THE BEGINNING!

CRASH!
THAT WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN, HAIRY!
LOOK WHO'S CALLING WHO N--NAMES--!
OOOH, GEORGE!
I CAN DIG ON A CAT WHO KEEPS HIS SENSE OF HUMOR, GEORGE!
BUT NASTY-TEMPERED WEIRDIES TURN ME RIGHT OFF... ESPECIALLY WHEN THEY HAVE DIRTY HAIR AND BAD BREATH!
YOU... YOU'RE BACK! BUT... HOW?!
WHAT DO I LOOK LIKE... A KNOW-IT-ALL COMPUTER?! TELL YOU WHAT...
...YOU STAND THERE AND KEEP ASKING STUPID QUESTIONS...

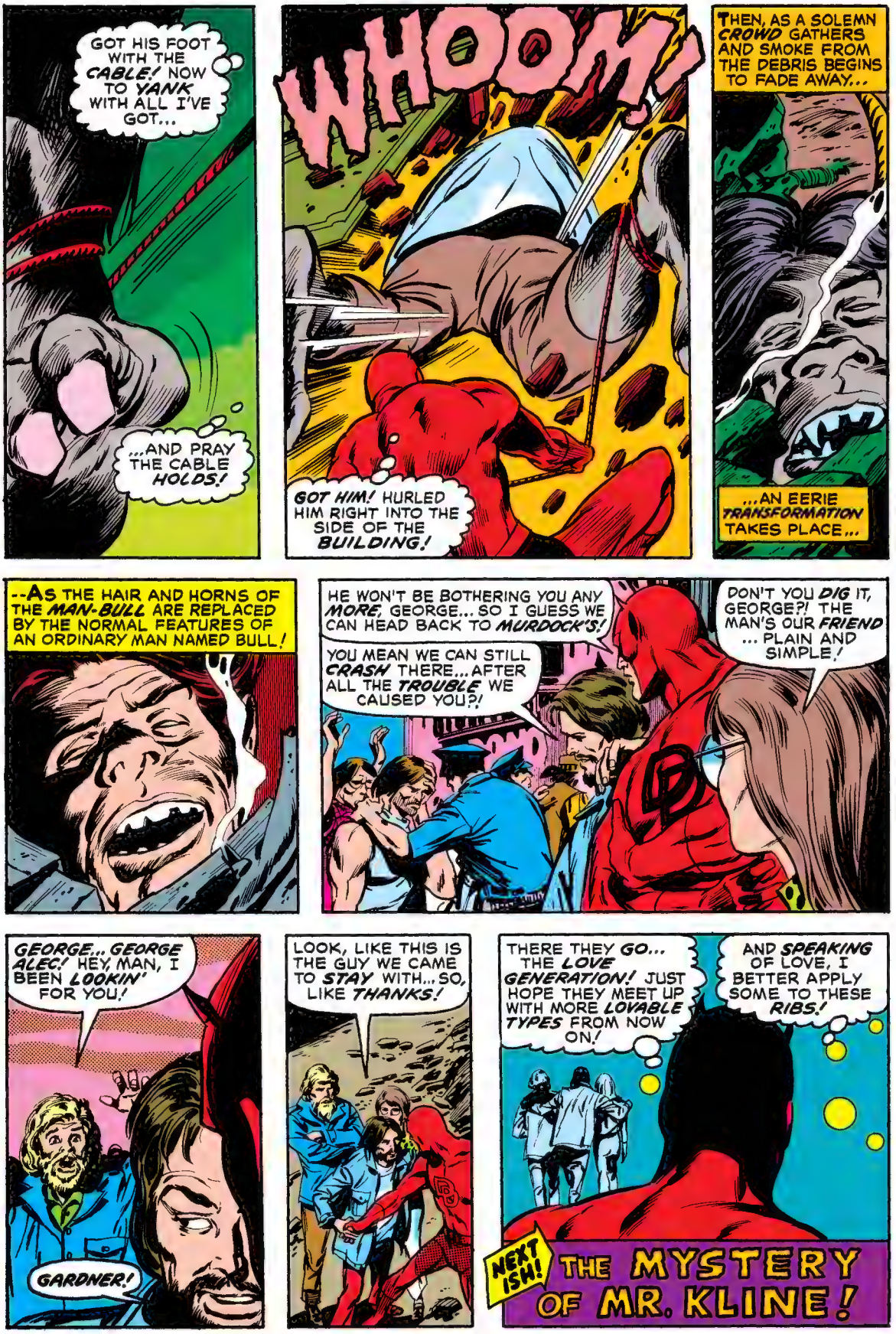
...WHILE MY TRUSTY BILLY CLUB AND I SWING INTO ACTION...
OOOHHHH!
...AND TAKE THE ALECS ON A QUICK LITTLE TRIP... LIKE TO SPLITSVILLE!
HANG ON, SPORTSFANS! IT MAY NOT BE FIRST CLASS... BUT IT'S DEFINITELY FLYIN'!
THEN, WITHIN SECONDS, OUTSIDE THE HOUSE... *
* AS IF YOU COULDN'T SEE THAT!-- STERN STAN.
SORRY ABOUT THAT, FEARLESS LEADER, BUT I DID HAVE A LOT OF SPACE TO FILL UP HERE!-- GROOVY GARY.
YOU PEOPLE GET A MOVE ON! HE'LL BE AFTER US ANY SECOND!
MAN, YOU DON'T HAVE TO TELL ME TWICE!
RRROOWWRR!
I HATE TO SAY I TOLD YOU SO... BUT HERE COMES DOUBLE-UGLY... RIGHT ON SCHEDULE!
GO AHEAD AND SPOUT OFF, LIVER-LIPS! YOU'VE FLAPPED YOUR GUMS AT ME FOR THE LAST TIME! NOW I'LL MAKE SURE I FINISH YOU!


HOWEVER, AS FATE, ALONG WITH THE PASSIONATE PENCIL OF GENE THE DEAN, WOULD HAVE IT..., DAREDEVIL AND HIS FRIENDS MANAGE TO STAY TWO STEPS AHEAD OF THEIR PURSUER UNTIL THEY FIND THEMSELVES IN THE HEART OF THE THEATRE DISTRICT... JUST STEPS FROM TIMES SQUARE...
AND IF YOU THINK THAT'S FAR-OUT, WAIT'LL YOU SEE WHO ELSE IS THERE...
REC
TO COIN A PHRASE: "WELL, STANLEY, THIS IS ANOTHER FINE MESS YOU'VE GOTTEN US INTO!"
LOOK AT THE BRIGHT SIDE, JOAN! SO I DRAGGED YOU TO A BUMMER...
AT LEAST IT WAS OVER EARLY ENOUGH THAT I HAVE TIME TO WRITE SPIDER-MAN WHEN WE GET HOME, AND...
...HOOO-BOY! HONEY, THIS IS GONNA BLOW YOUR MIND!
GREETINGS, FEARLESS LEADER! SORRY I DON'T HAVE TIME TO STOP AND RAP!
I SEE IT... BUT I CAN'T POSSIBLY BELIEVE IT!
YOU TWO STAY PUT! CHANCES ARE HE WON'T BE ABLE TO SPOT YOU IN THE CROWD!
GROOVY, BUT WHAT ABOUT YOU?! THAT THING ISN'T EXACTLY A PUSHOVER... EVEN FOR YOU!
KNOW SOMETHING, GEORGE... YOU REALLY HAVE A WAY OF INSTILLING CONFIDENCE IN A FELLA!
YOU THOUGHT YOU COULD ESCAPE ME, BUT I FOOLED YOU! I'M FASTER THAN YOU THOUGHT!
NOW COME ON AND FIGHT!
I THOUGHT YOU'D NEVER ISSUE THE INVITATION! BUT I WARN YOU, LIKE A FAMOUS AMERICAN ONCE SAID, "I HAVE NOT YET BEGUN TO..."


...LEAP!...
...SPIN...
...BOUNCE...
--AND OTHERWISE STUN AND AMAZE YOU WITH MY ASTOUNDING ATHLETIC ABILITIES!

UUMMMM! SOME SHOW I PUT ON, BUT I STRAINED SOMETHING IN THE PROCESS...
...RIBS ARE KILLING ME, AND HERE COMES OLD LAUGHING BOY!
GREAT! HE'S RIPPED THE AWNING WITH HIS HORNS...
...NO WAY TO KEEP FROM FALLING... AND THE PAIN'S GETTING WORSE!
BUT I HAVE TO TRY FOR ONE MORE SOMERSAULT! BETTER TO HAVE STRAINED RIBS THAN A STRAINED HEAD!
SAY YOUR PRAYERS, BUDDY! NOW I GOT YUH WHERE I WANT YUH!
HE MAY BE RIGHT, UNLESS I CAN...
WHY NOT?! I'LL PROBABLY ONLY BREAK MY FIST, BUT I HAVE TO DO SOMETHING!
WITH APOLOGIES TO BOGEY HERE'S LOOKING AT YOU, KID!

I WAS RIGHT! I THINK I BROKE MY FIST!
AND IT DIDN'T HAVE ANY EFFECT ON HIM! HE'S GETTING READY TO CHARGE AGAIN!
DON'T THINK I CAN MANAGE ANOTHER FLIP, BUT WHAT CHOICE DO I HAVE...
...BUT TO GIVE IT THE OLD COLLEGE TRY!
MADE IT, BUT I SHUDDER TO THINK WHAT'LL HAPPEN IF HE HITS ME LIKE HE HIT THAT CAR!
AND THAT ONE ALMOST FINISHED ME...SO I CAN HARDLY MOVE!
HAVE TO THINK FAST, BUT THE PAIN'S TOO GREAT... CAN'T THINK CLEARLY!
THE BILLY-CLUB! IT'S A LONG SHOT...
...BUT IF IT FAILS, SCRATCH ONE HORN-HEADED HERO!


GOT HIS FOOT WITH THE CABLE! NOW TO YANK WITH ALL I'VE GOT...
...AND PRAY THE CABLE HOLDS!
WHOOM!
GOT HIM! HURLED HIM RIGHT INTO THE SIDE OF THE BUILDING!
THEN, AS A SOLEMN CROWD GATHERS AND SMOKE FROM THE DEBRIS BEGINS TO FADE AWAY...
...AN EERIE TRANSFORMATION TAKES PLACE...
--AS THE HAIR AND HORNS OF THE MAN-BULL ARE REPLACED BY THE NORMAL FEATURES OF AN ORDINARY MAN NAMED BULL!
HE WON'T BE BOTHERING YOU ANY MORE, GEORGE... SO I GUESS WE CAN HEAD BACK TO MURDOCK'S!
YOU MEAN WE CAN STILL CRASH THERE... AFTER ALL THE TROUBLE WE CAUSED YOU?!
DON'T YOU DIG IT, GEORGE?! THE MAN'S OUR FRIEND ... PLAIN AND SIMPLE!
GEORGE... GEORGE ALEC! HEY, MAN, I BEEN LOOKIN' FOR YOU!
GARDNER!
LOOK, LIKE THIS IS THE GUY WE CAME TO STAY WITH... SO, LIKE THANKS!
THERE THEY GO... THE LOVE GENERATION! JUST HOPE THEY MEET UP WITH MORE LOVABLE TYPES FROM NOW ON!
AND SPEAKING OF LOVE, I BETTER APPLY SOME TO THESE RIBS!
NEXT ISH! THE MYSTERY OF MR. KLINE!

DARE-DEVIL
80
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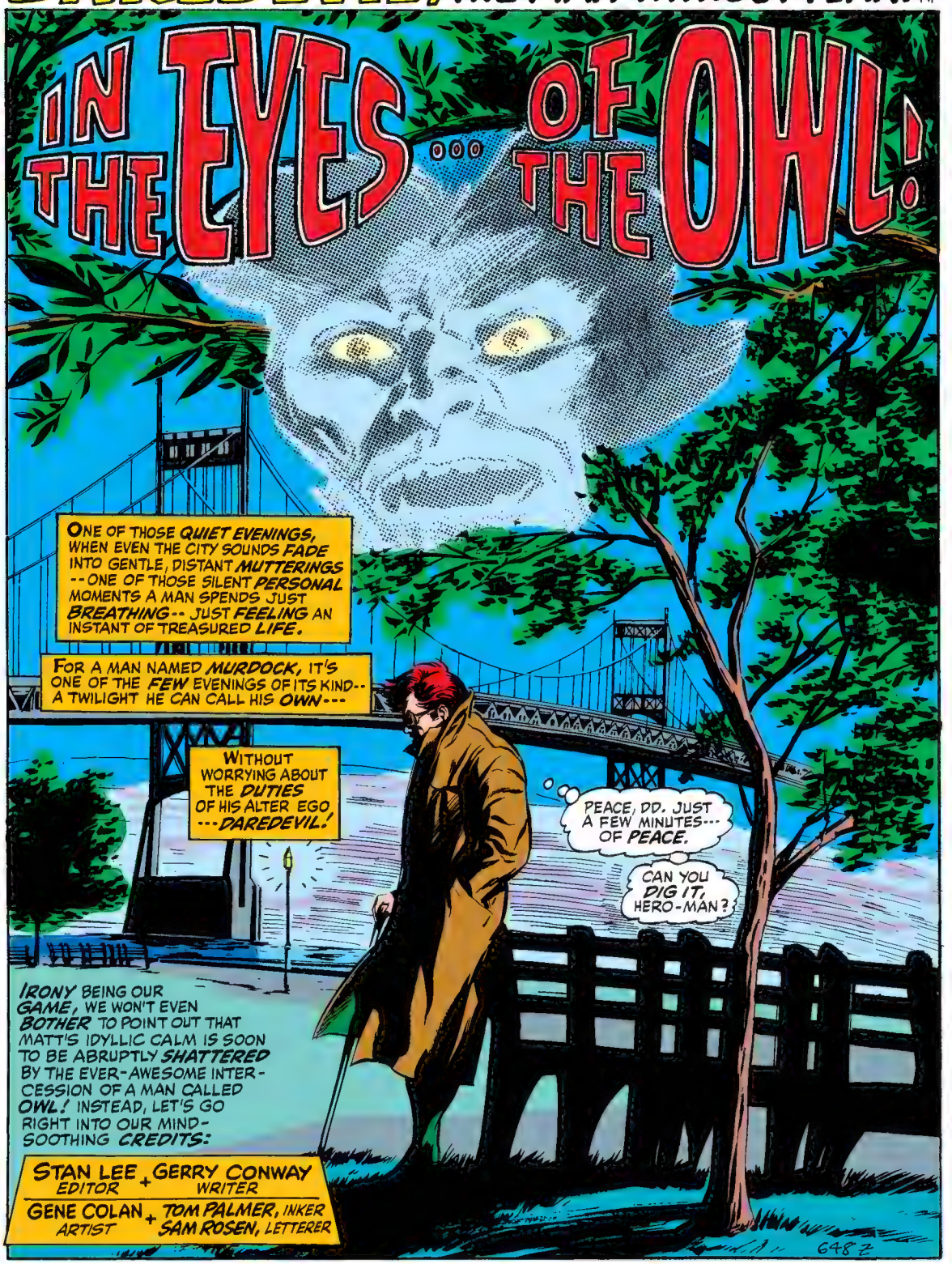
STILL 15¢
DAREDEVIL™
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
BACK BY READER DEMAND! THE OMINOUS OWL!
MARVEL COMICS GROUP

DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™


IN THE EYES... OF THE OWL!
ONE OF THOSE QUIET EVENINGS, WHEN EVEN THE CITY SOUNDS FADE INTO GENTLE, DISTANT MUTTERINGS -- ONE OF THOSE SILENT PERSONAL MOMENTS A MAN SPENDS JUST BREATHING -- JUST FEELING AN INSTANT OF TREASURED LIFE.
FOR A MAN NAMED MURDOCK, IT'S ONE OF THE FEW EVENINGS OF ITS KIND -- A TWILIGHT HE CAN CALL HIS OWN ---
WITHOUT WORRYING ABOUT THE DUTIES OF HIS ALTER EGO, ---DAREDEVIL!
PEACE, DD. JUST A FEW MINUTES--- OF PEACE.
CAN YOU DIG IT, HERO-MAN?
IRONY BEING OUR GAME, WE WON'T EVEN BOTHER TO POINT OUT THAT MATT'S IDYLLIC CALM IS SOON TO BE ABRUPTLY SHATTERED BY THE EVER-AWESOME INTERCESSION OF A MAN CALLED OWL! INSTEAD, LET'S GO RIGHT INTO OUR MIND-SOOTHING CREDITS:
STAN LEE EDITOR + GERRY CONWAY WRITER
GENE COLAN ARTIST + TOM PALMER, INKER SAM ROSEN, LETTERER
6482

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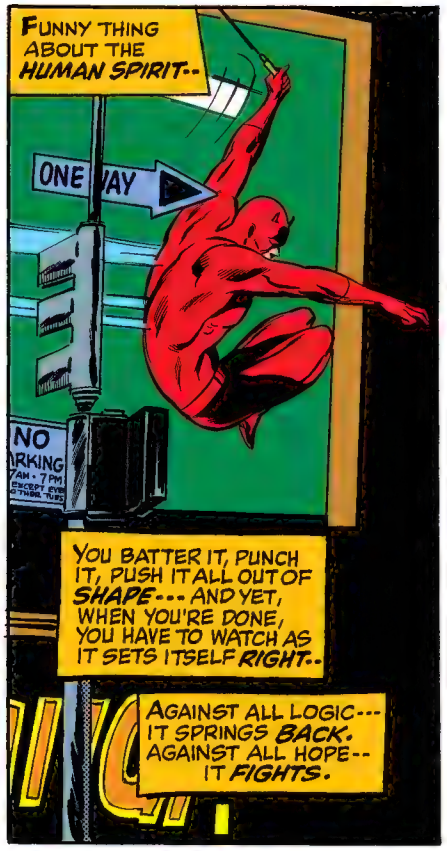
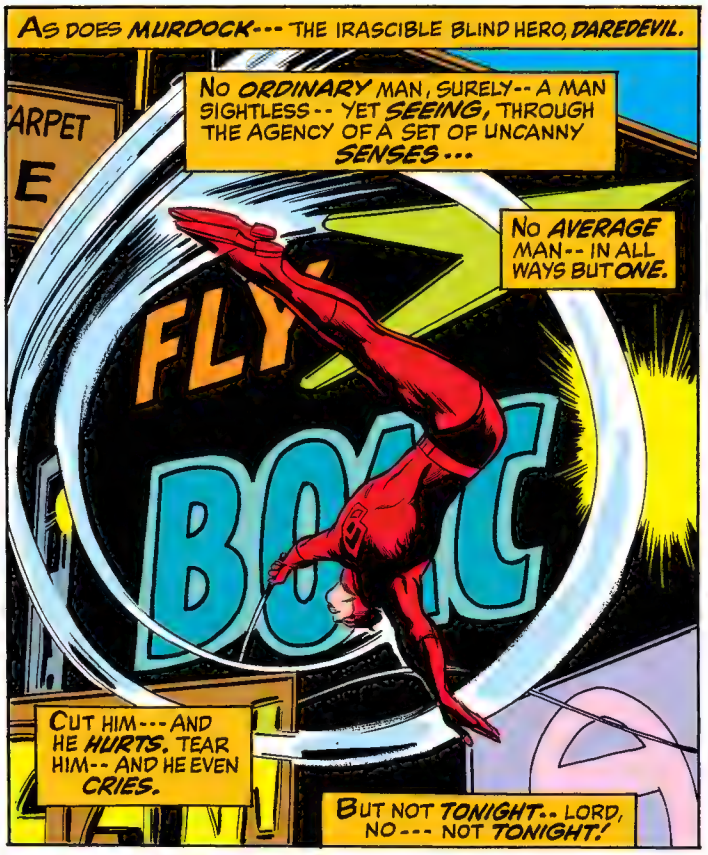
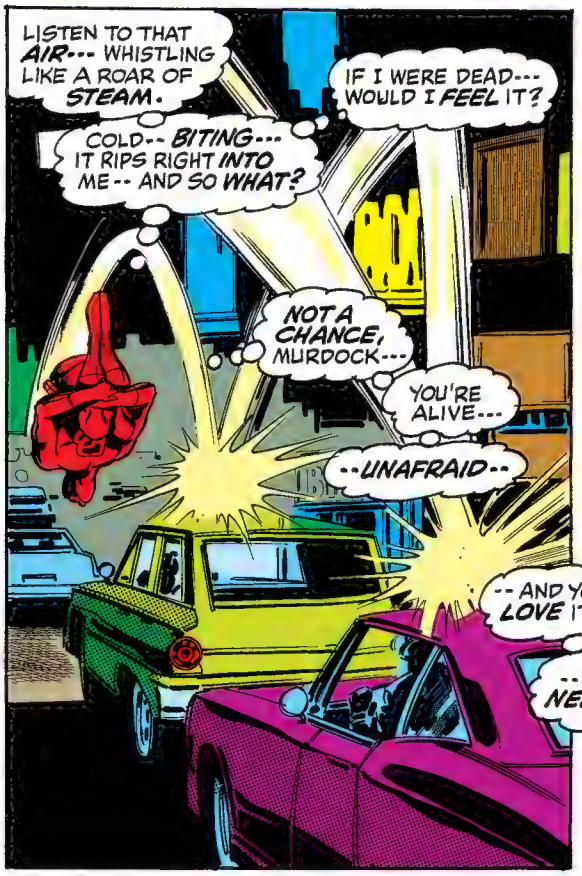
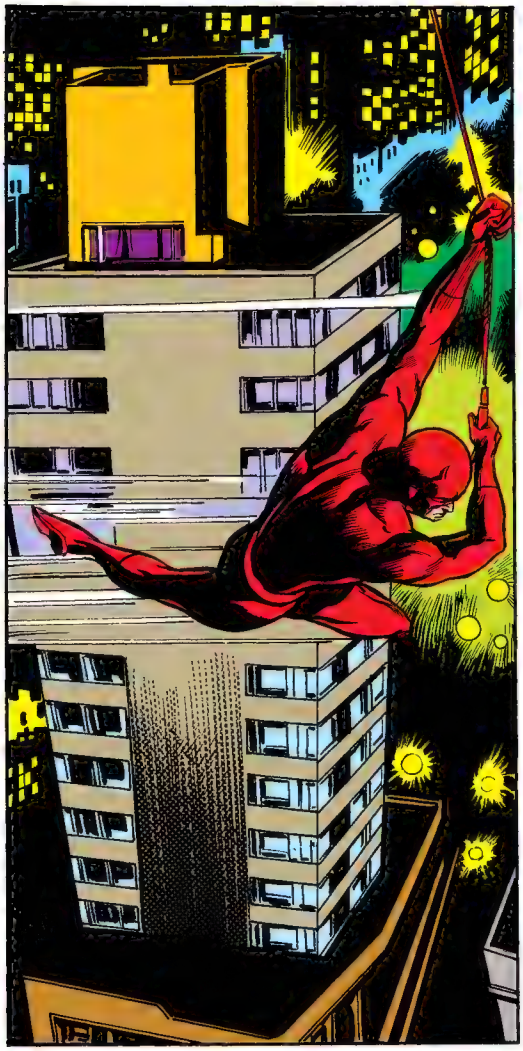
NO WORRIES--- NOT A ONE!
IT'S BEEN THE KIND OF DAY--THAT MAKES YOU FORGET ALL THE OTHERS.
MAYBE I'VE REALIZED SOMETHING---
---MAYBE I DON'T REALLY LOVE KAREN, AFTER ALL!
ALL THIS ADOLESCENT MOONING-- ISN'T IT JUST-- A WAY TO PUNISH MYSELF--?
PUNISH MYSELF-- FOR FAILING TO BE THE MAN SHE WANTED?
FORGET IT! MATTHEW, OLD SON, YOU'RE FEELING GOOD--
---AND IT'S A FEELING YOU WANT TO FEED---
SOOOO--!
USUALLY I DO THIS WHEN I'M DOWN--
WHEN I'M WORRYING--
OR--- HURTING A BIT-- INSIDE.
BUT NOT TONIGHT, DD!
THE FIRST WARM DAY OF SPRING--- A MEAL EVEN A GRAHAM KERR COULD FILL ON---
--AND YOU'RE SWINGING, HERO---
YOU'RE INTO IT.
SOMETIMES--- YOU JUST CAN'T STAY DOWN.
SOMETHING HAS TO BUOY YOU UP-- LIKE A CORK FLOAT.
MAYBE IT WON'T LAST!
MAYBE IN AN HOUR, I'LL BE BLEEDING AGAIN.
SURE. MAYBE IN AN HOUR I'LL BE DEAD---
POINT BEING: MATTHEW, YOU JUST DON'T CARE!
YOU'RE HAPPY. YOU'RE ALIVE.
AND YOU'RE LIVIN'!

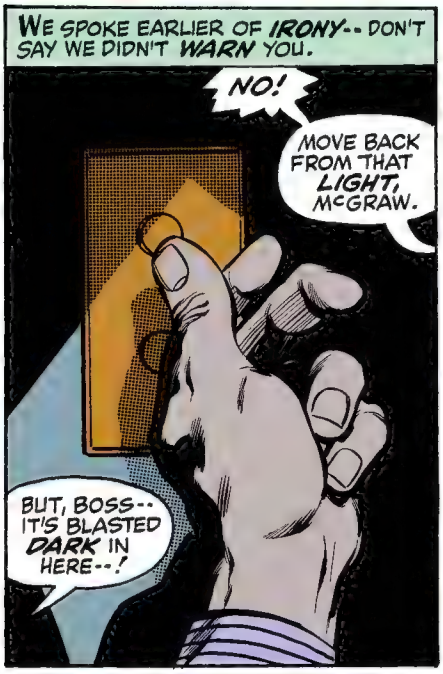

FUNNY THING ABOUT THE HUMAN SPIRIT--
ONE WAY
NO
YOU BATTER IT, PUNCH IT, PUSH IT ALL OUT OF SHAPE--- AND YET, WHEN YOU'RE DONE, YOU HAVE TO WATCH AS IT SETS ITSELF RIGHT--
AGAINST ALL LOGIC--- IT SPRINGS BACK. AGAINST ALL HOPE-- IT FIGHTS.


AS DOES MURDOCK--- THE IRASCIBLE BLIND HERO, DAREDEVIL.
NO ORDINARY MAN, SURELY-- A MAN SIGHTLESS-- YET SEEING, THROUGH THE AGENCY OF A SET OF UNCANNY SENSES ---
NO AVERAGE MAN-- IN ALL WAYS BUT ONE.
CUT HIM--- AND HE HURTS. TEAR HIM-- AND HE EVEN CRIES.
BUT NOT TONIGHT-- LORD, NO--- NOT TONIGHT!


LISTEN TO THAT AIR--- WHISTLING LIKE A ROAR OF STEAM.
IF I WERE DEAD--- WOULD I FEEL IT?
COLD-- BITING--- IT RIPS RIGHT INTO ME-- AND SO WHAT?
NOT A CHANCE, MURDOCK---
YOU'RE ALIVE---
--UNAFRAID--
-- AND YOU LOVE IT---
--YOU NEED IT--
YOU KNOW YOU DO!



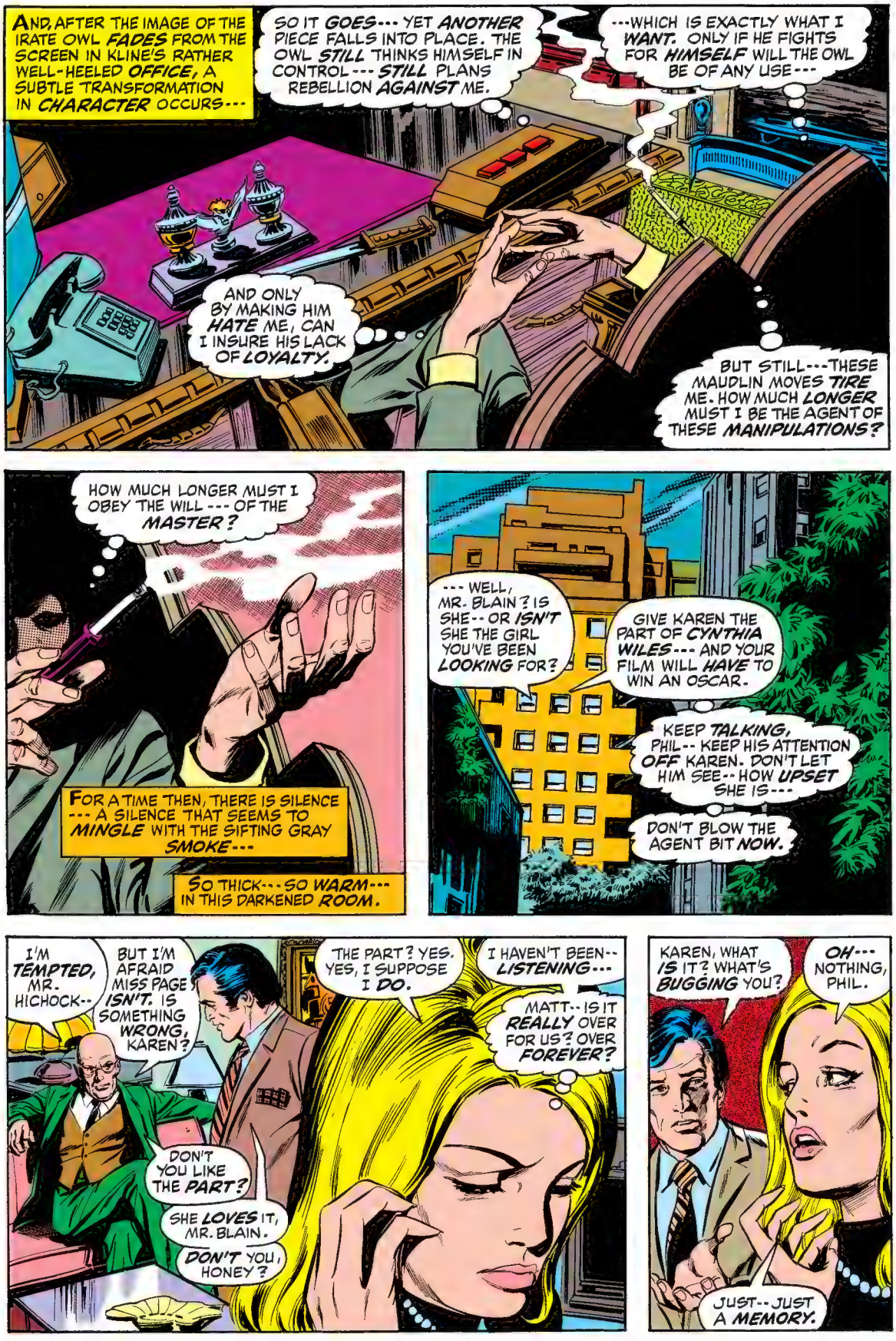
EASY, HERO. DON'T LOOK SLIGHTLY WEST. DON'T TURN THAT UN-CLUTTERED HEAD---
BUT--EVEN IF YOU DID---
---WOULD YOU UNDERSTAND THE MEANING OF WHAT YOU SAW?


WE SPOKE EARLIER OF IRONY-- DON'T SAY WE DIDN'T WARN YOU.
NO!
MOVE BACK FROM THAT LIGHT, McGRAW.
BUT, BOSS-- IT'S BLASTED DARK IN HERE--!

YOU WERE HIRED FOR YOUR SERVICE, McGRAW---
--NOT FOR YOUR PERCEPTIVE QUALITIES. IN THIS PLACE--- MINE IS THE JUDGEMENT THAT COUNTS.
YOU FORGET, PERHAPS, WHO I AM-- WHAT I AM.
ALWAYS REMEMBER, FOOL---

-- I AM THE OWL!
WHATEVER POWER MAY BE MINE-- IS MINE BECAUSE I KNOW MY STRENGTHS ---AND MY WEAK-NESSES!
ALWAYS, I DEAL BENEATH THE CON-CEALING CLOAK OF NIGHT---
AND ALWAYS -- THE OWL WINS!
SINCE MY DAYS AS A WALL STREET FINANCIER--- TO THOSE GLORIOUS EVES WHEN I SWOOPED BENEATH A GOLDEN MOON---
I HAVE ALWAYS JUDGED MY POWER-- AND BEEN RIGHT!
THAT IS WHY I CONTROL--- AND YOU OBEY.
WITHIN THE GLISTENING CONFINES OF HIS NEW EYRIE, THERE ECHOES THE VOICE OF THE MAN CALLED OWL-- A SOFT VOICE, TINGED WITH THE VIBRANT QUALITIES OF AN IRON-MUSCLED CHEST--- THE VOICE OF A STRONG MAN-- THE VOICE OF A STRANGE ONE---
THE VOICE-- OF THE OWL.

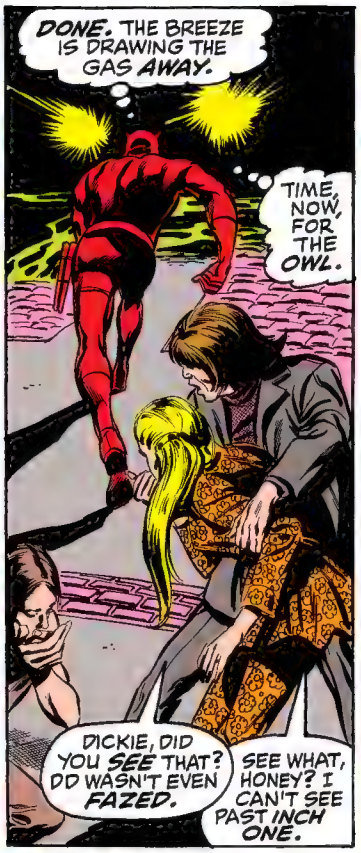
OKAY, BOSS-- OKAY. I GET THE IDEA.
SHEESH-- DO YA HAVE TO MAKE EVERY-THIN' A BLASTED SPEECH?
ENOUGH.
I SUFFER YOUR INANITIES FOR ONLY A MOMENT, FRIEND---
AND THEN I MUST TURN-- TO MORE MEANINGFUL THINGS.
FOR IT IS TIME--- FOR MY REPORT.
CLICK!
OWL! YOU'RE ALMOST TWENTY-THREE SECONDS LATE.
HAVE YOU ALREADY FORGOTTEN? EVERYTHING MUST FOLLOW THE STRICTEST OF SCHEDULES-- THE MOST DELI-CATE OF PLANS--
YOU WERE FREED FROM PRISON FOR A PURPOSE... MINE. HOW CLOSE ARE YOU TO ACHIEVING OUR GOAL?
QUITE CLOSE ENOUGH, MISTER KLINE.
MY FRIEND, YOUR ATTITUDE IS DEPLORABLE.
MY-- ORGANIZATION ---HAS GONE TO GREAT EXPENSE ON YOUR ACCOUNT---
AND IN RETURN, YOU'RE TO BRING US DAREDEVIL. YOU DO RECALL THAT, DON'T YOU, OWL?
YES, KLINE, AND I'VE TOLD YOU--- EVERYTHING GOES ACCORDING TO PLAN.
THIS EVENING I STRIKE--AND BEFORE COMES THE DAWN--- DAREDEVIL WILL BE MINE!
I CERTAINLY HOPE SO, OWL. YOUR REPUTATION AS A FREE AGENT PRECEDES YOU---
-- AND IT'S A REPUTATION I HOPE ISN'T SERVED BY THE REALITY!
YOU'RE OUR MAN NOW, OWL.
FOR THE DURATION OF THIS GAME--- YOU ACT IN OUR INTERESTS--- NOT YOUR OWN.
CONSIDER THIS MAN-- A STRONG MAN-- AN INDEPENDENT ONE---
-- FOR NOW I'LL PLAY YOUR PETTY POWER-GAME, KLINE!
I-- UNDER-STAND.
BUT IF YOU KNOW ANYTHING OF THIS MIND YOU SEEK TO ENSLAVE--- BEWARE, MISTER KLINE-- BEWARE!


AND, AFTER THE IMAGE OF THE IRATE OWL FADES FROM THE SCREEN IN KLINE'S RATHER WELL-HEELED OFFICE, A SUBTLE TRANSFORMATION IN CHARACTER OCCURS---
SO IT GOES--- YET ANOTHER PIECE FALLS INTO PLACE. THE OWL STILL THINKS HIMSELF IN CONTROL--- STILL PLANS REBELLION AGAINST ME.
---WHICH IS EXACTLY WHAT I WANT. ONLY IF HE FIGHTS FOR HIMSELF WILL THE OWL BE OF ANY USE---
AND ONLY BY MAKING HIM HATE ME, CAN I INSURE HIS LACK OF LOYALTY.
BUT STILL---THESE MAUDLIN MOVES TIRE ME. HOW MUCH LONGER MUST I BE THE AGENT OF THESE MANIPULATIONS?
HOW MUCH LONGER MUST I OBEY THE WILL --- OF THE MASTER?
FOR A TIME THEN, THERE IS SILENCE --- A SILENCE THAT SEEMS TO MINGLE WITH THE SIFTING GRAY SMOKE---
SO THICK--- SO WARM--- IN THIS DARKENED ROOM.
--- WELL, MR. BLAIN? IS SHE-- OR ISN'T SHE THE GIRL YOU'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR?
GIVE KAREN THE PART OF CYNTHIA WILES--- AND YOUR FILM WILL HAVE TO WIN AN OSCAR.
KEEP TALKING, PHIL-- KEEP HIS ATTENTION OFF KAREN. DON'T LET HIM SEE-- HOW UPSET SHE IS---
DON'T BLOW THE AGENT BIT NOW.
I'M TEMPTED, MR. HICHOCK--
BUT I'M AFRAID MISS PAGE ISN'T. IS SOMETHING WRONG, KAREN?
THE PART? YES. YES, I SUPPOSE I DO.
I HAVEN'T BEEN-- LISTENING---
MATT-- IS IT REALLY OVER FOR US? OVER FOREVER?
DON'T YOU LIKE THE PART?
SHE LOVES IT, MR. BLAIN.
DON'T YOU, HONEY?
KAREN, WHAT IS IT? WHAT'S BUGGING YOU?
OH--- NOTHING, PHIL.
JUST-- JUST A MEMORY.

WHAT OF THE CAUSE OF THAT MEMORY? WHAT OF THE MAN NAMED MURDOCK--THE MAN ALSO KNOWN AS--- DAREDEVIL?
IF WE COULD BUT SHIFT OUR ATTENTION SO QUICKLY-- WE'D FIND HIM STRIDING ACROSS A DARK-TARRED ROOF-TOP-- HIS THOUGHTS FAR FROM THE SOUL-SEARCHING KAREN PAGE---
IF WE COULD DO THAT, WE'D SEE---
--SOMETHING IN THE SKY-- APPROACHING THE MIDTOWN AREA!
IT'S LIKE A BLOTCH OF CHURNING RED IN MY RADAR SENSES---
CAREFUL, HERO -- DON'T GET UPTIGHT.
EVEN A SIGHTED MAN WOULD BE ALMOST BLIND IN THIS DARK-NESS---
SWIKA
SWIKA
SWIKA
MAYBE ALL HE'D SEE WOULD BE A PAIR OF GLOWING HEADLIGHTS---
--AND ALL HE'D HEAR--- WOULD BE THE WHIRRING OF CHOPPING BLADES---
AND MAYBE NOW-- MAYBE ONLY NOW-- HE'D BE ABLE TO TELL WHAT YOU ALREADY KNOW---
SWIKA
SWIKA
THAT BABY UP THERE'S A HELICOPTER---
---WITH THE MARKINGS OF THE OWL!

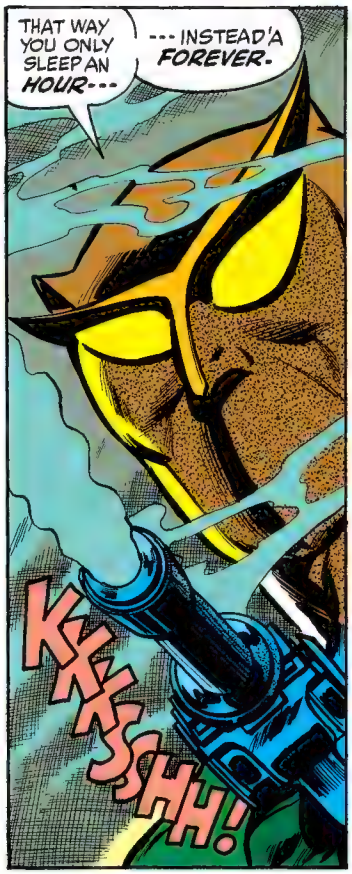
IF ANYTHING CAN TOP OFF A FAIRLY PERFECT EVENING---
FIGHTING AN OLD SPARRING-PARTNER FITS THE BILL!
UH-UNH! WATCH YOURSELF, MATTHEW--- THERE'S A NOTE OF UNWORTHY VICIOUS-NESS IN YOUR EVER-LOVIN' TONE!
AND IT JUST WOULDN'T DO FOR A PUSSYCAT LIKE YOUR-SELF TO GET EMBROILED IN A GRUDGE-FIGHT.
THE CONCERNS OF ONE MAN'S RATIONALIZATION ARE NOT CON-CERNS OF OURS--- RATHER, LET'S SWING DOWN TO STREET LEVEL-- WHERE SOMETHING A TOUCH MORE VISUAL IS ABOUT TO OCCUR--!
WITH A CLATTER OF STRAIN-ING STEEL, THE GIANT BIRD SETTLES LIKE A FALLING AUTUMN LEAF-- DOORS SLIDE OPEN, AND A HORDE OF COSTUMED MEN POUR FORTH--
CLEO-- THIS IS WHAT YOU CALL "FUN CITY"?
MAYBE I SHOULDA STAYED IN CLEVELAND. FIRST THE VILLAGE-- AND NOW THIS!
IT'S ENOUGH TO TURN A FELLA PARANOID!
IGNORE THEM, JOHNNY---
IT'S PROBABLY JUST ANOTHER RIOT!
RIOT OR NOT-- THERE'S DEFINITELY SOMETHING COMING OFF-- AS---
DARE-DEVIL!
WE'VE ORDERS ABOUT YOU, HORN-HEAD--!
PUT YOUR WHOLE BODY INTO IT THAT TIME, HERO--
REAL BRAINS --CHARGING RIGHT INTO A FRAY---!
SOME SORT OF BLINDING GAS--!
BELIEVE ME-- IT'S A PLEASURE.
FORGET HIM FOR NOW, CLIFF---
WE'VE STILL GOT WORK TO DO!
RIGHT. THAT GAS'LL HOLD HIM FOR AT LEAST AN HOUR!
--AND BY THAT TIME-- THE BOSS'LL WANTA HANDLE THAT CREEP ALL BY HIM-SELF!
LET'S MOVE IT!
SENSES TELL ME-- PEOPLE DROPPING-- LIKE DDT'D FLIES!
GOT TO STAY UP...!

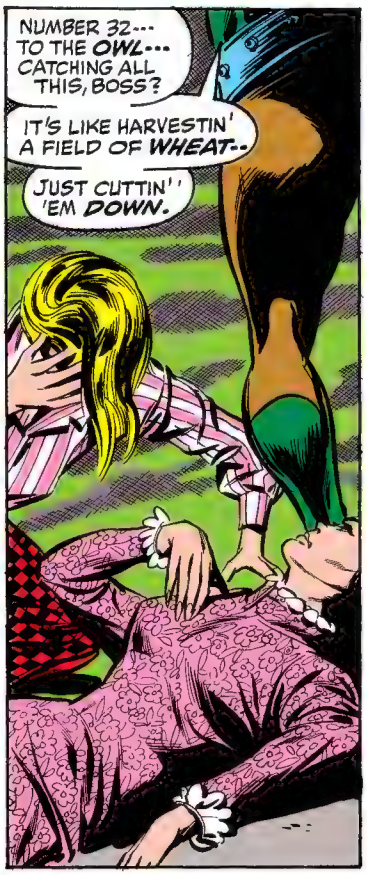
BUT SOMETIMES THE WISH ISN'T FOLLOWED BY THE ACT--- AND, SO, OUR STALWART HERO FINDS HIMSELF STRUGGLING-- AGAINST EYE-STINGING FUMES--
STEADY, LAWMAN--- THIS STUFF CAN'T REALLY BLIND YOU---
BUT IT SURE WON'T DO YOUR SINUSES A WHOLE LOT OF JOY IF YOU LET IT IN--!
FEEL A WIND-- FROM THE EAST--- HOLD THAT BREATHING JUST A MOMENT LONGER!

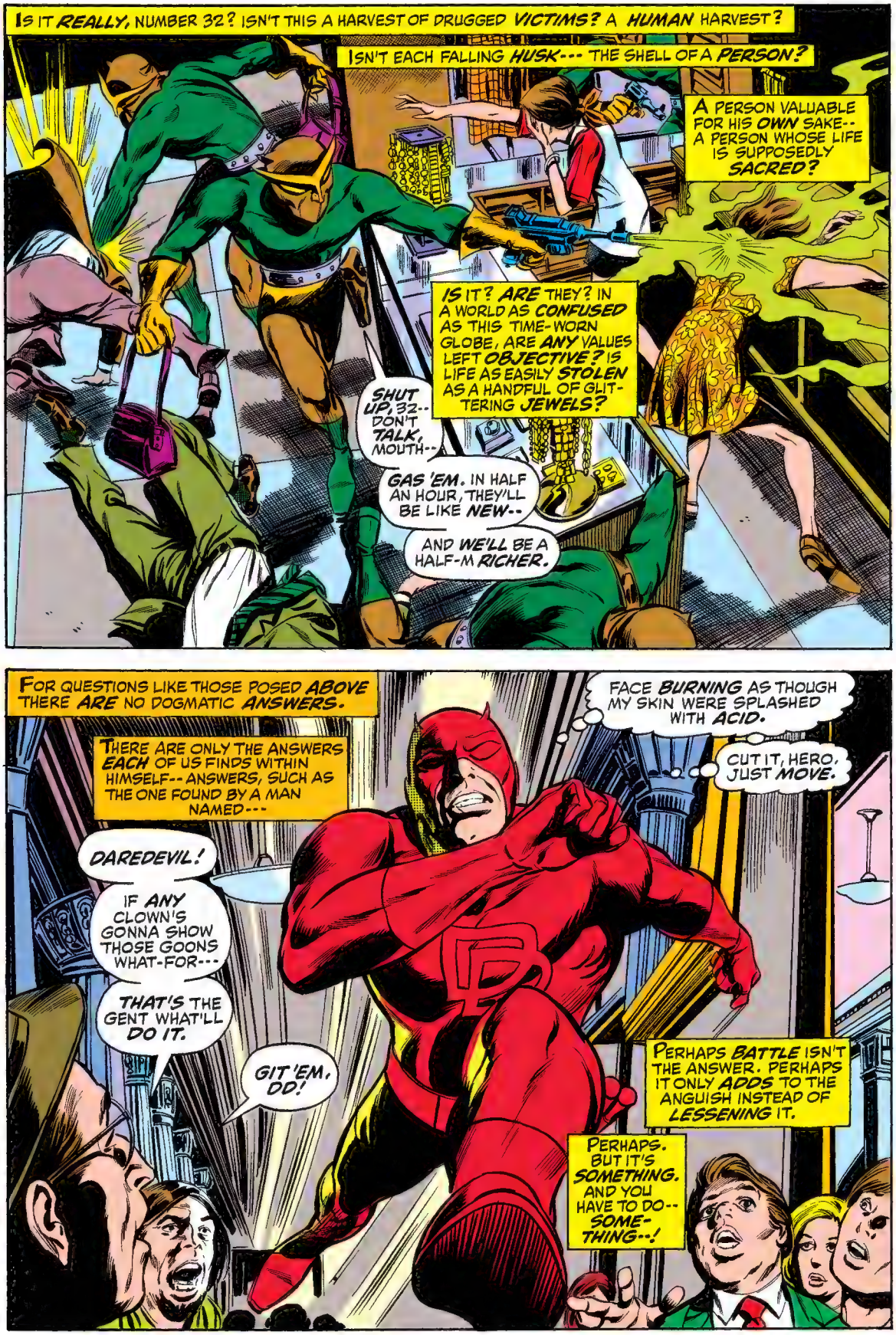

DONE. THE BREEZE IS DRAWING THE GAS AWAY.
TIME, NOW, FOR THE OWL.
DICKIE, DID YOU SEE THAT? DD WASN'T EVEN FAZED.
SEE WHAT, HONEY? I CAN'T SEE PAST INCH ONE.

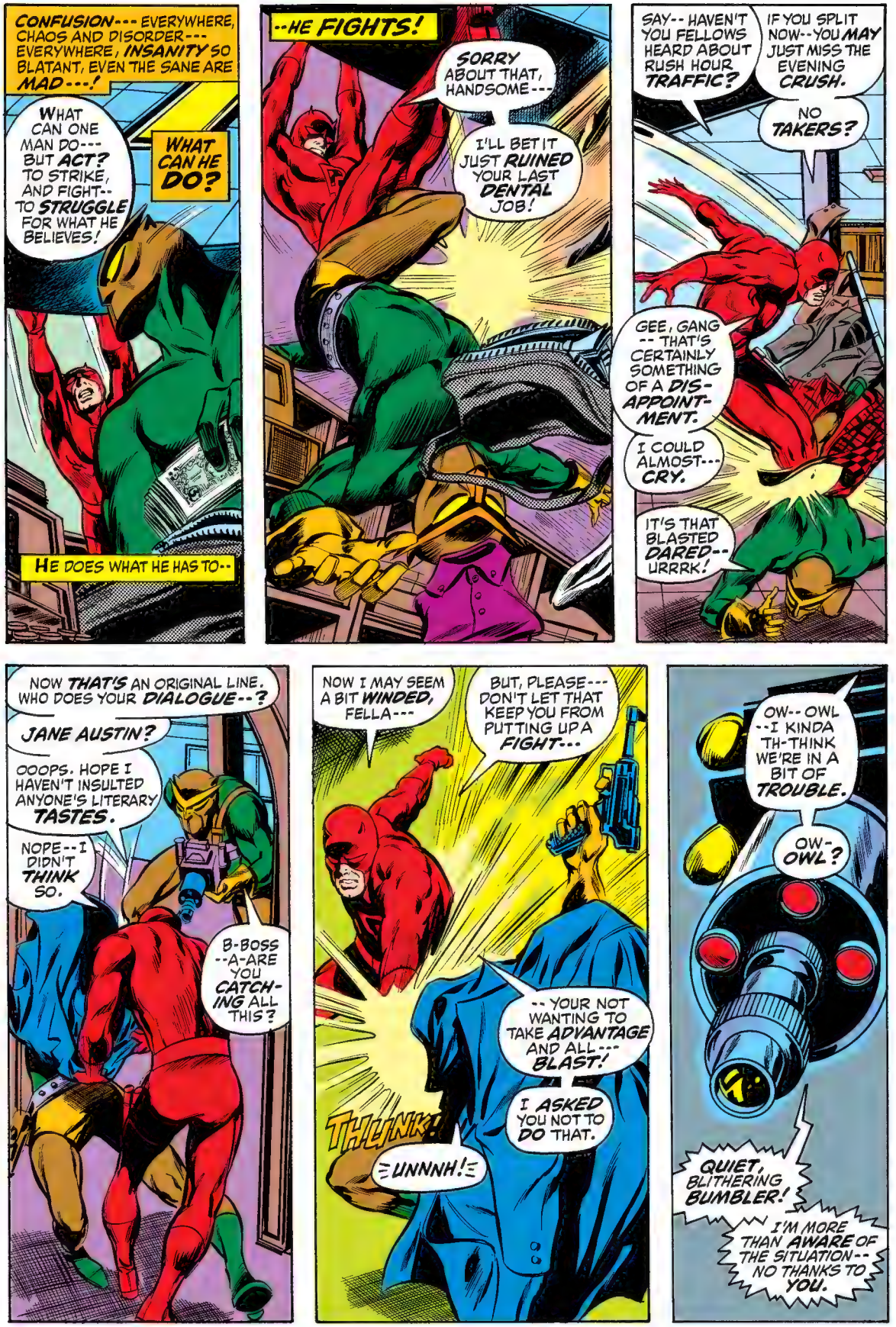
HOW CAN YOU BLIND A BLIND MAN? NO WAY, OWL-- BUT YOU WOULDN'T KNOW THAT, WOULD YOU?
YOU'RE OBLIVIOUS TO ALL BUT THE SCENE ON YOUR TV SCREEN--!
NUMBER 32--- KEEP THAT CAMERA PANNING, FOOL!
SMOOTHLY, SMOOTHLY--- ALL FALLS NEATLY INTO PLACE. WHEN THIS MISSION IS OVER---
DAREDEVIL WILL BE MINE!
"MISSION?" BUT YOU'RE ON ASSIGNMENT, OWL-- NOT FREE-LANCE --- TELL US--

JUST HOW DOES THE LOOTING OF A MIDTOWN DEPARTMENT STORE FIT INTO THE OVERPLAN OF A MAN CALLED KLINE?
IMAGINE, HARTFORD-- A FLOOR FASHION SHOW HELD WITHOUT OUR CONSENT--!
FRANKLY, SILVIA-- I DON'T THINK--
RIGHT, FRIEND -- YOU DON'T THINK.

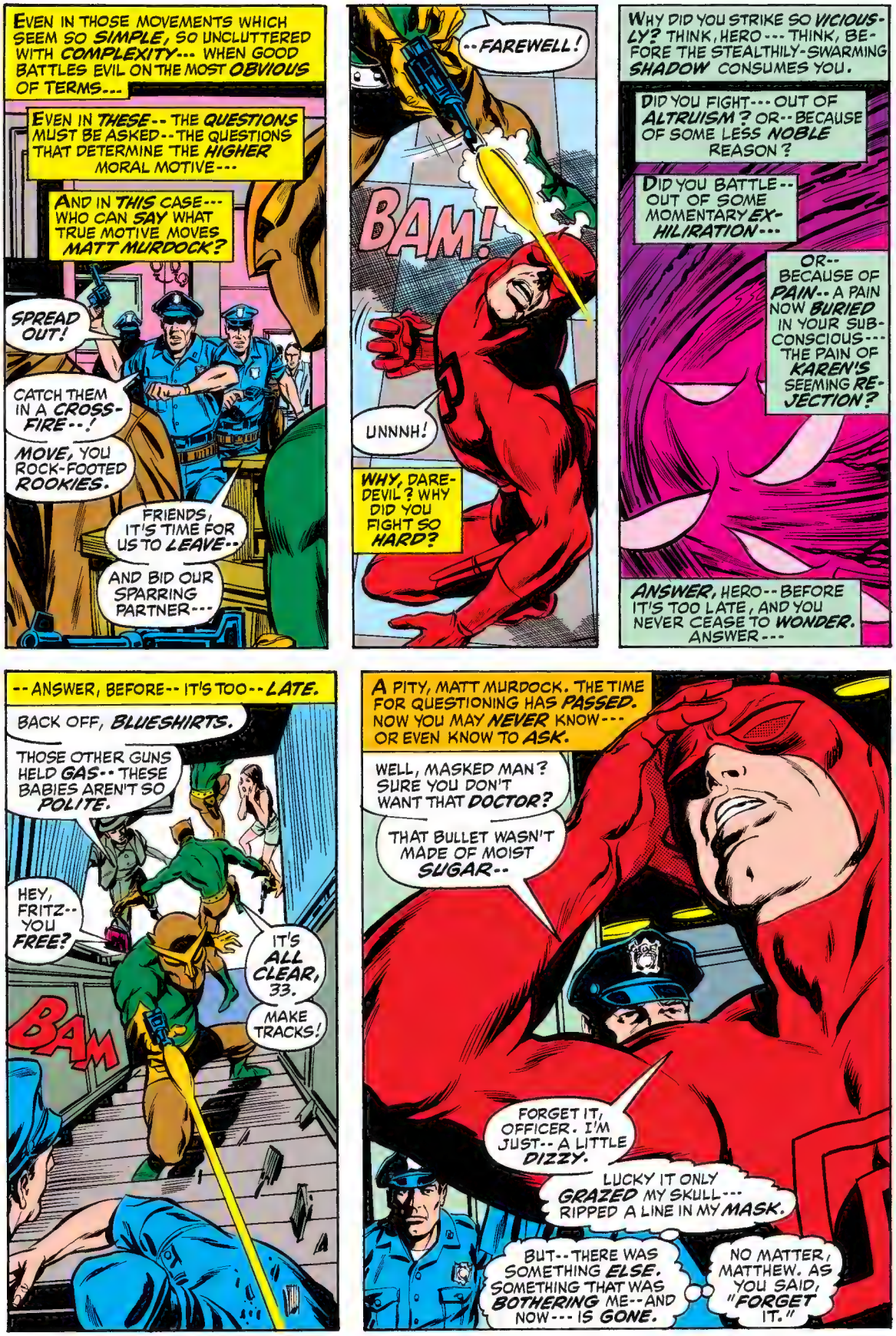

THAT WAY YOU ONLY SLEEP AN HOUR---
--- INSTEAD'A FOREVER.
KKKSSHH!

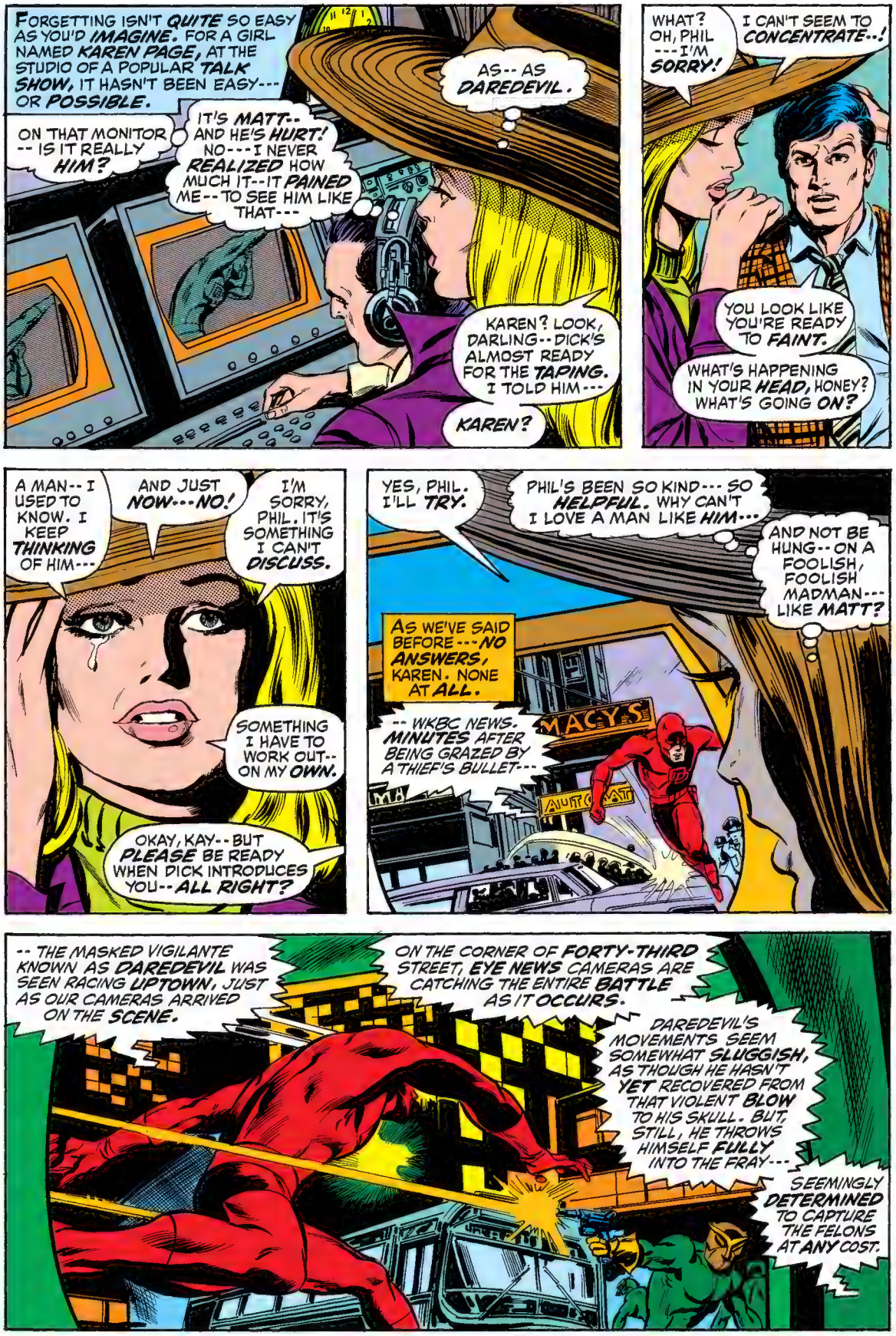

NUMBER 32--- TO THE OWL--- CATCHING ALL THIS, BOSS?
IT'S LIKE HARVESTIN' A FIELD OF WHEAT--
JUST CUTTIN'' 'EM DOWN.

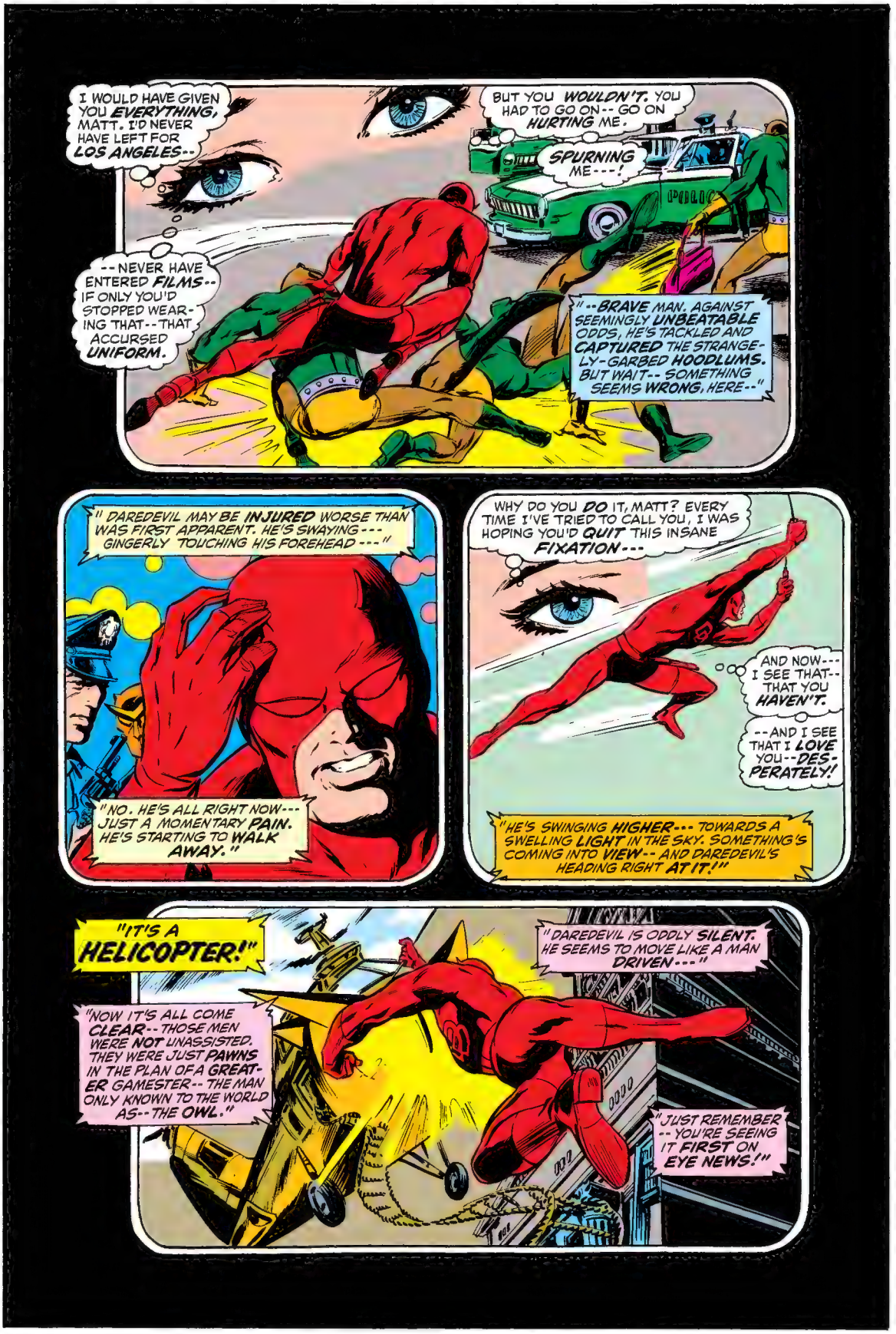

IS IT REALLY, NUMBER 32? ISN'T THIS A HARVEST OF DRUGGED VICTIMS? A HUMAN HARVEST?
ISN'T EACH FALLING HUSK--- THE SHELL OF A PERSON?
A PERSON VALUABLE FOR HIS OWN SAKE-- A PERSON WHOSE LIFE IS SUPPOSEDLY SACRED?
IS IT? ARE THEY? IN A WORLD AS CONFUSED AS THIS TIME-WORN GLOBE, ARE ANY VALUES LEFT OBJECTIVE? IS LIFE AS EASILY STOLEN AS A HANDFUL OF GLITTERING JEWELS?
SHUT UP, 32-- DON'T TALK, MOUTH--
GAS 'EM. IN HALF AN HOUR, THEY'LL BE LIKE NEW--
AND WE'LL BE A HALF-M RICHER.
FOR QUESTIONS LIKE THOSE POSED ABOVE THERE ARE NO DOGMATIC ANSWERS.
THERE ARE ONLY THE ANSWERS EACH OF US FINDS WITHIN HIMSELF-- ANSWERS, SUCH AS THE ONE FOUND BY A MAN NAMED---
DAREDEVIL!
IF ANY CLOWN'S GONNA SHOW THOSE GOONS WHAT-FOR---
THAT'S THE GENT WHAT'LL DO IT.
GIT 'EM, DD!
FACE BURNING AS THOUGH MY SKIN WERE SPLASHED WITH ACID.
CUT IT, HERO, JUST MOVE.
PERHAPS BATTLE ISN'T THE ANSWER. PERHAPS IT ONLY ADDS TO THE ANGUISH INSTEAD OF LESSENING IT.
PERHAPS. BUT IT'S SOMETHING. AND YOU HAVE TO DO-- SOMETHING--!

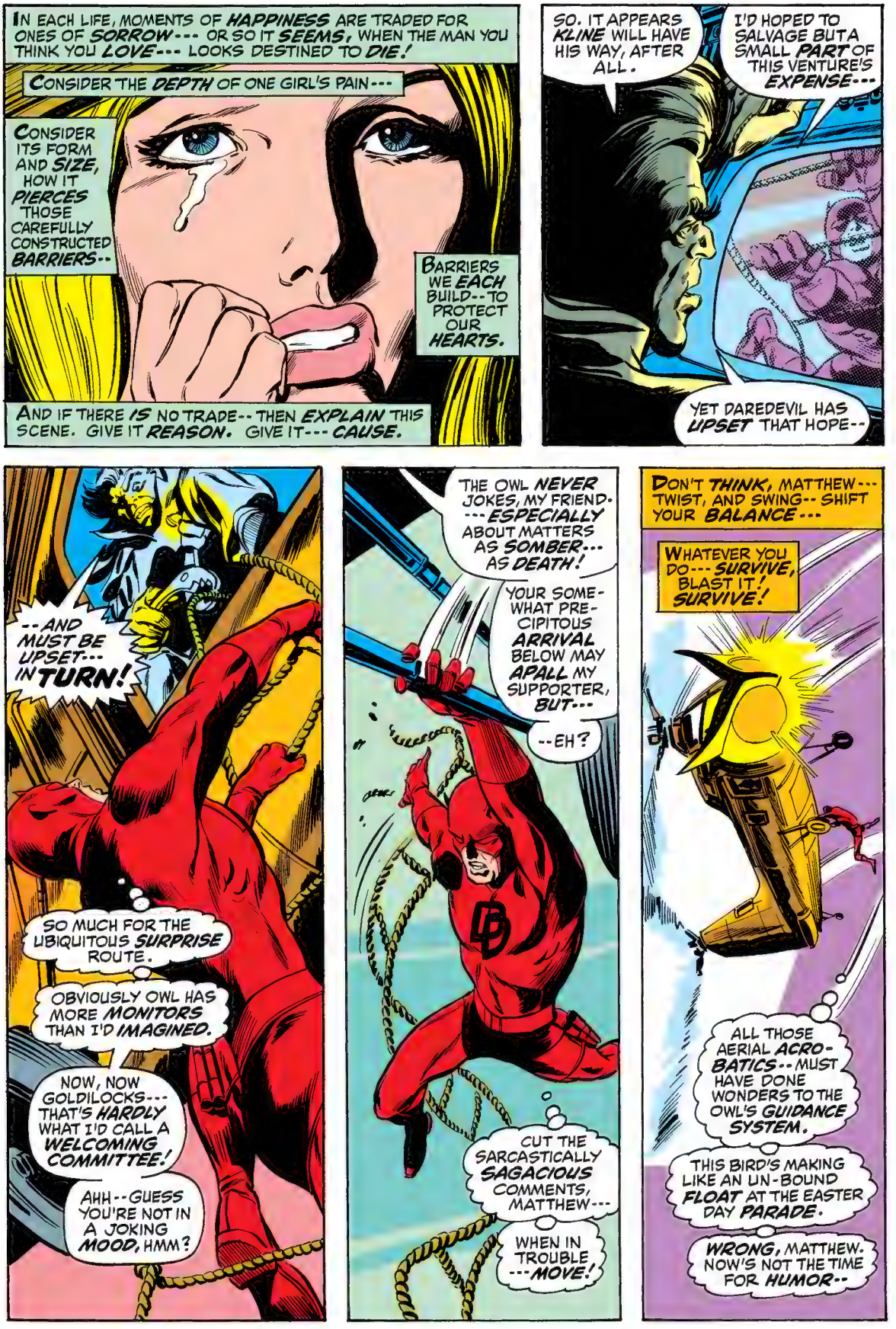

CONFUSION--- EVERYWHERE, CHAOS AND DISORDER--- EVERYWHERE, INSANITY SO BLATANT, EVEN THE SANE ARE MAD---!
WHAT CAN ONE MAN DO--- BUT ACT? TO STRIKE, AND FIGHT-- TO STRUGGLE FOR WHAT HE BELIEVES!
WHAT CAN HE DO?
HE DOES WHAT HE HAS TO--
--HE FIGHTS!
SORRY ABOUT THAT, HANDSOME---
I'LL BET IT JUST RUINED YOUR LAST DENTAL JOB!
SAY-- HAVEN'T YOU FELLOWS HEARD ABOUT RUSH HOUR TRAFFIC?
IF YOU SPLIT NOW--YOU MAY JUST MISS THE EVENING CRUSH.
NO TAKERS?
GEE, GANG -- THAT'S CERTAINLY SOMETHING OF A DIS-APPOINT-MENT.
I COULD ALMOST--- CRY.
IT'S THAT BLASTED DARED-- URRRK!
NOW THAT'S AN ORIGINAL LINE. WHO DOES YOUR DIALOGUE--?
JANE AUSTIN?
OOOPS. HOPE I HAVEN'T INSULTED ANYONE'S LITERARY TASTES.
NOPE--I DIDN'T THINK SO.
B-BOSS --A-ARE YOU CATCH-ING ALL THIS?
NOW I MAY SEEM A BIT WINDED, FELLA---
BUT, PLEASE--- DON'T LET THAT KEEP YOU FROM PUTTING UP A FIGHT---
-- YOUR NOT WANTING TO TAKE ADVANTAGE AND ALL--- BLAST!
I ASKED YOU NOT TO DO THAT.
THUNK!
=UNNNH!=
OW-- OWL --I KINDA TH-THINK WE'RE IN A BIT OF TROUBLE.
OW-- OWL?
QUIET, BLITHERING BUMBLER!
I'M MORE THAN AWARE OF THE SITUATION-- NO THANKS TO YOU.

WHY MUST I ALWAYS HAVE THE MOST INCOMPETENT OF ASSISTANTS?
THIS DAY SEEMS EMBROILED IN DISASTER!
STOP HIM, YOU IDIOTS--
STOP HIM!
YOUR LAST WORDS ARE LOST, OWL -- DROWNED IN THE FURY OF A SAVAGE BLOW. BUT YOU CAN GUESS THE CAUSE OF THAT SUDDEN DARKNESS ON YOUR MONITOR SCREEN, CAN'T YOU?
UNLESS I'VE JUST ABOUT COMPLETELY MISCALCULATED YOUR SPONSOR--
THAT LITTLE OL' TV CAMERA YOU'RE TOTING IS SUPPLYING THE OWL WITH INSTANT REPLAY!
WHOOMP!
AND THAT'S SOMETHING YOUR LOCAL MAN-WITHOUT-FEAR--- WILL HAVE TO--- STOP!
WHAT GIVES MEANING TO A MAN'S ACTIONS? THE MOTION -- THE CONTEXT -- OR THE INTENT?
INNOCENCE GIVES WAY TO GUILT---
FORCE BECOMES VIOLENCE---
ALL BECAUSE OF THAT SIMPLEST OF CONCEPTS--- INTENT!
RIGHT ON, HERO!
TOO MANY-- CAN'T TAKE ON ALL OF THEM--
HAVE TO GET A MOMENT'S BREATH--
HAVE TO---
SOMEHOW--
CHUNNK!
---BREAK FREE!

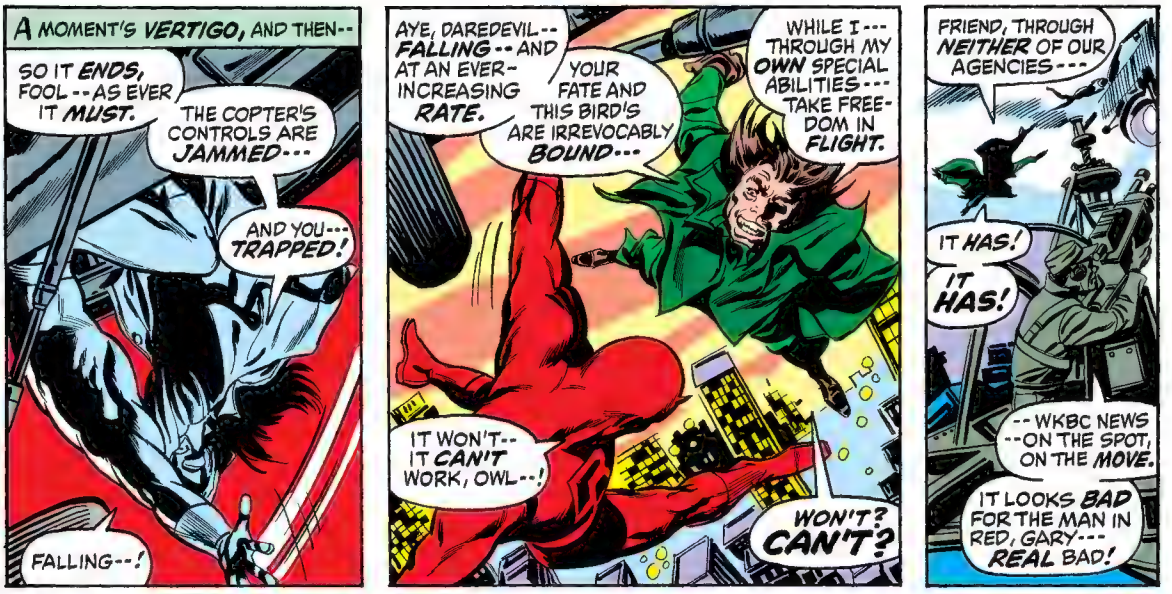

EVEN IN THOSE MOVEMENTS WHICH SEEM SO SIMPLE, SO UNCLUTTERED WITH COMPLEXITY--- WHEN GOOD BATTLES EVIL ON THE MOST OBVIOUS OF TERMS---
EVEN IN THESE-- THE QUESTIONS MUST BE ASKED--THE QUESTIONS THAT DETERMINE THE HIGHER MORAL MOTIVE---
AND IN THIS CASE--- WHO CAN SAY WHAT TRUE MOTIVE MOVES MATT MURDOCK?
SPREAD OUT!
CATCH THEM IN A CROSS-FIRE--!
MOVE, YOU ROCK-FOOTED ROOKIES.
FRIENDS, IT'S TIME FOR US TO LEAVE--
AND BID OUR SPARRING PARTNER---
--FAREWELL!
BAM!
UNNNH!
WHY, DAREDEVIL? WHY DID YOU FIGHT SO HARD?
WHY DID YOU STRIKE SO VICIOUSLY? THINK, HERO--- THINK, BEFORE THE STEALTHILY-SWARMING SHADOW CONSUMES YOU.
DID YOU FIGHT--- OUT OF ALTRUISM? OR--BECAUSE OF SOME LESS NOBLE REASON?
DID YOU BATTLE-- OUT OF SOME MOMENTARY EXHILIRATION---
OR-- BECAUSE OF PAIN-- A PAIN NOW BURIED IN YOUR SUBCONSCIOUS--- THE PAIN OF KAREN'S SEEMING REJECTION?
ANSWER, HERO--BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE, AND YOU NEVER CEASE TO WONDER. ANSWER---
--ANSWER, BEFORE-- IT'S TOO--LATE.
BACK OFF, BLUESHIRTS.
THOSE OTHER GUNS HELD GAS-- THESE BABIES AREN'T SO POLITE.
HEY, FRITZ-- YOU FREE?
IT'S ALL CLEAR, 33.
MAKE TRACKS!
BAM
A PITY, MATT MURDOCK. THE TIME FOR QUESTIONING HAS PASSED. NOW YOU MAY NEVER KNOW--- OR EVEN KNOW TO ASK.
WELL, MASKED MAN? SURE YOU DON'T WANT THAT DOCTOR?
THAT BULLET WASN'T MADE OF MOIST SUGAR--
FORGET IT, OFFICER. I'M JUST-- A LITTLE DIZZY.
LUCKY IT ONLY GRAZED MY SKULL--- RIPPED A LINE IN MY MASK.
BUT--THERE WAS SOMETHING ELSE. SOMETHING THAT WAS BOTHERING ME--AND NOW--- IS GONE.
NO MATTER, MATTHEW. AS YOU SAID, "FORGET IT."

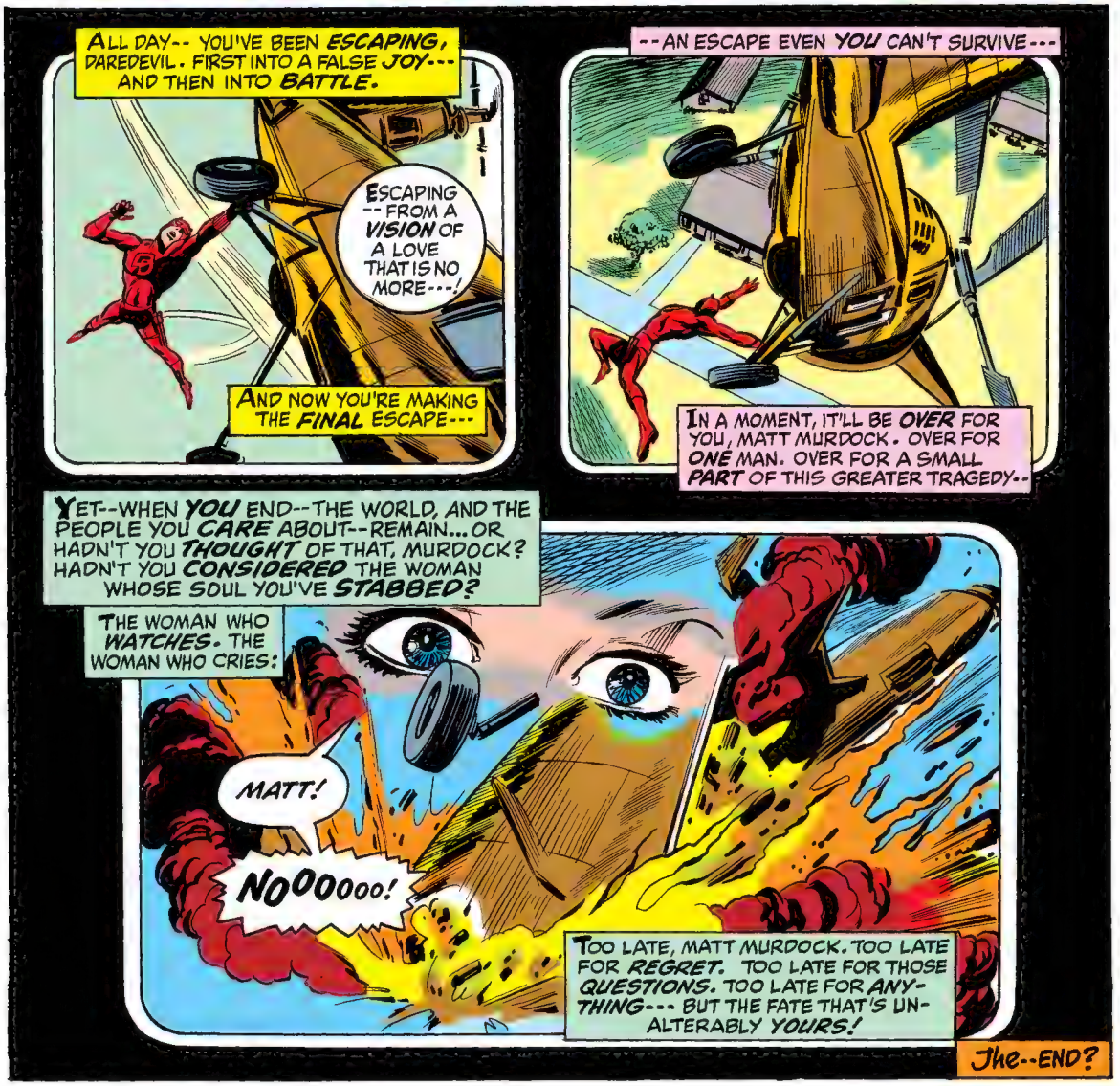

FORGETTING ISN'T QUITE SO EASY AS YOU'D IMAGINE. FOR A GIRL NAMED KAREN PAGE, AT THE STUDIO OF A POPULAR TALK SHOW, IT HASN'T BEEN EASY--- OR POSSIBLE.
ON THAT MONITOR -- IS IT REALLY HIM?
IT'S MATT-- AND HE'S HURT! NO---I NEVER REALIZED HOW MUCH IT--IT PAINED ME--TO SEE HIM LIKE THAT---
AS-- AS DAREDEVIL.
KAREN? LOOK, DARLING--DICK'S ALMOST READY FOR THE TAPING. I TOLD HIM---
KAREN?
WHAT? OH, PHIL ---I'M SORRY!
I CAN'T SEEM TO CONCENTRATE--!
YOU LOOK LIKE YOU'RE READY TO FAINT.
WHAT'S HAPPENING IN YOUR HEAD, HONEY? WHAT'S GOING ON?
A MAN-- I USED TO KNOW. I KEEP THINKING OF HIM---
AND JUST NOW---NO!
I'M SORRY, PHIL. IT'S SOMETHING I CAN'T DISCUSS.
SOMETHING I HAVE TO WORK OUT-- ON MY OWN.
OKAY, KAY--BUT PLEASE BE READY WHEN DICK INTRODUCES YOU--ALL RIGHT?
YES, PHIL. I'LL TRY.
PHIL'S BEEN SO KIND--- SO HELPFUL. WHY CAN'T I LOVE A MAN LIKE HIM---
AND NOT BE HUNG--ON A FOOLISH, FOOLISH MADMAN--- LIKE MATT?
AS WE'VE SAID BEFORE---NO ANSWERS, KAREN. NONE AT ALL.
-- WKBC NEWS. MINUTES AFTER BEING GRAZED BY A THIEF'S BULLET---
MACY'S
-- THE MASKED VIGILANTE KNOWN AS DAREDEVIL WAS SEEN RACING UPTOWN, JUST AS OUR CAMERAS ARRIVED ON THE SCENE.
ON THE CORNER OF FORTY-THIRD STREET, EYE NEWS CAMERAS ARE CATCHING THE ENTIRE BATTLE AS IT OCCURS.
DAREDEVIL'S MOVEMENTS SEEM SOMEWHAT SLUGGISH, AS THOUGH HE HASN'T YET RECOVERED FROM THAT VIOLENT BLOW TO HIS SKULL. BUT, STILL, HE THROWS HIMSELF FULLY INTO THE FRAY---
SEEMINGLY DETERMINED TO CAPTURE THE FELONS AT ANY COST.


I WOULD HAVE GIVEN YOU EVERYTHING, MATT. I'D NEVER HAVE LEFT FOR LOS ANGELES--
--NEVER HAVE ENTERED FILMS-- IF ONLY YOU'D STOPPED WEARING THAT--THAT ACCURSED UNIFORM.
BUT YOU WOULDN'T. YOU HAD TO GO ON-- GO ON HURTING ME.
SPURNING ME---!
"--BRAVE MAN. AGAINST SEEMINGLY UNBEATABLE ODDS, HE'S TACKLED AND CAPTURED THE STRANGELY-GARBED HOODLUMS. BUT WAIT-- SOMETHING SEEMS WRONG, HERE--"
"DAREDEVIL MAY BE INJURED WORSE THAN WAS FIRST APPARENT. HE'S SWAYING--- GINGERLY TOUCHING HIS FOREHEAD---"
"NO. HE'S ALL RIGHT NOW--- JUST A MOMENTARY PAIN. HE'S STARTING TO WALK AWAY."
WHY DO YOU DO IT, MATT? EVERY TIME I'VE TRIED TO CALL YOU, I WAS HOPING YOU'D QUIT THIS INSANE FIXATION---
AND NOW--- I SEE THAT-- THAT YOU HAVEN'T.
--AND I SEE THAT I LOVE YOU--DESPERATELY!
"HE'S SWINGING HIGHER--- TOWARDS A SWELLING LIGHT IN THE SKY. SOMETHING'S COMING INTO VIEW-- AND DAREDEVIL'S HEADING RIGHT AT IT!"
"IT'S A HELICOPTER!"
"DAREDEVIL IS ODDLY SILENT. HE SEEMS TO MOVE LIKE A MAN DRIVEN---"
"NOW IT'S ALL COME CLEAR-- THOSE MEN WERE NOT UNASSISTED. THEY WERE JUST PAWNS IN THE PLAN OF A GREATER GAMESTER-- THE MAN ONLY KNOWN TO THE WORLD AS--THE OWL."
"JUST REMEMBER -- YOU'RE SEEING IT FIRST ON EYE NEWS!"


IN EACH LIFE, MOMENTS OF HAPPINESS ARE TRADED FOR ONES OF SORROW--- OR SO IT SEEMS, WHEN THE MAN YOU THINK YOU LOVE--- LOOKS DESTINED TO DIE!
CONSIDER THE DEPTH OF ONE GIRL'S PAIN---
CONSIDER ITS FORM AND SIZE, HOW IT PIERCES THOSE CAREFULLY CONSTRUCTED BARRIERS--
BARRIERS WE EACH BUILD--TO PROTECT OUR HEARTS.
AND IF THERE IS NO TRADE--THEN EXPLAIN THIS SCENE. GIVE IT REASON. GIVE IT--- CAUSE.
SO. IT APPEARS KLINE WILL HAVE HIS WAY, AFTER ALL.
I'D HOPED TO SALVAGE BUT A SMALL PART OF THIS VENTURE'S EXPENSE---
YET DAREDEVIL HAS UPSET THAT HOPE--
--AND MUST BE UPSET--- IN TURN!
SO MUCH FOR THE UBIQUITOUS SURPRISE ROUTE.
OBVIOUSLY OWL HAS MORE MONITORS THAN I'D IMAGINED.
NOW, NOW GOLDILOCKS--- THAT'S HARDLY WHAT I'D CALL A WELCOMING COMMITTEE!
AHH--GUESS YOU'RE NOT IN A JOKING MOOD, HMM?
THE OWL NEVER JOKES, MY FRIEND.--- ESPECIALLY ABOUT MATTERS AS SOMBER--- AS DEATH!
YOUR SOMEWHAT PRECIPITOUS ARRIVAL BELOW MAY APALL MY SUPPORTER, BUT---
--EH?
CUT THE SARCASTICALLY SAGACIOUS COMMENTS, MATTHEW---
WHEN IN TROUBLE ---MOVE!
DON'T THINK, MATTHEW--- TWIST, AND SWING--SHIFT YOUR BALANCE---
WHATEVER YOU DO--- SURVIVE, BLAST IT! SURVIVE!
ALL THOSE AERIAL ACROBATICS--MUST HAVE DONE WONDERS TO THE OWL'S GUIDANCE SYSTEM.
THIS BIRD'S MAKING LIKE AN UN-BOUND FLOAT AT THE EASTER DAY PARADE.
WRONG, MATTHEW. NOW'S NOT THE TIME FOR HUMOR--

--IT'S TIME FOR POUNDING---
--POUNDING ON A FAT MAN CALLED OWL!
MOTIVES, DAREDEVIL-- TELL US OF MOTIVES..
HARDLY A SURPRISE, MY FRIEND---
--CONSIDERING I'VE OBSERVED YOUR EVERY ACTION---
AND ANTICIPATING -- ACT!
OBSERVED--- AND ANTICIPATED--
CAUGHT ME OFF GUARD -- WINDPIPE --CAN'T BREATHE.
ISN'T THERE A TOUCH OF THE ANGERED INSURGENT IN YOUR FIGHTING THIS DAY, DAREDEVIL?
A TOUCH, PERHAPS, OF THE UNCONSCIOUS MADMAN?
URKK!
MY JAW-- HE'S NOT-- NOT PULLING HIS PUNCH---
HE'S FIGHTING!
WHY, DD? SOMETHING IN YOUR SUB-CONSCIOUS? SOMETHING YOU HID ALL DAY?
SOME PAIN? THE PAIN-- OF ACHING LOSS? THE PAIN-- OF LOSING KAREN?
DON'T YOU SEE, HERO? SEE WHOM YOU'VE BEEN BATTLING?
YOUR EUPHORIA -- YOUR JOY IN LIVING -- ALL A SHOW! ALL A SELF-DELUDING SHOW!
IT'S -- IT'S NOT HAPPENING.
THIS CAN'T-- CAN'T BE THE REAL-- UNNH!
WELL ENOUGH. IF THAT IS THE WAY HE WANTS TO FIGHT---
--THEN FIGHT THAT WAY I SHALL!
WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME? I'VE NEVER STRUCK SOMEONE LIKE THAT BEFORE!
ALMOST AS THOUGH HE WEREN'T REAL. AS THOUGH--I WERE HITTING SOMEONE ELSE!-!
CRUNCH!
WATCH OUT, MATTHEW--!
BUT NOW-- YOU KNOW, DON'T YOU, MATTHEW?
YOUR HAPPINESS WAS A FRONT, TO KEEP YOU FROM THINKING OF YOUR PAIN. BUT A MOMENT'S DELUSION-- TO WIPE OUT THE CONSTANT MEMORY OF KAREN, THE GIRL YOU LOVE.
KAREN---THE GIRL YOU WISH YOU HAD.
ENOUGH!
I'LL DEMEAN MYSELF BY COMMON BATTLE--NO LONGER.
YOUR END, FOOL! YOUR END!


A MOMENT'S VERTIGO, AND THEN--
SO IT ENDS, FOOL--AS EVER IT MUST.
THE COPTER'S CONTROLS ARE JAMMED---
AND YOU--- TRAPPED!
FALLING--!
AYE, DAREDEVIL--FALLING--AND AT AN EVER-INCREASING RATE.
YOUR FATE AND THIS BIRD'S ARE IRREVOCABLY BOUND---
WHILE I--- THROUGH MY OWN SPECIAL ABILITIES--- TAKE FREEDOM IN FLIGHT.
IT WON'T-- IT CAN'T WORK, OWL--!
WON'T? CAN'T?
FRIEND, THROUGH NEITHER OF OUR AGENCIES---
IT HAS!
IT HAS!
--WKBC NEWS --ON THE SPOT, ON THE MOVE.
IT LOOKS BAD FOR THE MAN IN RED, GARY--- REAL BAD!


ALL DAY-- YOU'VE BEEN ESCAPING, DAREDEVIL. FIRST INTO A FALSE JOY--- AND THEN INTO BATTLE.
ESCAPING -- FROM A VISION OF A LOVE THAT IS NO MORE---!
AND NOW YOU'RE MAKING THE FINAL ESCAPE---
--AN ESCAPE EVEN YOU CAN'T SURVIVE---
IN A MOMENT, IT'LL BE OVER FOR YOU, MATT MURDOCK. OVER FOR ONE MAN. OVER FOR A SMALL PART OF THIS GREATER TRAGEDY--
YET--WHEN YOU END--THE WORLD, AND THE PEOPLE YOU CARE ABOUT--REMAIN...OR HADN'T YOU THOUGHT OF THAT, MURDOCK? HADN'T YOU CONSIDERED THE WOMAN WHOSE SOUL YOU'VE STABBED?
THE WOMAN WHO WATCHES. THE WOMAN WHO CRIES:
MATT!
NOOOooo!
TOO LATE, MATT MURDOCK. TOO LATE FOR REGRET. TOO LATE FOR THOSE QUESTIONS. TOO LATE FOR ANYTHING--- BUT THE FATE THAT'S UNALTERABLY YOURS!
The--END?

DARE-DEVIL
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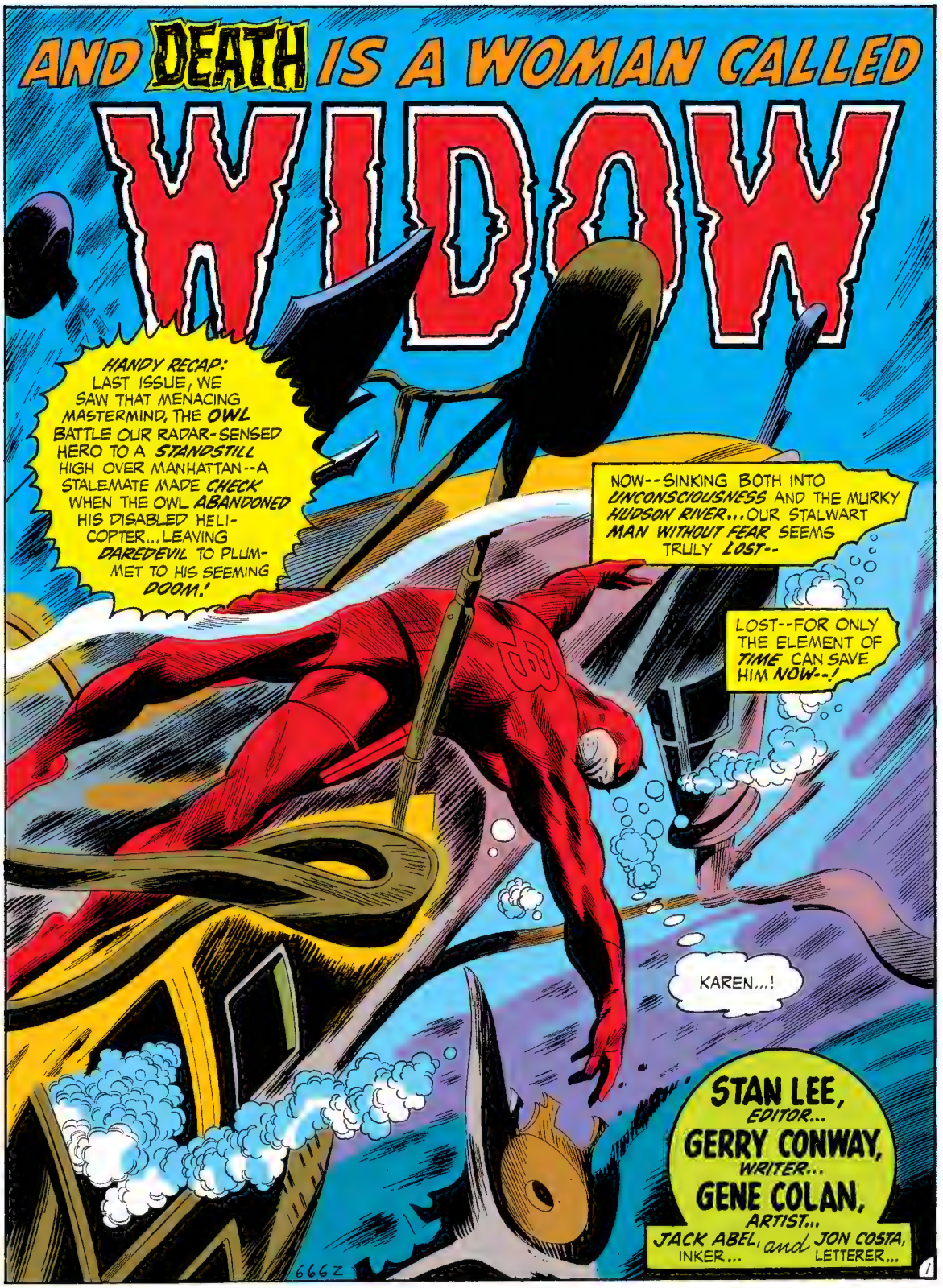
DAREDEVIL
™
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
THE MAN
™
DEATH IS A BLACK WIDOW!


AND DEATH IS A WOMAN CALLED
WIDOW
HANDY RECAP: LAST ISSUE, WE SAW THAT MENACING MASTERMIND, THE OWL BATTLE OUR RADAR-SENSED HERO TO A STANDSTILL HIGH OVER MANHATTAN--A STALEMATE MADE CHECK WHEN THE OWL ABANDONED HIS DISABLED HELICOPTER..., LEAVING DAREDEVIL TO PLUMMET TO HIS SEEMING DOOM!
NOW--SINKING BOTH INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS AND THE MURKY HUDSON RIVER...OUR STALWART MAN WITHOUT FEAR SEEMS TRULY LOST--
LOST--FOR ONLY THE ELEMENT OF TIME CAN SAVE HIM NOW--!
KAREN...!
STAN LEE, EDITOR...
GERRY CONWAY, WRITER...
GENE COLAN, ARTIST...
JACK ABEL, INKER... and JON COSTA, LETTERER...
666Z
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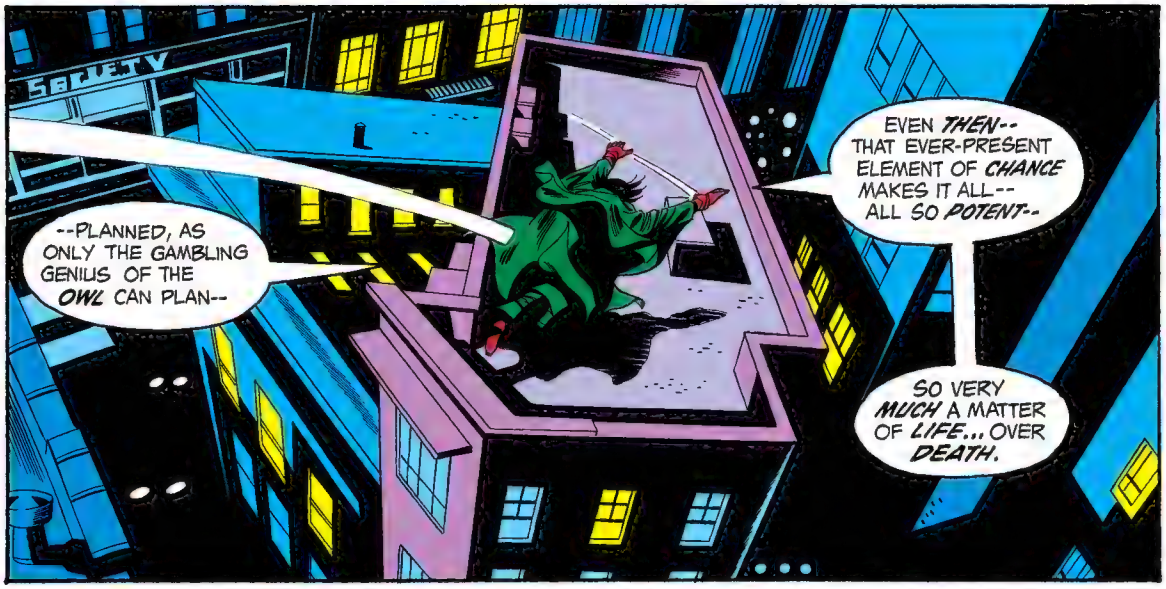
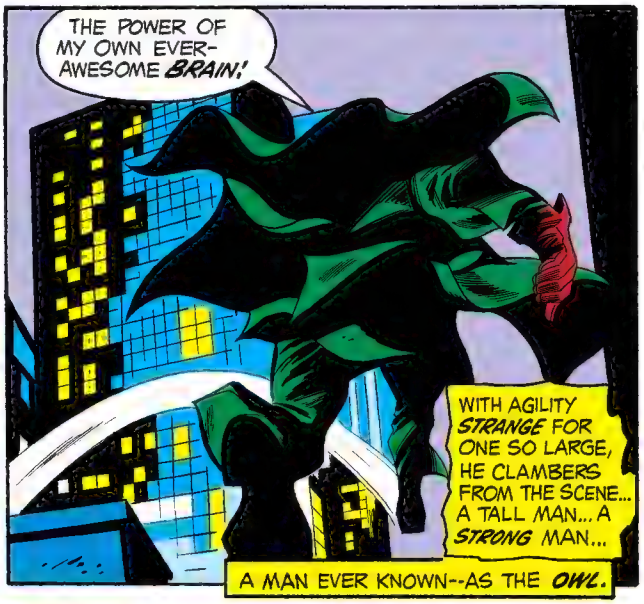
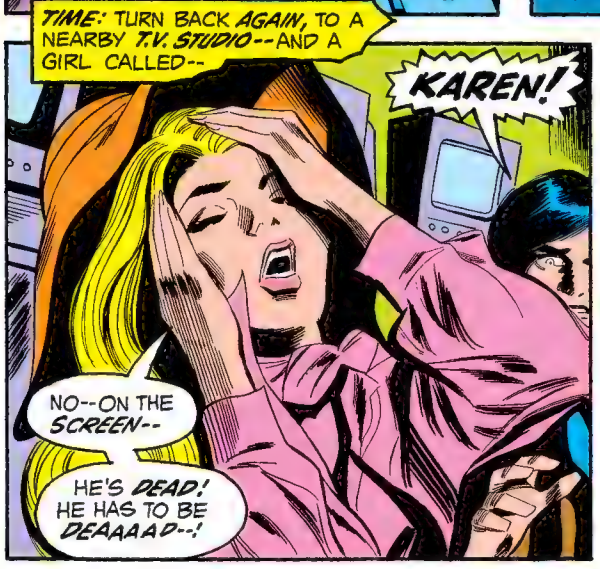
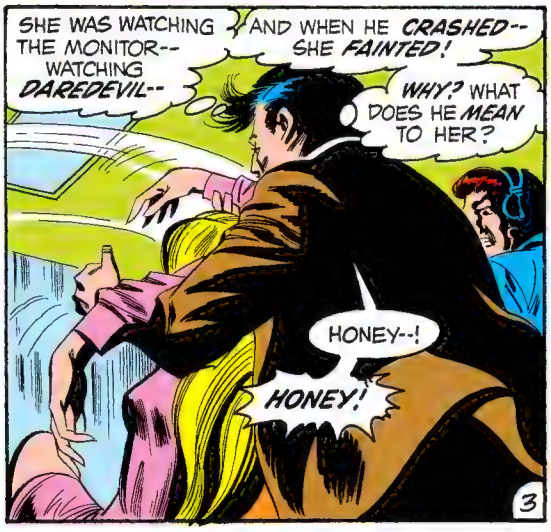
TIME: ONE SECOND UNDER...
PERHAPS IF I'D TRIED HARDER--TO UNDERSTAND HER--
TIME: TWO SECONDS UNDER...
..TO MAKE HER... UNDERSTAND ME--
WOULD IT HAVE MATTERED, MATTHEW? DOESN'T--IT ALL FOLLOW--
TIME: THREE SECONDS UNDER...
--SOME MASTER PLAN? SURE. EASY TO SAY NOW.
EASY TO SAY--WHEN YOU'LL NEVER--KNOW...!
TIME--ALL THE TIME IN THE WORLD--
TIME--TO TURN BACK TO THAT MOMENT INSTANTS BEFORE--
--JUST AFTER THE OWL GLIDED FROM HIS DIVING SHIP--!
GONE!
EVEN WHEN PLANNED SO PERFECTLY--
EVEN WHEN ALL MOVES SO SMOOTHLY--
2


--PLANNED, AS ONLY THE GAMBLING GENIUS OF THE OWL CAN PLAN--
EVEN THEN-- THAT EVER-PRESENT ELEMENT OF CHANCE MAKES IT ALL-- ALL SO POTENT--
SO VERY MUCH A MATTER OF LIFE... OVER DEATH.

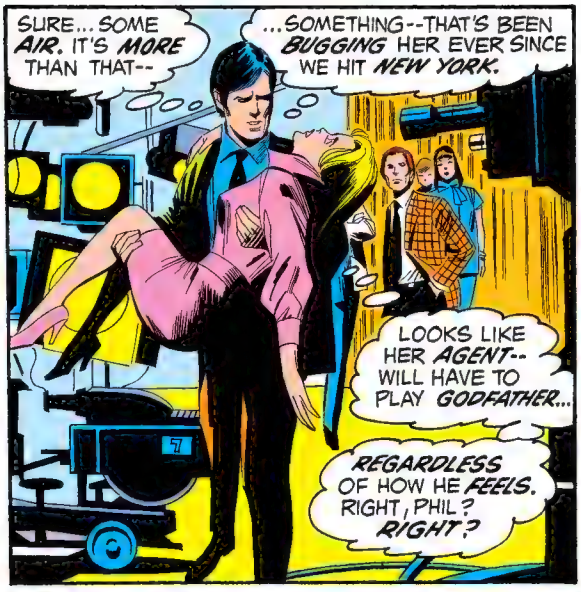
EVEN NOW, DAREDEVIL BECOMES A CREATURE--OF THE PAST.
DONE IN-- BY THE OWL'S MOST DEADLY WEAPON--

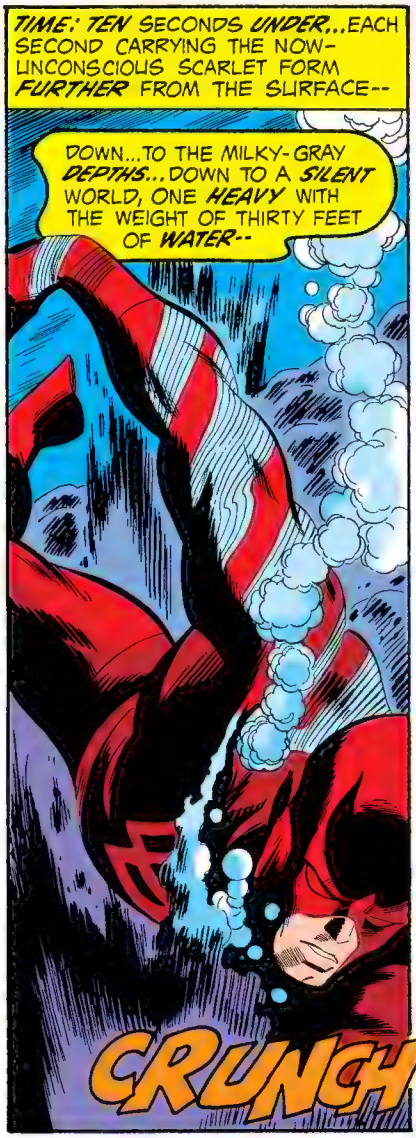

THE POWER OF MY OWN EVER-AWESOME BRAIN!
WITH AGILITY STRANGE FOR ONE SO LARGE, HE CLAMBERS FROM THE SCENE... A TALL MAN... A STRONG MAN...
A MAN EVER KNOWN--AS THE OWL.

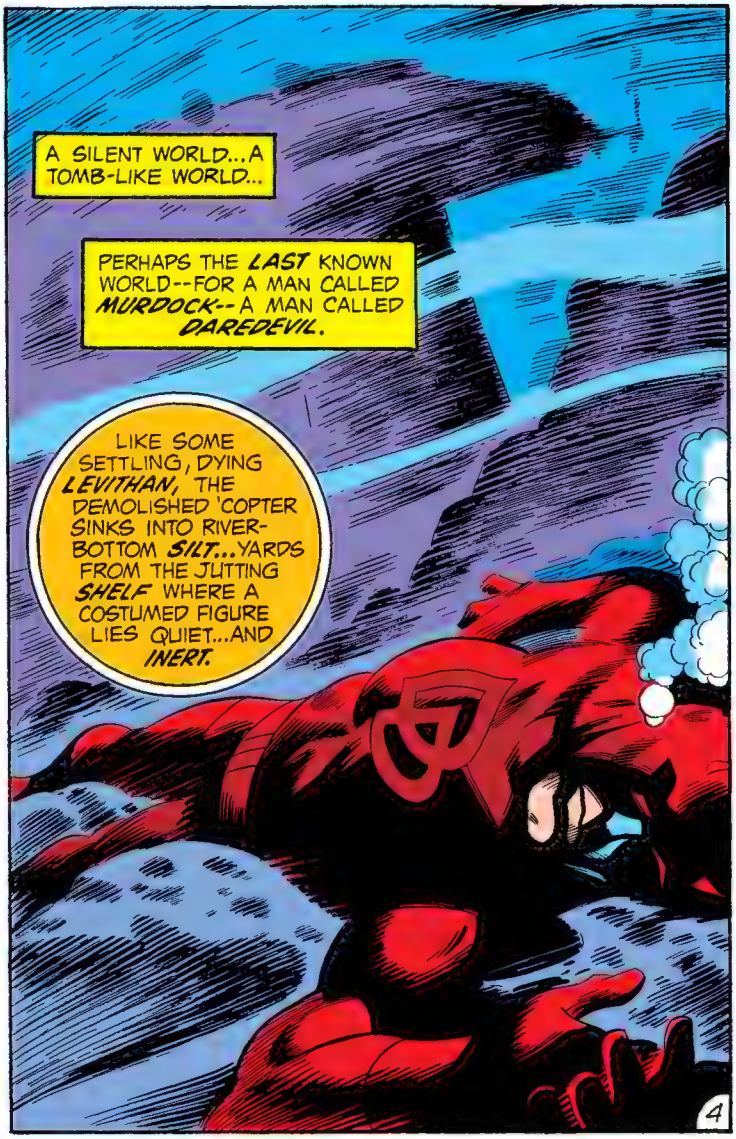

TIME: TURN BACK AGAIN, TO A NEARBY T.V. STUDIO--AND A GIRL CALLED--
KAREN!
NO--ON THE SCREEN--
HE'S DEAD! HE HAS TO BE DEAAAAD--!

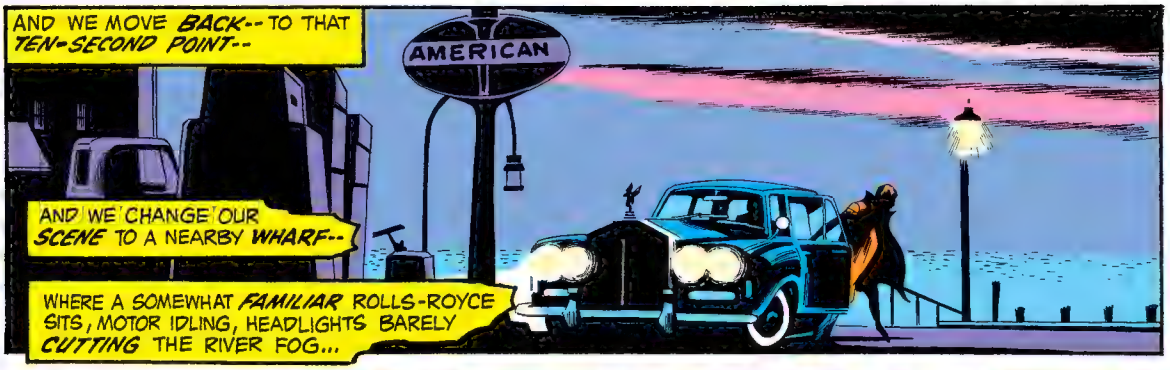

SHE WAS WATCHING THE MONITOR-- WATCHING DAREDEVIL--
AND WHEN HE CRASHED-- SHE FAINTED!
WHY? WHAT DOES HE MEAN TO HER?
HONEY--!
HONEY!

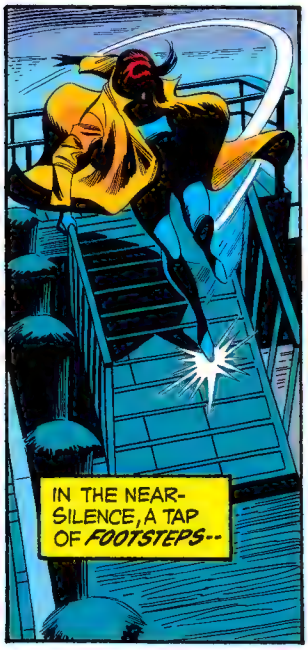
WHAT'S WRONG? I KNOW THESE STUDIOS ARE WARM, BUT--!
DOES SHE NEED A DOCTOR? CAN I--?
NO, DICK. SHE--SHE'LL BE ALL RIGHT.
JUST LET ME GET HER OUT OF HERE...
MAYBE-- SOME AIR...!


SURE... SOME AIR. IT'S MORE THAN THAT--
...SOMETHING--THAT'S BEEN BUGGING HER EVER SINCE WE HIT NEW YORK.
LOOKS LIKE HER AGENT-- WILL HAVE TO PLAY GODFATHER...
REGARDLESS OF HOW HE FEELS. RIGHT, PHIL? RIGHT?


TIME: TEN SECONDS UNDER... EACH SECOND CARRYING THE NOW-UNCONSCIOUS SCARLET FORM FURTHER FROM THE SURFACE--
DOWN...TO THE MILKY-GRAY DEPTHS... DOWN TO A SILENT WORLD, ONE HEAVY WITH THE WEIGHT OF THIRTY FEET OF WATER--
CRUNCH


A SILENT WORLD... A TOMB-LIKE WORLD...
PERHAPS THE LAST KNOWN WORLD--FOR A MAN CALLED MURDOCK--A MAN CALLED DAREDEVIL.
LIKE SOME SETTLING, DYING LEVITHAN, THE DEMOLISHED 'COPTER SINKS INTO RIVER-BOTTOM SILT... YARDS FROM THE JUTTING SHELF WHERE A COSTUMED FIGURE LIES QUIET... AND INERT.
4


AND WE MOVE BACK-- TO THAT TEN-SECOND POINT--
AMERICAN
AND WE CHANGE OUR SCENE TO A NEARBY WHARF--
WHERE A SOMEWHAT FAMILIAR ROLLS-ROYCE SITS, MOTOR IDLING, HEADLIGHTS BARELY CUTTING THE RIVER FOG...


IN THE NEAR-SILENCE, A TAP OF FOOTSTEPS--

IN THE NEAR-DARKNESS, A BLUE BLUR OF MOTION--

AND IN THE MIST-FILLED EVENING AIR--
--A SPRINGING FORM--

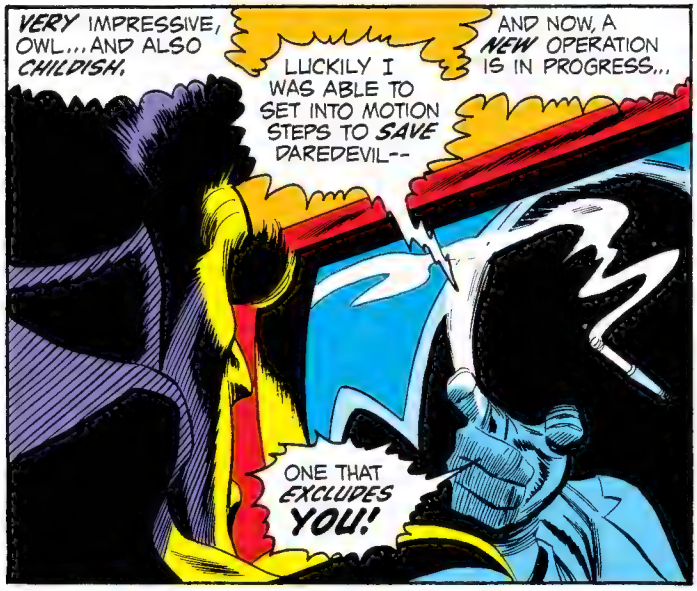
A FORM WE RECOGNIZE TO BE--

--THE BLACK WIDOW!
IF EVER I BELIEVED IN DESTINY-- I HAVE TO BELIEVE IN IT NOW.
WHAT ELSE WOULD HAVE BROUGHT ME TO THE WEST SIDE-- AT JUST THE RIGHT TIME--
--TO ALLOW ME THIS ONE-SHOT CHANCE TO RESCUE DAREDEVIL?
5

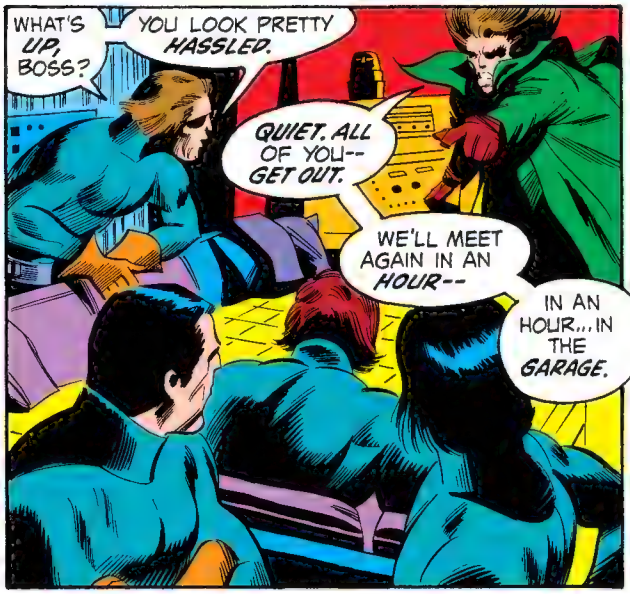
AHH, THERE IS INDEED SOMETHING ELSE, NATASHA--
BUT WHO ARE WE TO TELL--AND SPOIL AN AIRY INDICATION OF MYSTERY?
SOMETHING MOVED-- JUST A MOMENT AGO!
CAN ALMOST SEE IT THROUGH ALL THIS MURK--
--THERE!
THIS TIME-- I CAN'T LET MYSELF FAIL-- AS I'VE FAILED SO MANY OTHERS BEFORE!
TWO MEN DIED BECAUSE OF ME--
BECAUSE THERE MAY BE A JINX--
--A CURSE...MAKING ME TRULY WHAT MY NAMESAKE IS ACCUSED TO BE...
A KILLER-- OF THOSE SHE LOVES.
BUT--I DON'T LOVE DAREDEVIL... DON'T EVEN KNOW HIM.
YET--DID I LOVE THOSE OTHERS, EITHER?
QUIET, NATASHA-- THAT'S THE 'COPTER-- AND BESIDE IT--
--DAREDEVIL!
BUT-- HE'S NOT MOVING!
AM I TOO LATE? HAVE I KILLED-- BY FAILURE-- AGAIN?
6

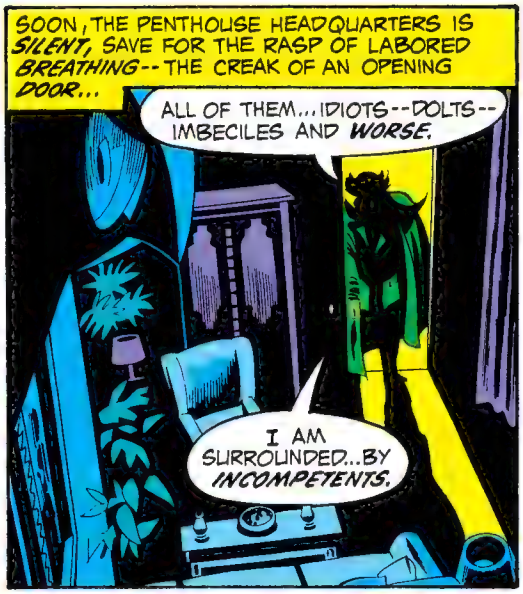
...NO! AIR--ESCAPING FROM HIS LIPS.
AND HIS EYES--THEY'RE OPENING. HE SEES ME.
"SEES"? THAT'S NOT QUITE THE WORD WE'D HAVE USED--
--TO DESCRIBE THE PROCESS OF MATT'S UNCANNY RADAR SENSE...
A SENSE THAT SHOWS A LOOMING, BLURRED FIGURE--
...A FIGURE THAT FADES--LOST WITH THE LOSING OF MOMENTARILY-RETURNED CONSCIOUSNESS...
...AND WHEN THAT CONSCIOUSNESS RETURNS, IT'S IMMEDIATELY BLASTED BY THE APPROACHING WAIL OF A POLICE SIREN...!
EEEE
IT TAKES A MOMENT FOR AWARENESS TO SET IN--AWARENESS OF CHEST-THROBBING PAIN--
AND AWARENESS, AS WELL, OF--
--ALIVE!
THAT... THAT SIREN--!
THE POLICE. THEY MUST--THINK I'M DEAD--
...AND YES--MAYBE IT'S BETTER IF I AM--
--FOR A WHILE!
SOOO, MATTHEW--IT'S TIME TO DO A FADE-OUT.
THIS WAY--NEXT TIME YOU MEET THE OWL--
ADVANTAGE WILL BE ON YOUR SIDE--AN ADVANTAGE NAMED SURPRISE!
HEY! THAT'S JUST GREAT. YE OLDE BILLY CLUB'S GONE!
MUST'VE LOST IT DOWN UNDER--
WHICH'LL DO JUST FINE THINGS FOR MAKING MY LIFE EASIER.

RIGHT, DD--DON'T PUZZLE THE IDENTITY OF YOUR SAVIOR--
NO TIME FOR THOUGHTS OF GRATITUDE-- THERE'S TIME ONLY TO RUN.
AHH...BUT TELL THAT TO A WOMAN--!
IVAN--HE'S LEAVING...!
FORGET FLASHY-PANTS, 'TASH-- GET YOURSELF DRY--
--BEFORE THAT LITTLE SKULL CATCHES COLD.
HE MUST HAVE SEEN ME-- RECOGNIZED ME...
UNLESS...?
I CAN'T GET OVER IT-- WHY WOULD HE LEAVE LIKE THAT--?
OF COURSE, DEAR MISTER DAREDEVIL MUST BE ASHAMED--
ASHAMED TO OWE HIS LIFE--TO A WOMAN.
EYES FRONT, IVAN.
WELL.
WE CAN STILL MAKE THAT APPOINTMENT--
IF WE'VE NO MORE--UPSETTING DELAYS!
AND WHO ARE WE TO CORRECT NATASHA'S MISTAKEN ASSUMPTION?
JUST YOUR FRIENDLY OLE SCENE-CHANGER, THAT'S WHO!
--QUITE AWARE OF YOUR LITTLE CRIMINAL SOJOURN, OWL.
I FREED YOU FROM JAIL TO CAPTURE DAREDEVIL--
--NOT KILL HIM!
FREED ME?
YOU FORGET, MISTER KLINE-- I CAME WITH YOUR MEN--
I AGREED TO YOUR PLAN--
BUT NOT ONCE DID I GIVE YOU--MY CREATIVE SOUL!
THAT, SIR, YOU CANNOT BUY!


VERY IMPRESSIVE, OWL... AND ALSO CHILDISH.
LUCKILY I WAS ABLE TO SET INTO MOTION STEPS TO SAVE DAREDEVIL--
AND NOW, A NEW OPERATION IS IN PROGRESS...
ONE THAT EXCLUDES YOU!

OUR ARRANGEMENT IS TERMINATED.
HEREAFTER, YOU ARE ON YOUR OWN-- CLICK!!
THE ABYSMAL FOOL.
THE OWL IS ALWAYS ON HIS OWN... ALWAYS!

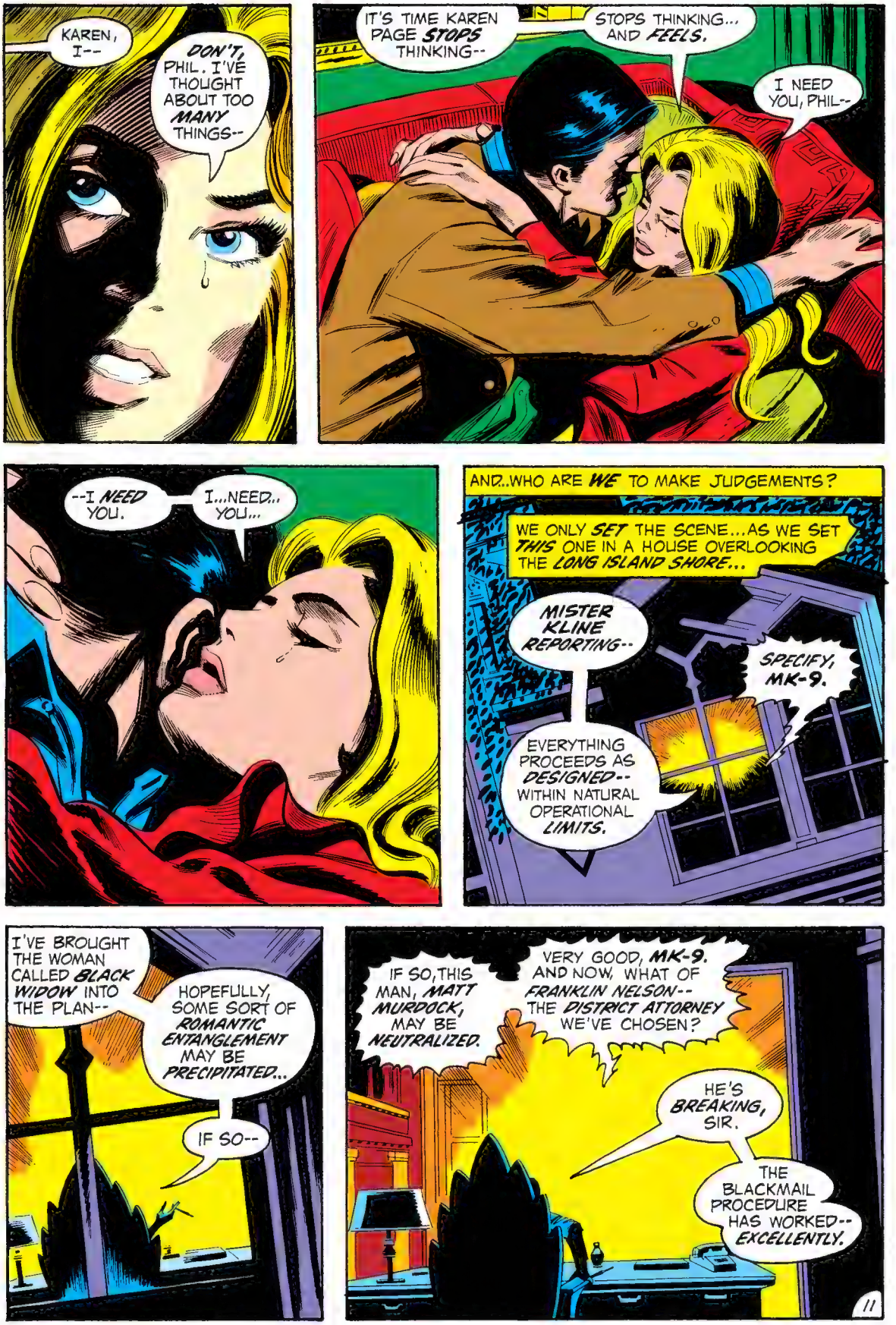

WHAT'S UP, BOSS?
YOU LOOK PRETTY HASSLED.
QUIET. ALL OF YOU-- GET OUT.
WE'LL MEET AGAIN IN AN HOUR--
IN AN HOUR... IN THE GARAGE.

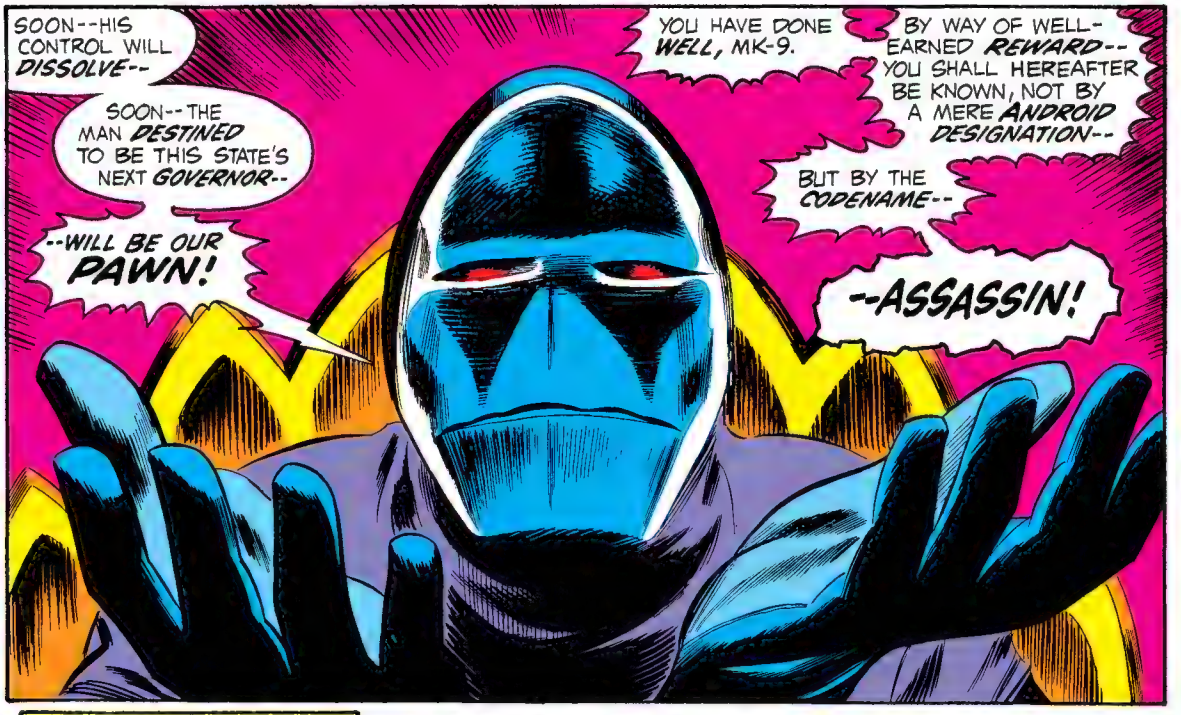

SOON, THE PENTHOUSE HEADQUARTERS IS SILENT, SAVE FOR THE RASP OF LABORED BREATHING-- THE CREAK OF AN OPENING DOOR...
ALL OF THEM... IDIOTS-- DOLTS-- IMBECILES AND WORSE.
I AM SURROUNDED... BY INCOMPETENTS.

AND YET... HAS IT NOT ALWAYS BEEN SO?
GENIUS IS EVER ALONE--
EVER BETRAYED...

...EVER DWARFED-- EVER IMPRISONED--
BY ITS OWN... HELPLESS... HUMANITY!

AND SPEAKING OF HUMANITY--WHAT ABOUT THAT GIRL CALLED KAREN PAGE? WHAT ABOUT HER HUMANITY?
THE HUMANITY OF A SOUL TORN... A HEART BROKEN--AND NEEDING SUSTENANCE? WHAT OF KAREN? WHAT OF KAREN PAGE...?
HERE, KAREN. SOME TEA.
IT'LL DO WONDERS FOR YOUR NERVES.
THANKS, PHIL.
THANKS... FOR BEING HERE.
YEAH... SURE.
SO WHAT NOW? WHAT DO I DO?
FUNNY. I'VE GOT A MOUTH--THAT DOESN'T WORK.
PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS, PHIL.
PENNY? YOU'D NEED A WHOLE DIME.
TRY ME.
I'M THROUGH... THINKING ABOUT MYSELF. MAYBE--
MAYBE IT'S TIME... I THOUGHT ABOUT YOU.
SURE. ALL WE'VE BEEN THROUGH, RIGHT?
MONTHS AND MONTHS... TOGETHER.
SURE.
10


KAREN, I--
DON'T, PHIL. I'VE THOUGHT ABOUT TOO MANY THINGS--
IT'S TIME KAREN PAGE STOPS THINKING--
STOPS THINKING... AND FEELS.
I NEED YOU, PHIL--
--I NEED YOU.
I...NEED... YOU...
AND..WHO ARE WE TO MAKE JUDGEMENTS?
WE ONLY SET THE SCENE...AS WE SET THIS ONE IN A HOUSE OVERLOOKING THE LONG ISLAND SHORE...
MISTER KLINE REPORTING--
SPECIFY, MK-9.
EVERYTHING PROCEEDS AS DESIGNED-- WITHIN NATURAL OPERATIONAL LIMITS.
I'VE BROUGHT THE WOMAN CALLED BLACK WIDOW INTO THE PLAN--
HOPEFULLY, SOME SORT OF ROMANTIC ENTANGLEMENT MAY BE PRECIPITATED...
IF SO--
IF SO, THIS MAN, MATT MURDOCK, MAY BE NEUTRALIZED.
VERY GOOD, MK-9. AND NOW, WHAT OF FRANKLIN NELSON-- THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY WE'VE CHOSEN?
HE'S BREAKING, SIR.
THE BLACKMAIL PROCEDURE HAS WORKED-- EXCELLENTLY.


SOON--HIS CONTROL WILL DISSOLVE--
SOON--THE MAN DESTINED TO BE THIS STATE'S NEXT GOVERNOR--
--WILL BE OUR PAWN!
YOU HAVE DONE WELL, MK-9.
BY WAY OF WELL-EARNED REWARD-- YOU SHALL HEREAFTER BE KNOWN, NOT BY A MERE ANDROID DESIGNATION--
BUT BY THE CODENAME--
--ASSASSIN!

AND WHAT ABOUT THE WORRIED MR. NELSON?
IT'S JUST NO GOOD.
EVEN IF I WENT INTO HOCK FOR IT ALL--
I JUST CAN'T GET FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS!

MATT? IS THAT YOU?
--EH?
KLUNK

I'FRAID NOT, FOGGY.
JUST AN INJURED OLD MAN WITHOUT FEAR.
DARE-DEVIL!

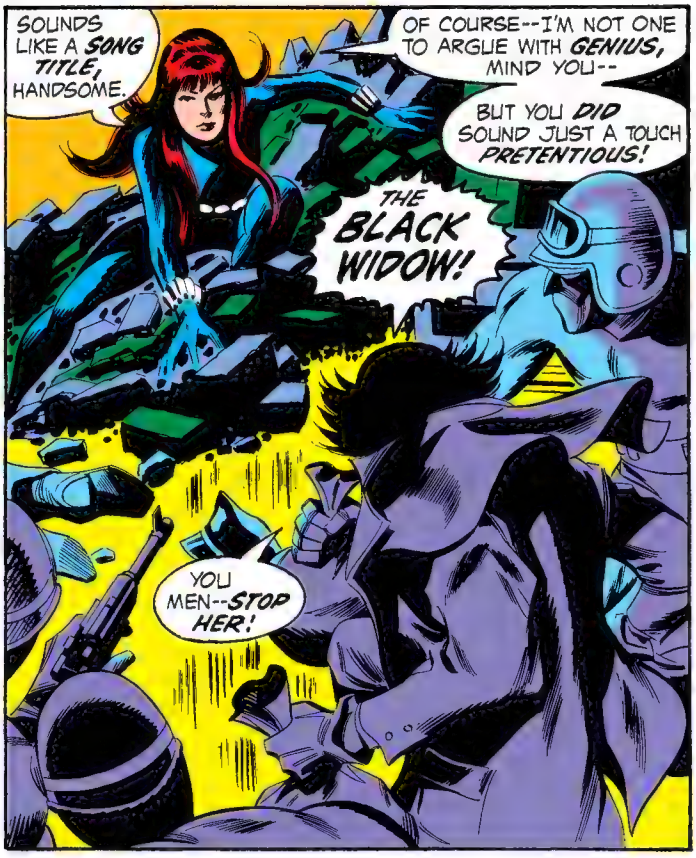
WHAT'S WRONG? YOU REALLY LOOK OUT OF IT--
I JUST--CAME FOR A BIT OF REST--
FORGET IT, FOGGY.
FEEL SLIGHTLY... WATER-LOGGED.

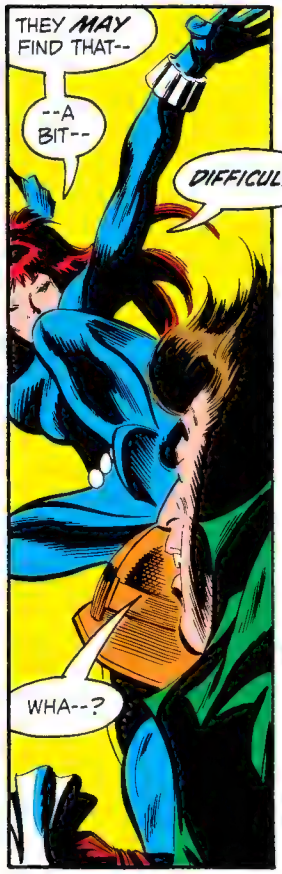
BUT AS FAR AS NEEDING HELP GOES--
LIKE I SAID-- FORGET IT.
OKAY, HERO. HAVE IT YOUR WAY.
ONE FAVOR, OKAY? ON YOUR WAY OUT--

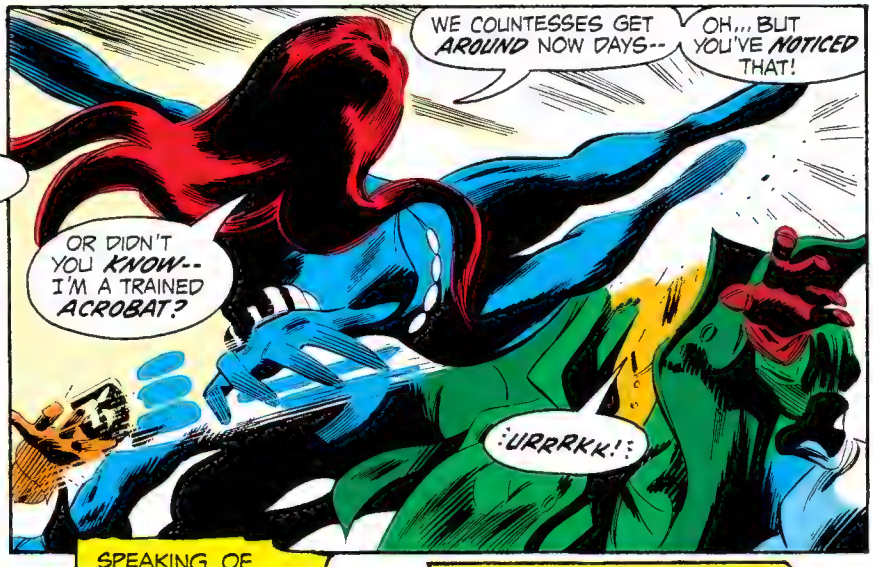
MAKE SURE TO SHUT THE--
DD!!
SO MUCH... FOR DRAMATIC... EXITS.
GUESS I DO-- NEED THAT HELP-- AFTER ALLLLL-- UNNNH!

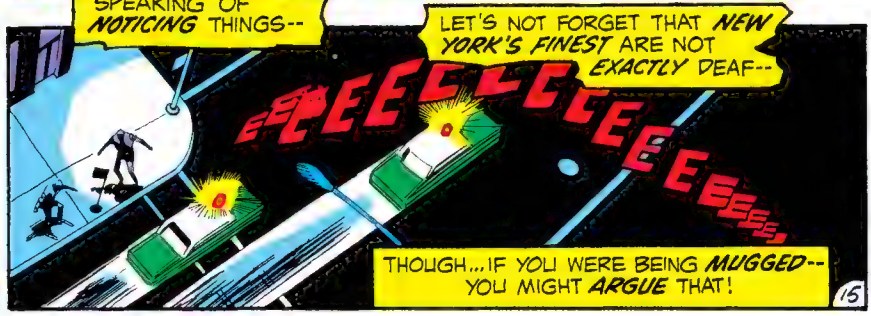
ENOUGH ON THE CONCERNS OF OUR CULPABLE CHARACTERS.
TURN NOW TO A SCENE SLIGHTLY SOUTH OF CITY HALL...
TURN TO THE ROAR OF RUMBLING TURBINES--THE RUSH OF WIND-TORN AIR..
BELTS ON, SAFETY HELMETS SECURE, ALL SYSTEMS--GO!
TURN TO A MAN CALLED OWL--AND THE LATEST IN HIS MORE-THAN-SINISTER PLANS!
TREASURY BUILDING DEAD AHEAD, OWL--
IN 10.8 SECONDS, COUNTING--
--WE STRIKE--
WE STRIKE!
MORTAR AND STONE FLIES--RAINING LIKE CHUNKS OF LEADEN HAIL--THE NIGHT SEEMS TORN BY THE RENDING, CRASHING SOUND--A SOUND SUDDENLY JOINED--
--BY THE SCREECH OF A PIERCING WAIL!
13

COUNTDOWN!
BACK OFF, BLUECOATS-- BACK OFF, LESS 'N YOU WANT THIS SLEEP A TOUCH MORE PERMANENT!
STEP ONE COMPLETED-- STEP TWO IN OPERATION.
NO WAY, PRETTY BOY-- THERE'S A PENSION IN THIS JOB--
AND IT'S A JOB I AIM TO DO!
TOUGH, COP--!
EVERYBODY'S GOTTA MAKE SACRIFICES-- OR HADN'T YOU HEARD?
YEAH, KIDS'RE STARVIN'--
AN' WE PLAN TO PLAY ROBIN-HOOD--
FOR OURSELVES!
AND JUST A FEW BLOCKS AWAY--
NATASHA-- THAT SURE AIN'T THE BLEATIN' OF NO LOST SHEEP--!
DEFINATELY NOT, IVAN.
IT APPEARS I'LL HAVE TO CUT SHORT MY FINANCIAL CONSULTATION.
SIRENS!
IT--IT'S THE TREASURY BUILDING--
G-GOOD LORD!
TIME TO PLAY GYPSY ROSE, SWEET-HEART.
I'LL BRING THE CAR AROUND TO THE SIDE!
NOW WHERE WOULD I BE WITHOUT YOU, TALL MAN?
TH-THAT CAN'T BE HAPPENING! IT CAN'T!
BUT--BUT IT'S THE TREASURY!
AHH, BUT IT CAN, MY FRIEND-- AND IT HAS!
ALL THINGS ARE POSSIBLE-- OR HADN'T YOU HEARD?
WHOOMP
14








SPEAKING OF NOTICING THINGS--
LET'S NOT FORGET THAT NEW YORK'S FINEST ARE NOT EXACTLY DEAF--
EEEE

POLICE SIRENS! LOOKS LIKE YOU HAVE YOUR CUE, HERO.
HATE TO DO THIS TO FOGGY--
EEEEE
--BUT IT'S TIME--TO MOVE!
--THAT COFFEE, DAREDEVIL. HAD TO MIX UP A WHOLE URN-FULL--
DAREDEVIL?
GREAT. THAT'S JUST GREAT.
GLAD TO BE OF ASSISTANCE, HORN-HEAD.
GLAD TO BE-- OF HELP.
THE NIGHT IS COOL-- STROKES OF DARKNESS PIERCED BY GEMS OF GLOWING LIGHT--
AND IN THAT DARKNESS--
TAXI
A MAN CALLED DAREDEVIL
SOUNDS LIKE IT'S CENTERED IN THE FINANCIAL DISTRICT.
WITHOUT MY HANDY BILLY CLUB--
--I'LL HAVE TO DO SOME FANCY--HITCH-HIKING!
DON'T MIND ME, FELLA--
JUST KEEP YOUR EYES ON THOSE COPMOBILES!
EEEEEEEE
UH--SURE THING...
KNEW IT--SHOULD'A GONE BOWLING... TOO MUCH WORK, DOIN' THINGS TO MY MIND!
MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE WIDOW--
NOW, NOW, UGLIES--
MANHANDLING LITTLE LADIES JUST ISN'T IN YOUR EMILY POST!
YOU NEED A SMALL LESSON-- IN MANNERS!
CHUNK
16

AND IF IT'S MANNERS YOU NEED--
IT'S MANNER'S YOU'LL GET-- THE HARD WAY!
YOU'VE QUITE A WAY WITH WORDS, M'DEAR--
YET WORDS ARE NOT THE SOLE ARBITER IN BATTLES SUCH AS THIS--
SOMETIMES FORCE MUST TAKE A HAND--
OWL!
A STRONG HAND!
ONLY A FOOL WOULD MAINTAIN HIS CEREBRAL WAYS--
--WHEN THE WAYS OF A BRUTE WOULD PROMISE MORE!
AND THE OWL--
--IS NO MAN'S--
WHAT?
HEADS UP, CURLY-TOP...
--AND PLEASE... DON'T MAKE THE USUAL CRACK--ABOUT MY BEING DEAD!
YOU WON'T-- AND I'M NOT--
AND ISN'T THAT BETTER-- ALL THE WAY AROUND?
ARROGANT FOOL-- AAAAAARRK!
KUNNNK
TELL ME AGAIN-- WHO HAS A WAY WITH WORDS?

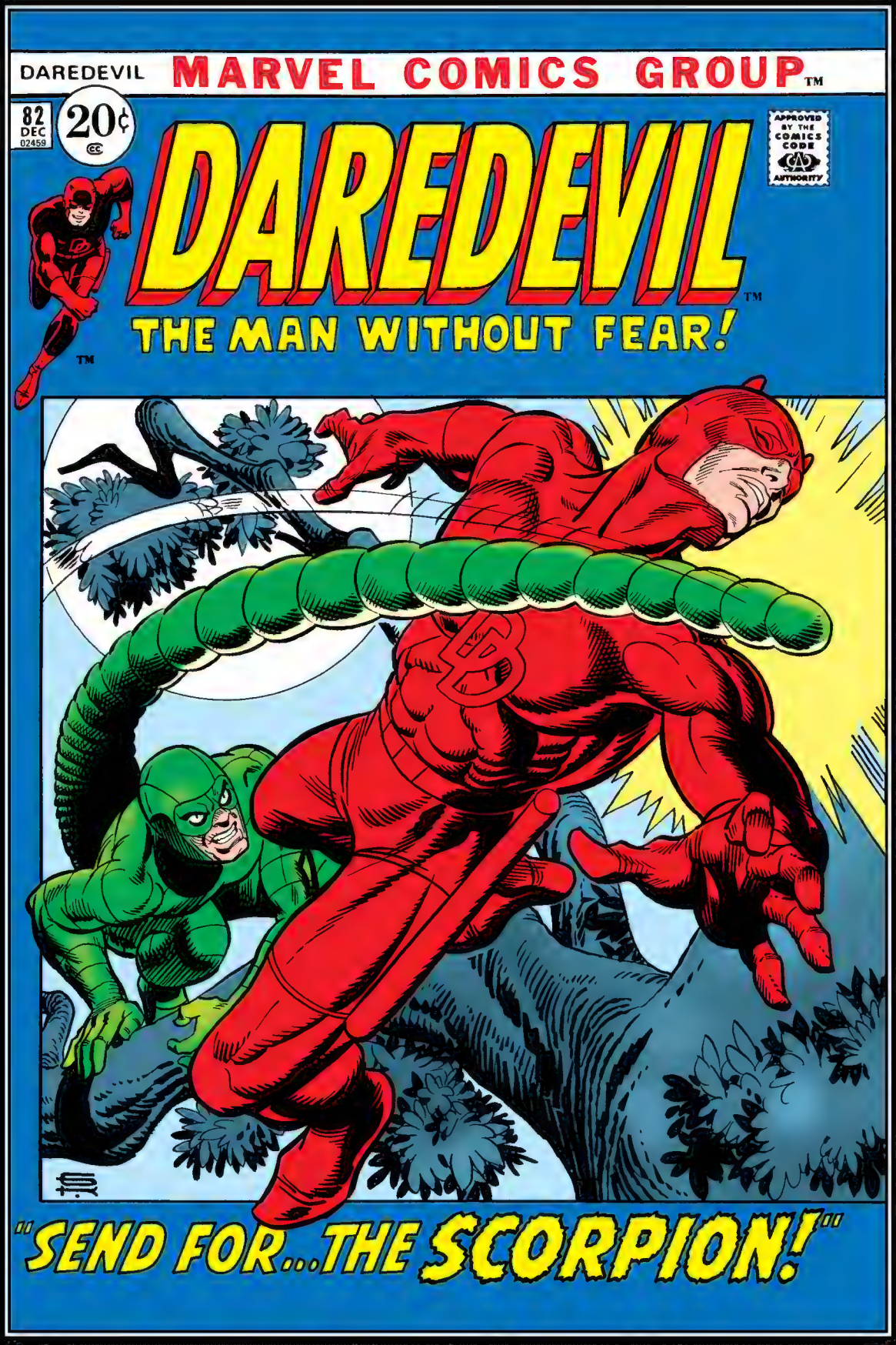
AND ANOTHER THING, GENTLEMEN--SINCE WHEN IS IT GOOD FORM--
--TO PLAY HOCKEY--WITH A LADY'S LITTLE HEAD AS A SLIGHTLY-ROUNDED PUCK?
KUNK
CRAK
BOSS--HE'S MOVING LIKE A BLASTED MERRY-GO-ROU--UNNNHH!
STOP 'IM, BOSS--STOP 'IM!
DAREDEVIL--BEHIND YOU!
YOUR WARNING--IS AN EXERCISE IN FUTILITY, GIRL.
WHEN ROUSED--THE OWL MOVES AS LIGHTNING--!
UH--DO ME A FAVOR, BRIGHT-EYES--
LET ME KNOW--WHEN YOU'RE ROUSED!
I'LL MAKE A POINT--
--OF BEING THERE!
THUMP
NOOOOOO
IT ENDS QUICKLY--AND SUDDENLY, ALL THAT'S LEFT OF A MIGHTY MENACE--
--IS A SILENT FORM--COVERED WITH A SNOWFALL OF DUSKY GREEN.
EPILOGUE:
HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, SISTER--
IF YOU'RE THE ONE BEHIND THIS--!
GUESS AGAIN, MY FRIEND.
THE OWL IS THE MAN YOU WANT--NOT THE WIDOW.
WIDOW?
I'M NOT SURE I SHOULD SPEAK TO YOU, DAREDEVIL.
AFTER THE WAY YOU TREATED YOUR SAVIOR--
...SAVIOR...? YOU?
YOU MEAN YOU DIDN'T--?
18

HE'S...BLACKED OUT.
PERHAPS... PERHAPS HE DIDN'T KNOW--
CAREFUL, NATASHA... DON'T LOOK TOO CLOSELY AT HIM...
PLEASE-- REMEMBER THAT CURSE--
--AND BE CAREFUL... NOT TO CARE.
WE'VE NO JUDGEMENTS TO MAKE-- ONLY SETS TO CHANGE...
AND SO--
SO...OWL HAS FAILED--BOTH HIMSELF, AND US.
IT IS AS I EXPECTED-- BUT STILL--
I FEEL A TOUCH... OF ANGER.
ALL WENT SO WELL-- UNTIL HIS WILL MADE HIM DISOBEY!
THIS TIME, THEN--THE ONES I CHOOSE-- WILL HAVE NO WILL.
THIS TIME-- I CHOOSE THE SILENT ONES.
AYE... AT LAST--
--IT IS TIME--
--FOR THOSE WHO SLEEP!
FINIS
NEXT: The SINISTER SCORPION!

YOUR BENEVOLENT BULLPEN PROUDLY PRESENTS:

THE MERRY MARVEL GALLERY!

THE BEAUTEOUS BLACK WIDOW, AS RENDERED BY THE ONE AND ONLY WILD BILL EVERETT, IS BUT THE FIRST IN A SERIES OF PULSE-POUNDING PIN-UPS WE PLAN TO SOCK TO YOU IN VARIOUS ISSUES OF OUR MAGS FROM TIME TO TIME! SO BE WATCHIN' FOR 'EM, HEAR?!
Bill Everett


DAREDEVIL
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
82
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DAREDEVIL™
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
"SEND FOR...THE SCORPION!"

DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

NOW SEND... THE SCORPION
THOSE SPARKLING GEMS OF TWILIGHT-- THOSE GLISTENING OFFICE JEWELS-- WATCH HOW THEY SEEM TO FLICKER AND SPIN--
AS A MAN-SIZED SHADOW ARCS BEFORE EACH LIGHTED WINDOW--
CAREFUL, MATTHEW, OLD SON--
--A SCARLET FIGURE WE SEE TO BE-- DAREDEVIL--YOUR EVER-LOVIN' MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
HANG TIGHT, HERO-- THIS ONE DOES IT ALL!
YOU'RE PAVING YOUR OWN PATH NOW, SINCE YOU LOST YOUR HANDY OLE BILLY CLUB!
IT JUST WOULDN'T BE COMMUNITY-MINDED IF YOU WENT AND ADDED TO THE CITY'S PERENNIAL POTHOLES!
ALISPICIOUS STAN LEE, EDITOR-IN-ABSENTIA, Presents: GERRY CONWAY AND GENE COLAN IN-- "THE IRVING FORBUSH STORY." SPECIAL GUEST APPEARANCES by: JACK ABEL (INKER) and JON COSTA (LETTERER).
ONWARD!
701 Z

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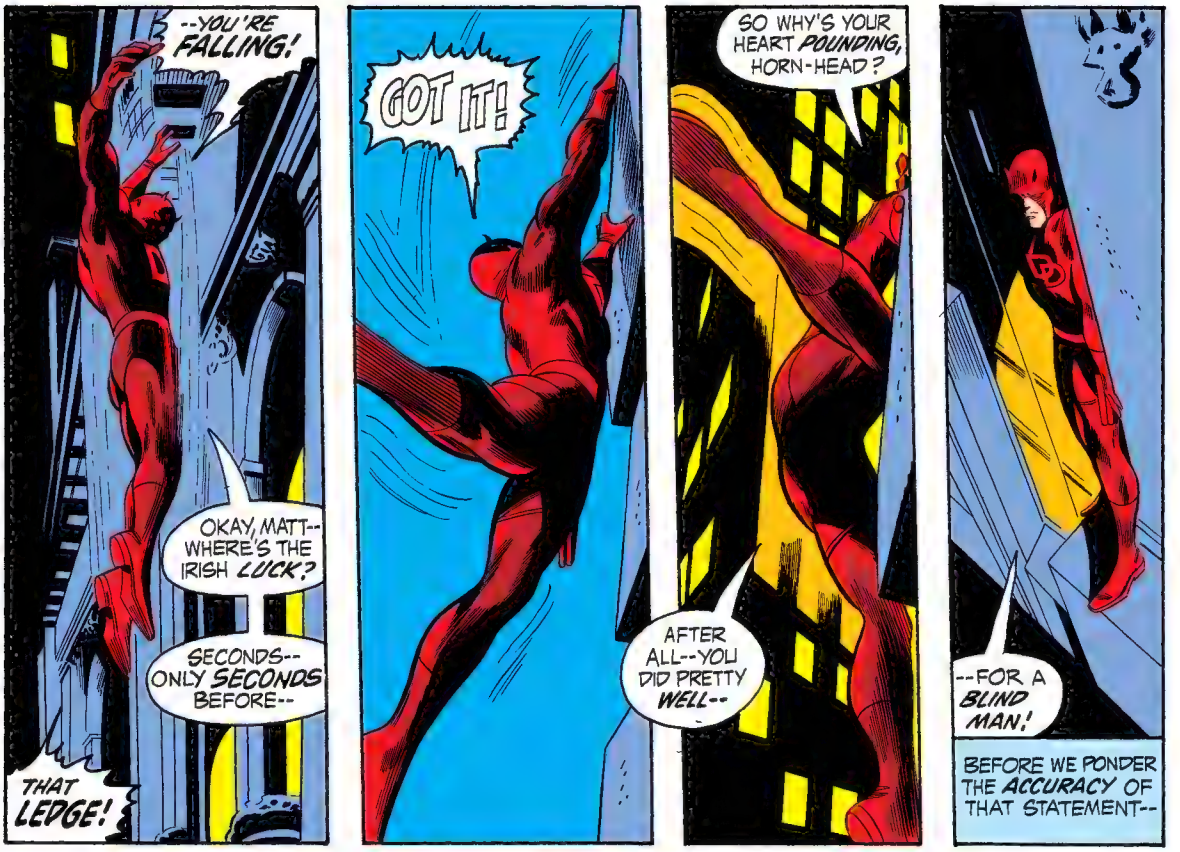
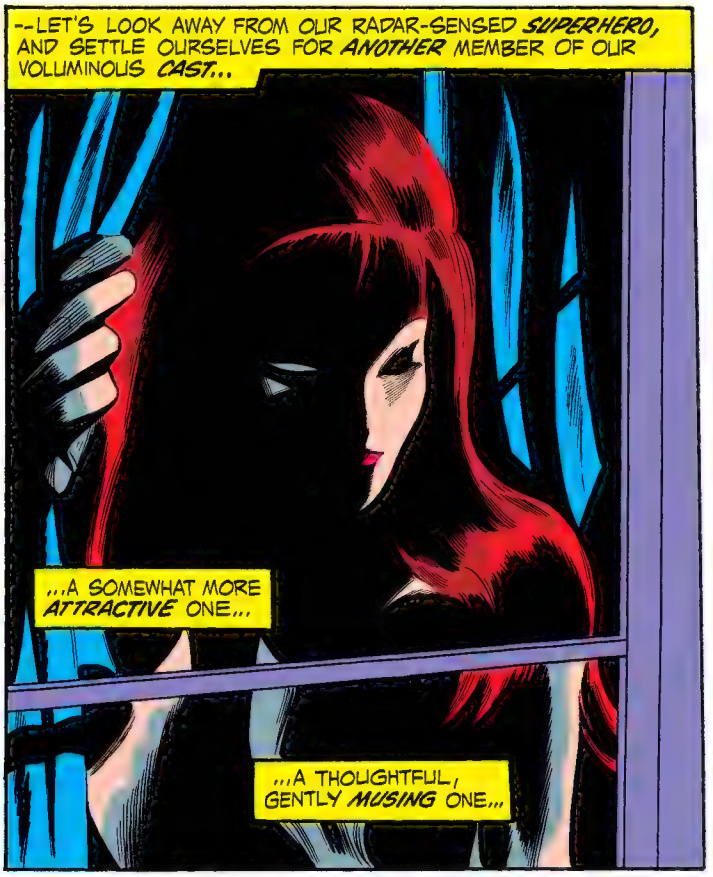
WHOA, HANDSOME--YOU CUT IT CLOSE, THAT TIME!
YOUR TIMING'S JUST A MITE OFF--
--SO WATCH IT, FLY BOY--
--'CAUSE THERE'S STILL A MESS OF MYSTERY CLUTTERING UP YOUR COSY LIFE--
--AND YOU JUST KNOW HOW YOU HATE TO LEAVE A BOOK UNFINISHED!
STILLLLL...
WHAT'S LIFE FOR, IF NOT HIGH LIVING?
:OOF!: BAD PUN, MR. MURDOCK. NOT BEFITTING EVEN YOUR AVERAGE ASSISTANT D.A.
AND SPEAKING OF THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY...
MAYBE YOU'D BETTER LOOK IN ON THE HAPLESS MR. NELSON.
LAST TIME YOU SAW HIM, FOGGY LOOKED A BIT RUFFLED--
--AND THE STATE'S NEXT GOVERNOR IS NOT A MAN GIVEN TO NERVOUS FITS.
UH-OH, BIG MOUTH--
--THIS TIME--YOU REALLY--BLEW IT!
BAD GRIP--NOT PAYING ENOUGH ATTENTION!
SAY GOODBYE, CRUEL WORLD--
2


--YOU'RE FALLING!
OKAY, MATT-- WHERE'S THE IRISH LUCK?
SECONDS-- ONLY SECONDS BEFORE--
THAT LEDGE!
GOT IT!
SO WHY'S YOUR HEART POUNDING, HORN-HEAD?
AFTER ALL--YOU DID PRETTY WELL--
--FOR A BLIND MAN!
BEFORE WE PONDER THE ACCURACY OF THAT STATEMENT--


--LET'S LOOK AWAY FROM OUR RADAR-SENSED SUPERHERO, AND SETTLE OURSELVES FOR ANOTHER MEMBER OF OUR VOLUMINOUS CAST...
...A SOMEWHAT MORE ATTRACTIVE ONE...
...A THOUGHTFUL, GENTLY MUSING ONE...

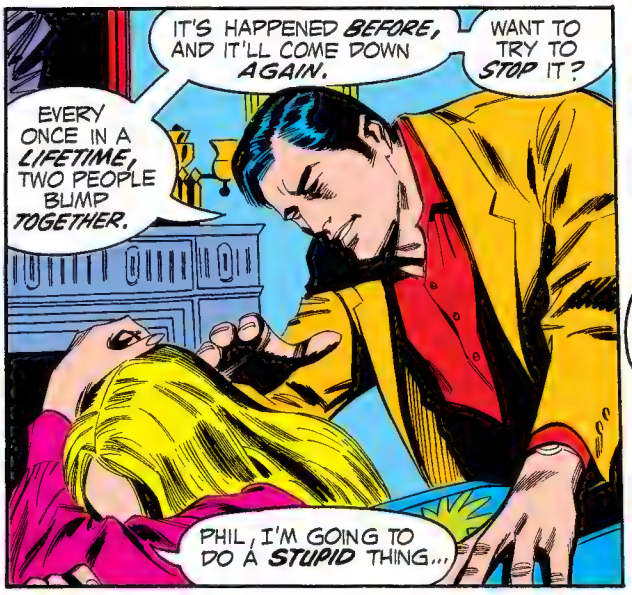
...A GIRL CALLED... BLACK WIDOW!
HOW COULD I HAVE BEEN SO WRONG ABOUT DAREDEVIL?
HE DIDN'T EVEN KNOW I'D SAVED HIM FROM THE OWL'S TRAP-- *
BZZ BZZ
--AND I THOUGHT HE WAS JUST TOO PROUD TO SHOW GRATITUDE--TO A WOMAN!
THE VISIPHONE... THAT MUST BE IVAN'S SIGNAL!
3
*SHOWN LAST ISSUE, DELINQUENTS--STAN.

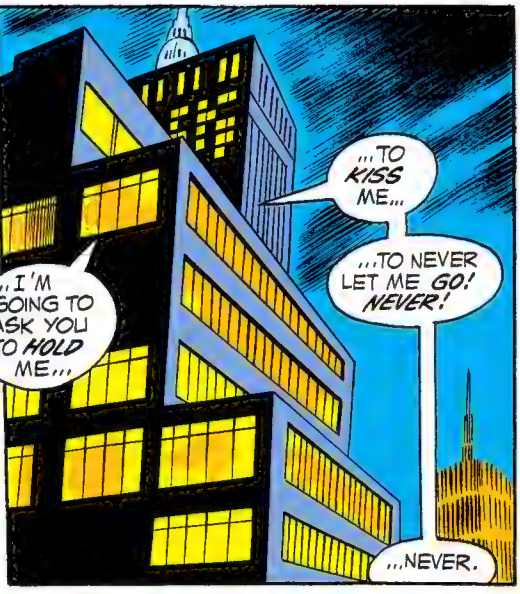
FOR A WHILE, MY CHIVALROUS CHAUFFEUR HAD ME A BIT WORRIED.
HE WAS SUPPOSED TO CALL-- AN HOUR AGO.
SO MUCH FOR THE PERSISTENT MOTHER INSTINCT...
BZZ
...IVAN'S ONE MAN WHO... CAN MORE THAN HANDLE HIMSELF!
CLICK
DON'T DISCOUNT A WOMAN'S INTUITION TOO HASTILY, COUNTESS--LOOK!
IVAN!
WHAT'S WRONG-- YOU LOOK--
--NO TIME FOR THAT, 'TASHA.
YOU-- HAVE TO--
--BEWARE-- THE STING--
STATIC ERUPTS ACROSS THE SCREEN, DROWNING ALL SOUND--THE IMAGE FLICKERS, BEGINS TO FADE--
IVAN--WHAT IS IT?
WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO TELL ME?
...DON'T... TRY TO FOLLOW... ME...
...FOR GOD'S SAKE... DON'T...
:UNNNNNH!:
IVAN!
TSSSSSSSS
GONE! SOMETHING'S HAPPENED TO HIM...
...SOMETHING ABOUT A... STING!
NO MATTER. I KNOW WHAT I MUST DO.
JINX OR NO JINX... WIDOW'S CURSE OR NOT...
...IN SPITE OF IT ALL... BECAUSE OF IT ALL--
4

--THE WIDOW TAKES CARE OF HER OWN!
SHE MOVES LIKE A SLIP OF SHADOW--
--HER MUSCLES TENSE, HER BODY ARCS--
--WITHOUT FEAR, SHE LEAPS--
--AND THE AIR IS HER DOMAIN!
IVAN MUST HAVE KNOWN I'D TRACK HIM!
WE BOTH CARRY THESE HOMING DEVICES--
HE TRIED TO WARN ME-- BUT WHY?
--AND HIS TELLS ME TO GO SOUTH-- TOWARDS CENTRAL PARK!
LORD--I JUST THOUGHT-- WHAT IF MY COMING DOOMS HIM IN SOME WAY?
WILL THE CURSE--HAVE STRUCK AGAIN?
...PAWN.
SNAKES
WATER MOCCA
YOU DID JUST AS I WANTED YOU TO.
SOON SHE'LL BE HERE--
--SOON SHE'LL BE MINE!
OURS, FRIEND.
YOU WON'T MAKE THE OWL'S MISTAKE--!
ON
OFF
YOU SHALL STAY TRUE AND FAITHFUL--
--AND OBEY-- THE LAW OF KLINE!
CLICK
YOU KNOW IT. WAIT! I'VE GOTTA CUT OUT.
I'LL REPORT LATER--
--AFTER I ATTEND TO--
THUMP
5

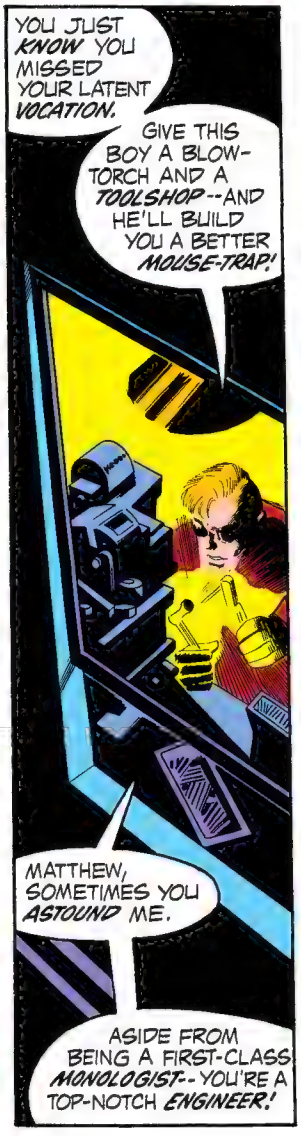
--THE COUNTESS NATASHA ROMANOFF!
YOU KNOW MY FAMILY NAME?
ALL WHO ONCE DID-- ARE NOW DEAD! HOW--?
NO--THAT DOESN'T MATTER, NOTHING MATTERS--BUT IVAN.
COME OUT OF THE SHADOWS, KIDNAPPER. SHOW ME WHO YOU ARE!
ME?
I'M THE SCORPION, SISTER--
--AND YOU'RE GONNA WISH YOU NEVER HEARD THE NAME!
THWP
THAT MASSIVE TAIL--SWINGING--LASHING AT ME--
:UNNNH!:
6

HAW! STILL GOT THE OLD STYLE, BIG MAN.
CAP'N AMERICA THOUGHT HE'D PUT YOU ON ICE FOR GOOD, EH?
PRETTY SOON THINGS'LL START POPPING--
--SPECIALLY THINGS FOR A CAT NAMED-- DAREDEVIL!
SPEAKING OF DD--SUPPOSE WE TURN ABOUT AND LOOK IN ON A LASS NAMED KAREN PAGE--
--A LASS WHO KNOWS OUR HERO AS THE MILD SHYSTER MURDOCK.
KNOWS HIM...AND LOVES HIM!
KAREN...?
DON'T SAY IT, PHIL. I KNOW.
YOU...YOU LOVE ME, DON'T YOU?
TAKE OUT THE HESITATION--AND THE ANSWER'S YES, HONEY.
FUNNY. I THOUGHT DOCTORS FELL IN LOVE WITH THEIR PATIENTS--
--NOT AGENTS WITH THEIR CLIENTS.
DON'T JOKE, PHIL, PLEASE DON'T JOKE.
I FEEL MISERABLE... AND I FEEL GLAD.
OH, I DON'T KNOW HOW I FEEL!
I JUST KNOW I'M CONFUSED-- TERRIBLY, TERRIBLY CONFUSED!
THINGS USED TO SET THEM-SELVES SIMPLY...
...AND NOW...!
HEY, GIRL--
7


IT'S HAPPENED BEFORE, AND IT'LL COME DOWN AGAIN.
WANT TO TRY TO STOP IT?
EVERY ONCE IN A LIFETIME, TWO PEOPLE BUMP TOGETHER.
PHIL, I'M GOING TO DO A STUPID THING...


...I'M GOING TO ASK YOU TO HOLD ME...
...TO KISS ME...
...TO NEVER LET ME GO! NEVER!
...NEVER.

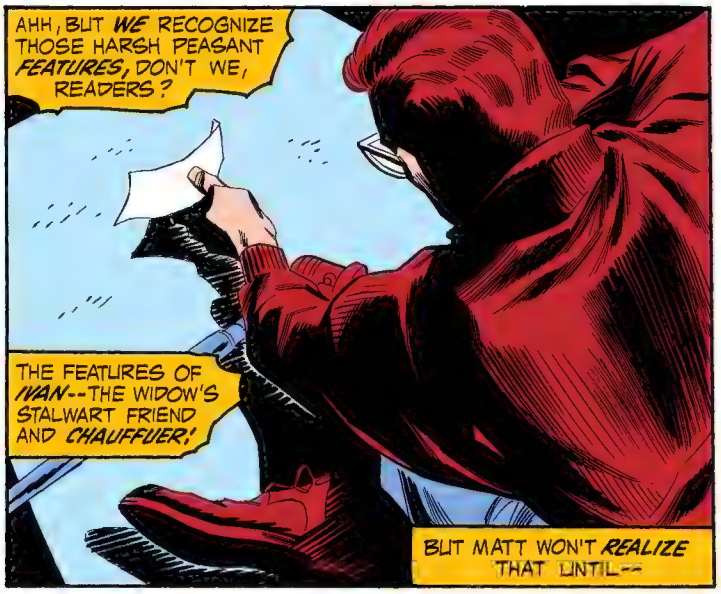
CAREFULLY, FRIENDS, GENTLY... LET'S WALK AWAY SOFTLY...
...AND RETURN TO THE MAN WHOSE NAME GRACES OUR MASTHEAD... DAREDEVIL.
LOOK TO MANHATTAN'S SUTTON PLACE-- TO A TWO-STORY TOWN HOUSE WATCHING OVER THE NEARBY EAST RIVER-- WHERE--
FORGET LAWYERING, MURDOCK--


YOU JUST KNOW YOU MISSED YOUR LATENT VOCATION.
GIVE THIS BOY A BLOW-TORCH AND A TOOLSHOP--AND HE'LL BUILD YOU A BETTER MOUSE-TRAP!
MATTHEW, SOMETIMES YOU ASTOUND ME.
ASIDE FROM BEING A FIRST-CLASS MONOLOGIST--YOU'RE A TOP-NOTCH ENGINEER!

OF COURSE, WHO'D HIRE A SIGHTLESS MECHANIC?
YEP. THIS BABY'LL DO THE TRICK...
...AND DESIGN-WISE, IT SURE BEATS OUT YOUR LAST SIDEWALK-TAPPER.

SNIK
NO SENSE TAKING ANOTHER NERVE-TWISTING FALL--
8

--ESPECIALLY WHEN YOU'RE NOT QUITE SURE YOU'RE ALL IN SHAPE.
UM-HMM... WORKS LIKE THE PROVERBIAL CHARM.
VVIIIP
DD..THE THINGS I DO FOR YOU...!
HOLD IT, LOUD MOUTH...
THUD
SOUNDS LIKE I'VE GOT VISITORS IN THE APARTMENT UPSTAIRS.
...AND YOU KNOW IT WOULDN'T DO FOR A KNOWN BLIND MAN TO COME WALTZING RIGHT UP THERE...
SOOOO... ...I'LL TAKE MY CHANCES WITH THE "WAIT UNTIL DARK" ROUTINE.
MOVING CAREFULLY, CANE GLIDING OVER THE FLOOR BEFORE HIM, MURDOCK MOVES INTO THE SHADOWED ROOM, AND FINDS--
...A MAN!
DON'T LOSE YOUR PATIENCE NOW, MATTHEW--
--SOMEONE MAY STILL BE WATCHING YOU!
SO, FOR THEIR BENEFIT--
--I'LL ROLL MY UNCONSCIOUS GUEST OVER--
--AND PRETEND TO STUDY THE CONTOURS OF HIS FACE.
HMPH. GOT A MUSTACHE LIKE A BRILLO PAD--
--AND YET--I DON'T KNOW HIM!
9


AHH, BUT WE RECOGNIZE THOSE HARSH PEASANT FEATURES, DON'T WE, READERS?
THE FEATURES OF IVAN--THE WIDOW'S STALWART FRIEND AND CHAUFFUER!
BUT MATT WON'T REALIZE THAT UNTIL--

A NOTE-- BY SOMEONE WHO KNOWS I'M DAREDEVIL--
--AND WHO'S CHALLENGING ME--
--TO SAVE THE BLACK WIDOW'S LIFE!

MIDNIGHT... AND THE QUIET LANES OF MANHATTAN'S CENTRAL PARK ARE STRANGELY DESERTED, BEREFT OF MEN AND MUGGERS ALIKE...
MIDNIGHT... AND A DARK, SCARLET FORM SEEMS TO FLOAT FROM TREE TO TREE, AND AS IT PASSES INTO THE DELICATE GLOW OF MOONLIGHT WE SEE--

--DAREDEVIL!
OKAY, SO I'M HERE ALREADY,
WHOEVER SENT THAT NOTE OBVIOUSLY WANTS ME TO SWEAT A BIT--
--EITHER THAT, OR HE COULDN'T GET A CAB!
WAIT-- BELOW--!
CRACK

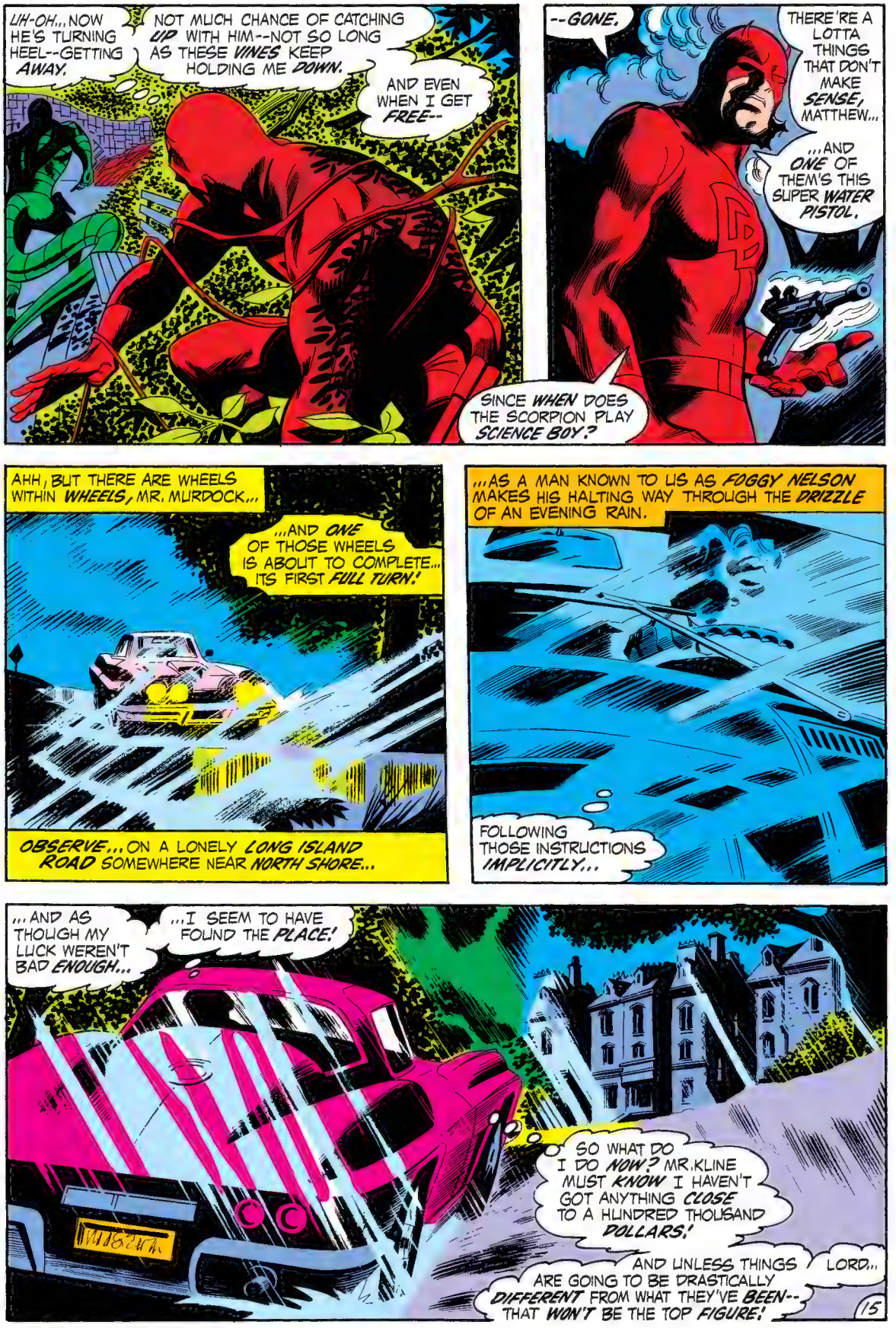
CHOMP!
IT'S THE SCORPION!
GOOD GUESS, HORN-HEAD-- --TOO BAD IT'S THE LAST YOU'LL EVER MAKE!

THEN IT'S YOU!
BUT THE LAST I HEARD-- YOU WERE IN PRISON--
--CAPTURED BY CAPTAIN AMERICA!
GONNA BELIEVE EVERYTHING YOU HEAR, BRIGHT EYES?
SURE THEY GOT ME--
--BUT GETTIN' ME AND KEEPIN' ME ARE TWO DIFFERENT THINGS, SWEETHEART.
YOU... ESCAPED?
CAN SENSE HIS HEARTBEAT-- HE'S TENSING--
IN A MANNER 'A SPEAKIN'--
--YEAH!
WHAM
THRAK
SO I MISSED YA ONCE, PRETTY BOY--
--YA CAN'T KEEP DANCING ALL NIGHT!
SCORP, WHAT YOU DON'T KNOW ABOUT HEROES IN DESPERATION--
--COULD FILL AT LEAST HALF THE ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITTANIA!
WORDS, LOOSE MOUTH... LOTSA BIG WORDS!
IT DON'T COME DOWN TO NOTHING--
--WHEN YOU'RE DEAD!
11

SURE... BUT LOOK AT IT THIS WAY...
...IT KEEPS THINGS FROM GETTING DULL!
WHHTTT
--AND THAT'S WHERE MY BRAND-NEW, FACTORY TESTED BILLY CLUB COMES IN!
MUSCLES STRAINING, DD LEAPS-- AND AS THOSE OF YOU WHO TOOK PHYSICS KNOW--
--CENTRIFUGAL FORCE DOES WONDERS ALL ON ITS EVER-LOVIN' OWN!
HUNH?
NOW WE'RE PLAYIN' KANGAROO, EH, LAWYER-MAN?
BUT HE'S RIGHT--IT'S BEEN WHAT YOU CALL A LONG DAY--
--AND MRS. MURDOCK'S LITTLE BOY MATTHEW IS TIRED! GOT TO GET MYSELF A BREATHER--
WRONG, SCORP!
NOW WE PLAY THE GAME-- MY WAY!
BAAAAD SCENE, MATTHEW.
WHIP
ACCORDING TO THAT LAST WISECRACK OF HIS--
"--LAWYER-MAN"--
--HE KNOWS WHO YOU ARE!

FRIEND, YOU MADE YOUR LAST GRANDSTAND PLAY.
'CAUSE NOW I'M GONNA SNAP YOU IN TWO!
JUST TRY, PAL--
I'D LIKE TO SEE YOU DO IT--
WAK
--SPORTING A MOUTH FULL OF LOOSE TEETH!
:UNNNH!:
CORRECTION-- BABY HERE MOVES LIKE A LOVIN' BOOMERANG!
WHAT'D YOU SAY EARLIER, HERO? "LIKE A CHARM?"
UH-OH, DD-- WATCH OUT BEHIND--
SORRY, HERO--YOU MOVED TOO LITTLE--
CHOK
--AND YOU MOVED--TOO LATE!
SO NOW YOU WHIRLPOOL INTO DARKNESS--
--AND MAYBE YOU'RE WONDERING, JUST A BIT--

--HOW THE SCORPION RECOVERED--SO FAST!
AND SPEAKING OF RECOVERING--
TOO BAD WE HAVE TO CALL IT QUITS, BRIGHT EYES--
--BUT AFTER ALL, I CAN'T SAY IT'S BEEN FUN--
--TO A MAN I'M GONNA KILL!
SECONDS, DD--ONLY SECONDS IN WHICH TO MOVE--
HUH?
HEY!
--AND MOVE, THIS TIME--ON TIME!
TOK
BLAM
AS STENGEL MIGHT'VE SAID, BABY-BLUES...
...THERE GOES THE BALL GAME!
WAIT... SOMETHING'S HAPPENING TO HIM. ALL AT ONCE... HE STOPPED...
...AND NOW HE'S STARING INTO SPACE...
...AS THOUGH LOOKING FOR SOMEONE...
...OR MAYBE, HUNCH-MASTER... SOMETHING!


UH-OH,,, NOW HE'S TURNING HEEL--GETTING AWAY.
NOT MUCH CHANCE OF CATCHING UP WITH HIM--NOT SO LONG AS THESE VINES KEEP HOLDING ME DOWN.
AND EVEN WHEN I GET FREE--
--GONE.
THERE'RE A LOTTA THINGS THAT DON'T MAKE SENSE, MATTHEW,,,
,,,AND ONE OF THEM'S THIS SUPER WATER PISTOL.
SINCE WHEN DOES THE SCORPION PLAY SCIENCE BOY?
AHH, BUT THERE ARE WHEELS WITHIN WHEELS, MR. MURDOCK,,,
,,,AND ONE OF THOSE WHEELS IS ABOUT TO COMPLETE... ITS FIRST FULL TURN!
OBSERVE,,, ON A LONELY LONG ISLAND ROAD SOMEWHERE NEAR NORTH SHORE...
,,,AS A MAN KNOWN TO US AS FOGGY NELSON MAKES HIS HALTING WAY THROUGH THE DRIZZLE OF AN EVENING RAIN.
FOLLOWING THOSE INSTRUCTIONS IMPLICITLY...
,,,AND AS THOUGH MY LUCK WEREN'T BAD ENOUGH...
,,,I SEEM TO HAVE FOUND THE PLACE!
SO WHAT DO I DO NOW? MR. KLINE MUST KNOW I HAVEN'T GOT ANYTHING CLOSE TO A HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS!
AND UNLESS THINGS ARE GOING TO BE DRASTICALLY DIFFERENT FROM WHAT THEY'VE BEEN--THAT WON'T BE THE TOP FIGURE!
LORD,,,
15

...I FEEL... SO HELPLESS.
ONE LITTLE MISTAKE TWO YEARS AGO... AND MY CAREER...
...RUINED!
SO WHAT DO I DO NOW?
COMPOUND THAT MISTAKE?
WHAT ELSE CAN I DO? FACE IT, FRANKLIN NELSON, DISTRICT ATTORNEY...
RAP RAP
.. YOU HAVE TO KILL MR. KLINE!
CRREEEEK
LISTEN TO THE HESITANT TREAD OF A MAN AFRAID...
...LISTEN TO THE ECHO OF RASPING BREATH... AND ANOTHER SOUND...
...THE VOICE OF MISTER KLINE!
COME IN, MISTER NELSON.
YOU'VE BEEN EXPECTED.
PERHAPS YOU'LL BE PLEASED TO KNOW THAT YOUR FRIEND, DAREDEVIL--
IS AT THE MOMENT SUCCEEDING IN HIS BATTLE AGAINST ONE OF MY--
...BATTLE?
THAT HARDLY CONCERNS YOU, NELSON.
DO YOU HAVE... THE MONEY?
BLAST IT, YOU KNOW I COULDN'T RAISE IT THIS QUICKLY.
SO, SOMETHING ELSE, THEN?
...SOMETHING THAT MIGHT SYMBOLIZE YOUR COMPLETE... HUMILIATION?
SO, MR. NELSON, YOU HAVEN'T DISAPPOINTED ME.
YOU'VE PROCEEDED...
16

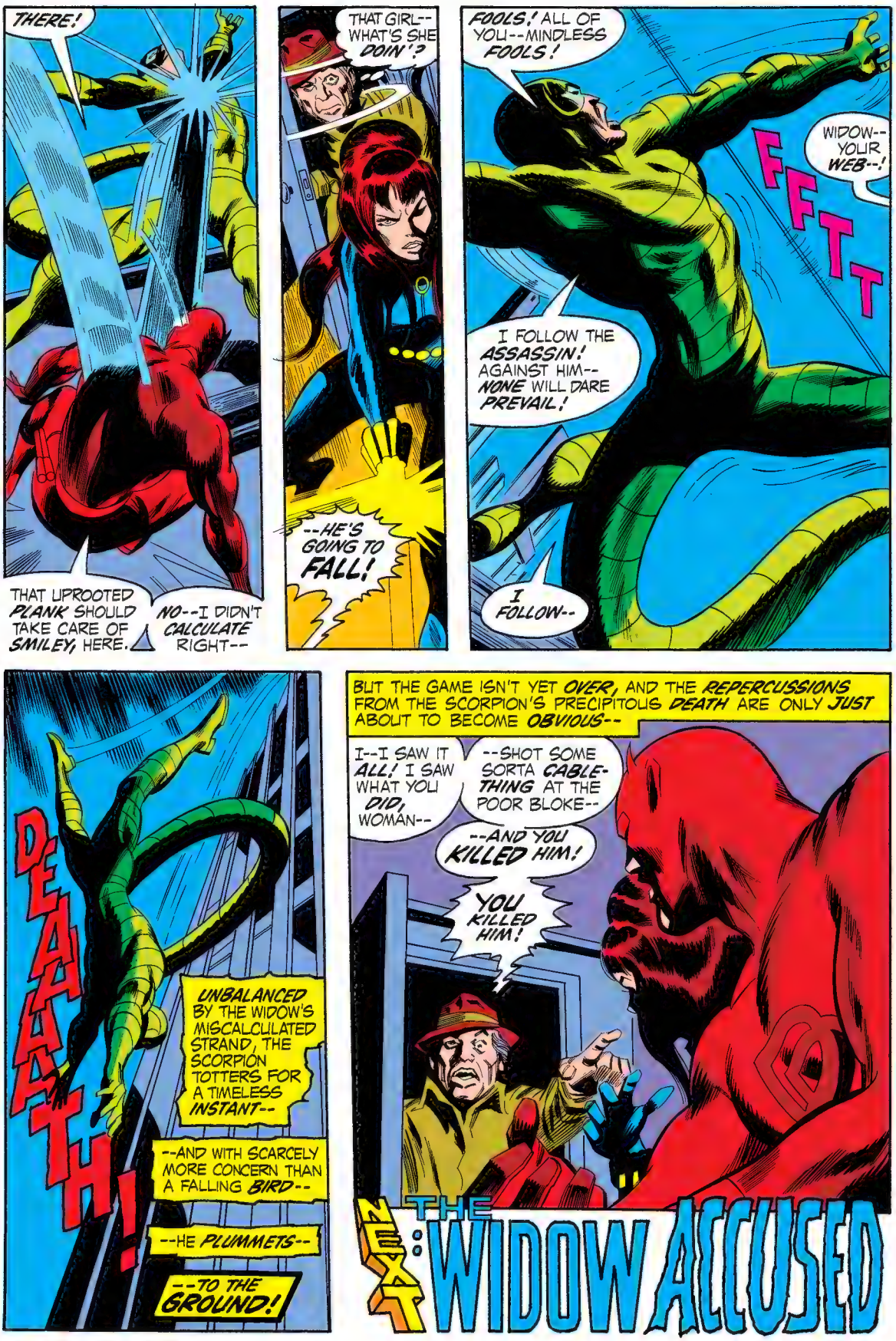
...EXACTLY AS I'VE PLANNED!
YOU PLANNED?
OF COURSE. MINE IS THE POWER TO MANIPULATE, MR. NELSON...
JUST AS I NOW MANIPULATE YOU,
MY HAND... BURNING!
PUT DOWN THAT GUN, MR. NELSON.
WOULD I HAVE DONE IT? WOULD I?
I'M AFRAID THAT THOUGHT IS ACADEMIC, NELSON...
...YOU CAN'T... AND AS LONG AS YOU'RE MINE...
...YOU'LL NEVER THINK ON YOUR OWN AGAIN--
--FROM THIS DAY FORTH--
--YOU ARE AN AGENT-- OF THE ASSASSIN!
LET'S LOOK AWAY FROM THE BROKEN, BLACKMAILED FOGGY NELSON--
--AND RETURN TO ANOTHER LOOSE-LYING THREAD--
--DAREDEVIL!
CORP.
58/40
THE WORLD TRADE CENTER!
OH, THAT'S JUST GREAT. HERE I FOLLOW THE SCORPION'S INFRA-RED HEAT TRAIL CLEAR DOWN THE ISLAND--
--AND HE HAS TO MAKE LIKE A MODERN-DAY KING KONG!
WHOA, HERO-- UNLESS YOUR RADAR-SENSE IS TELLIN' YOU WRONG--
--THERE'S THE SCORPION--
--AND WITH HIM-- THE BLACK WIDOW!
17

I'VE GOT TO TAKE THIS SLOW.
TOO MANY STRANGE THINGS HAVE BEEN COMING DOWN TONIGHT...
...I CAN'T TAKE A CHANCE OF THE SCORPION GOING BERSERK...
...NOT WHEN MADAME NATASHA'S LIFE IS IN THE BALANCE!
SHADOWS CRISSCROSS THE CONSTRUCTION SITE OF THE WORLD'S LARGEST BUILDINGS, DARKNESS THAT, FOR A MOMENT, HIDE THE LITHELY MOVING FIGURE OF THE SCARLET-SHROUDED HERO...
SCORPION STILL DOESN'T SEE ME. HE JUST STANDING THERE--
--AS THOUGH WAITING--
WHHRRRRR
--WAITING FOR SOMETHING TO HAPPEN.
IT'S BECOMING ONE HECK OF A FREAKY NIGHTMARE. I GET THE GROWING FEELING--
--THAT THE THING I'VE BEEN FIGHTING JUST ISN'T--A MAN!
CAREFUL, HERO...DON'T LET YOUR LATENT PARANOIA OVER-TAKE YOU. YOU'VE BEEN HANDLING YOURSELF PRETTY WELL SO FAR...
...PLEASE, PLEASE... DON'T SNAP NOW!
WIND RUSHING PAST ME--KEEP THAT BALANCE SOLID, FRIEND--DON'T LOSE YOUR STEP--
18

--MOVE!
NO MORE TIME FOR PLANNING!
YOU'VE SPENT FOUR YEARS OF YOUR WELL-TO-DO LIFE BEING A FANCY-SWINGING SUPERSTAR--
--NOW THOSE YEARS ARE ABOUT TO PAY OFF!
YOU'VE GOT ONE CHANCE--
--USE IT!
AND ON THE GIRDERS ABOVE...
COME IN, BLAST IT--YOU CAN'T LEAVE ME ALONE NOW.
THAT--THAT CANE OF DAREDEVIL'S--
--IT MUST HAVE BROKEN THE TRANSMITTER!
NO!
WHAT--WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO?
THERE'S--NO ONE-- TO TELL ME! WHAT--DO--I--
THAT'S IT, WIDOW.
IF I'M GONNA REPAY YOU FOR THAT LITTLE FAVOR--
--I'M GOING TO NEED EVERY MINUTE WE CAN STEAL!
YOU'RE THE BOSS, TALL MAN.
TELL ME! TELL ME WHAT TO DO!
THE TRANSMITTER--
KRUNCH
I--SHATTERED IT!
NOOOOOOOOO!
19

WHOOPS! CAREFUL, GOGGLE-EYES!
THAT WASN'T WHAT YOU CALL YOUR FRIENDLY MOVE!
YOU!
I'LL--I'LL KILL YOU!
NOW--IS THAT ANYWAY TO TREAT A GUY WHO JUST DROPPED IN TO SAY HELLO? AHH-- GUESS NOW'S NOT THE TIME FOR FUNNIES, RIGHT?
MY ORDERS-- WERE TO-- FIGHT YOU--
--BUT NOW--I HAVE NO ORDERS--
--AND SO--
I KILL!
KILL!
KILL!
AND IT'S--
--BEGINNING TO LOOK--
--LIKE HE MIGHT DO IT!
AN EYE FOR AN EYE, MY FRIEND--
--YOU FREED ME--

WHOOOSH
LADY, BLESS YOUR WIDOW'S WEB!
BUT--LOOK OUT! THE SCORPION!
--NOW I MUST FREE YOU!


THERE!
THAT UPROOTED PLANK SHOULD TAKE CARE OF SMILEY, HERE.
NO--I DIDN'T CALCULATE RIGHT--
THAT GIRL--WHAT'S SHE DOIN'?
--HE'S GOING TO FALL!
FOOLS! ALL OF YOU--MINDLESS FOOLS!
WIDOW--YOUR WEB--!
FFTT
I FOLLOW THE ASSASSIN! AGAINST HIM--NONE WILL DARE PREVAIL!
I FOLLOW--
DEAAATH!
UNBALANCED BY THE WIDOW'S MISCALCULATED STRAND, THE SCORPION TOTTERS FOR A TIMELESS INSTANT--
--AND WITH SCARCELY MORE CONCERN THAN A FALLING BIRD--
--HE PLUMMETS--
--TO THE GROUND!
BUT THE GAME ISN'T YET OVER, AND THE REPERCUSSIONS FROM THE SCORPION'S PRECIPITOUS DEATH ARE ONLY JUST ABOUT TO BECOME OBVIOUS--
I--I SAW IT ALL! I SAW WHAT YOU DID, WOMAN--
--SHOT SOME SORTA CABLE-THING AT THE POOR BLOKE--
--AND YOU KILLED HIM!
YOU KILLED HIM!
NEXT: THE WIDOW ACCUSED

DAREDEVIL MARVEL COMICS GROUP™

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DAREDEVIL™

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

ALL THIS--AND MR. HYDE TOO!

DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

THE WIDOW ACCUSED!
THE SCORPION IS DEAD! OR SO IT APPEARS--FOR, HAVING PLUMMETED FROM THE TOP OF THE WORLD TRADE CENTER AT THE CLIMAX OF OUR LAST ISSUE, OUR EMERALD VILLAIN SEEMS TO HAVE ENDED HIS USEFULNESS--
--AT LEAST, AS AN ACTIVE PARTICIPANT--! HIS PASSIVE EFFECTIVENESS IN THE PLAN OF THE AWESOME ASSASSIN ONLY NOW BECOMES--APPARENT!
DAREDEVIL--IS THAT THE WAY IT HAPPENED?
YEAH, IT'S TRUE, I TELL YA--
--SHE DID IT--THE BLACK WIDOW MADE HIM FALL!
HAS THE CURSE OF THE BLACK WIDOW REALLY STRUCK AGAIN?
OBVIOUSLY, SOME PEOPLE THINK SO.
STAN LEE • EDITOR
GERRY CONWAY • WRITER
ALAN WEISS • ARTIST
BILL EVERETT • INKER
ARTIE SIMEK • LETTERER
BARRY SMITH DESIGNS (LIKE, GENE COLAN'S ON VACATION!)

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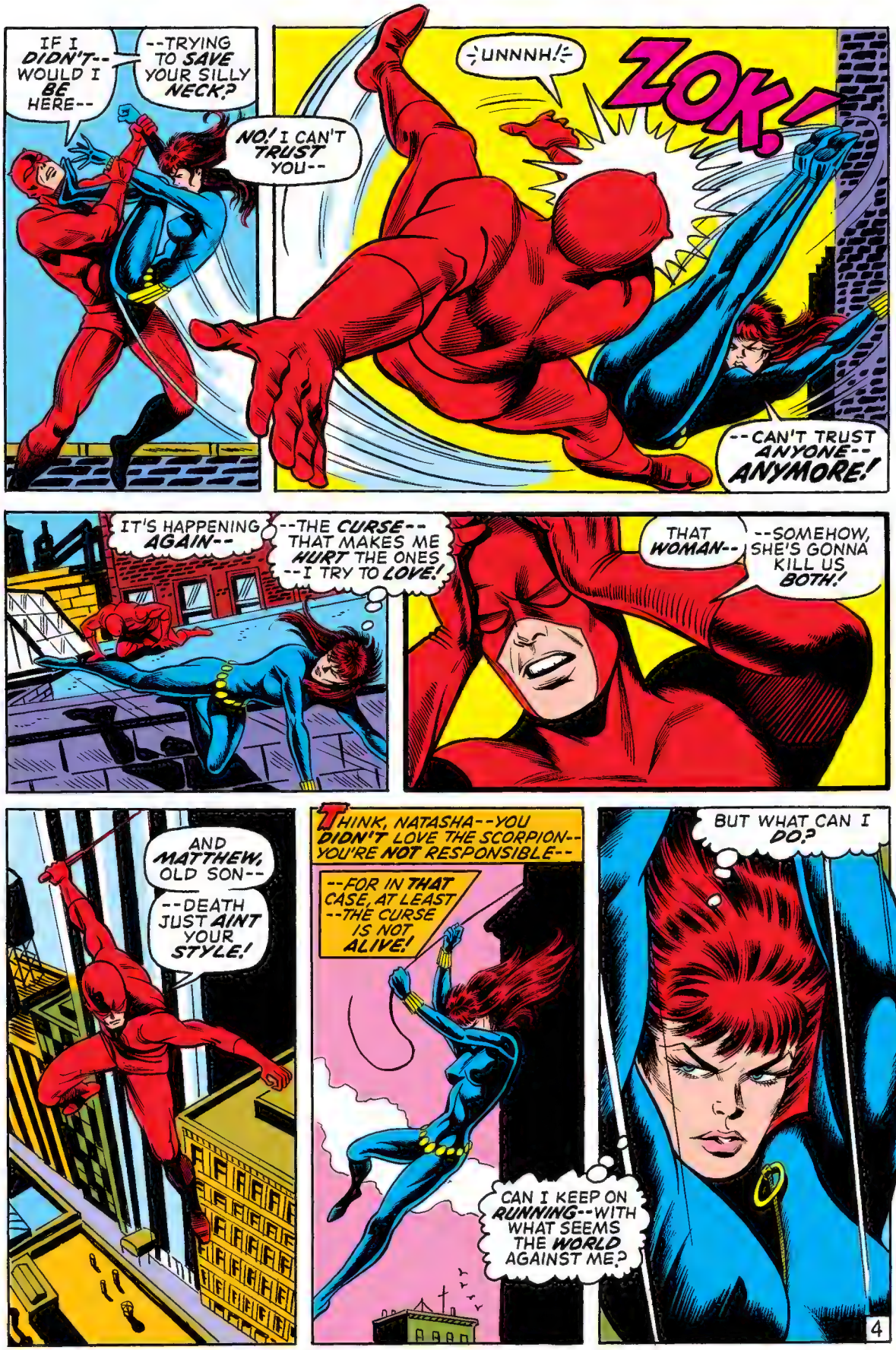
WELL, OFFICER? YOU GONNA DO SOMETHING?
DON'T PUSH ME, FELLA.
SORRY, LADY --LOOKS LIKE WE'RE GONNA HAVE TO TAKE YOU INTO CUSTODY.
ONLY FOR THE TIME BEING, YOU UNDERSTAND--JUST ROUTINE.
DAREDEVIL --WHAT AM I GOING TO DO?
THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S A FRIEND OF MINE, NATASHA--
--I PROMISE YOU--HE WON'T PRESS CHARGES.
PROMISE ME? HOW VERY BRAVE OF YOU, MY FRIEND.
BUT PLEASE--DON'T GO OUT ON A LIMB FOR MY SAKE--
--FOR THE SAKE--OF A RUSSIAN!
YOU THINK THEY'LL LET LET ME GO?
YOU DON'T KNOW THEM AS I DO, MASKED MAN.
THEY KNOW ONLY ONE LAW--THE LAW OF SUSPICION!
NATASHA! WAIT!
SHE'S HYSTERICAL--ALL THIS'S BEEN TOO MUCH FOR HER!
HOLD OFF YOUR HOUNDS, LIEUTENANT--
--I'LL BRING HER BACK.
SEE THAT YOU DO, HANDSOME.
YA SEE? EVERYBODY'S ON HER SIDE!
THIS BURG WAS MADE FOR CROOKS!
FRIGHTENED, HORRIFIED BY THE SCORPIONS ABRUPT DEATH--THE WIDOW PANICS--
--AND PANICKING--RUNS!
DAREDEVIL--FOLLOWING ME! I THOUGHT THE MAN WAS MY FRIEND--
--WHICH SHOWS JUST HOW WRONG A WOMAN CAN BE!
2

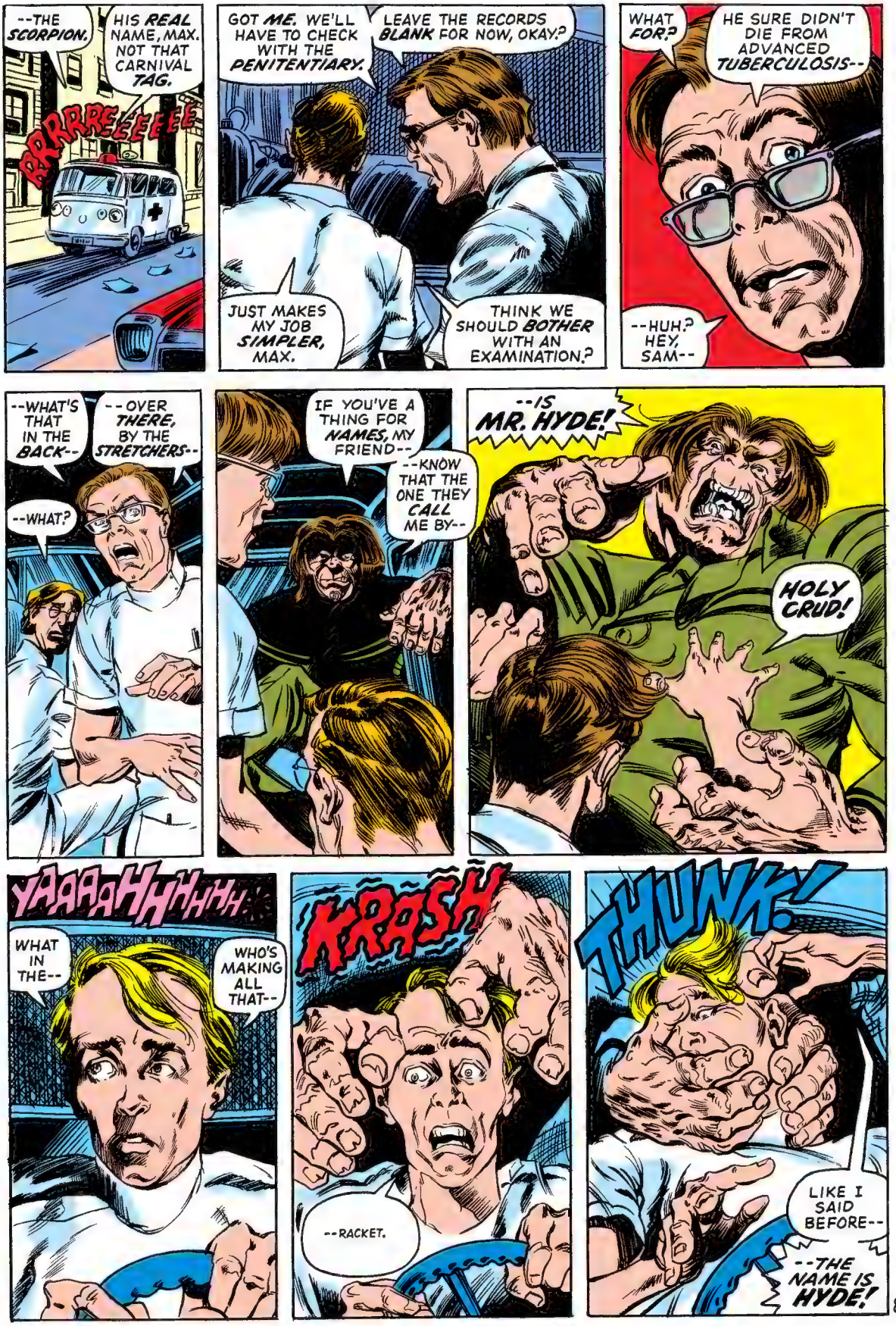
PLEASE, NATASHA-- GIVE THEM A CHANCE!
IF YOU RUN NOW-- YOU'LL NEVER BE FREE--!
FORGET IT, LAWYER-MAN-- IT'S NO USE--!
THE WIDOW'S BEEN THROUGH HELL! FIRST BEING KIDNAPPED BY THE SCORPION--
--THEN TRYING TO SAVE HIM --ONLY TO WATCH HIM DIE--
AND THAT'S WHY I'M DOING THIS, RIGHT--? TO BETRAY HER FURTHER?
WILL YOU STOP? BLAST IT, LISTEN TO ME--
--IT'S ENOUGH TO SNAP ANYONE'S CONTROL.
WHY? SO YOU CAN LIE?
ONCE, I SAVED YOUR LIFE--
--AND THIS IS HOW YOU REPAY ME?
THAT, AFTER YOU RESCUED ME FROM THE SCORPION-- I SAVED YOU IN TURN--
I WONDER WHY YOU'VE FORGOTTEN SO QUICKLY--
--AND THAT IF YOU'RE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE SCORPION'S DEATH--
--THEN, BLAST IT-- SO AM I!
--SO MAYBE I'LL GO-- OVER IT!
YOUR WIDOW'S BITE-- I CAN'T-- GET THRU IT--
YOU-- BELIEVE THAT?
3

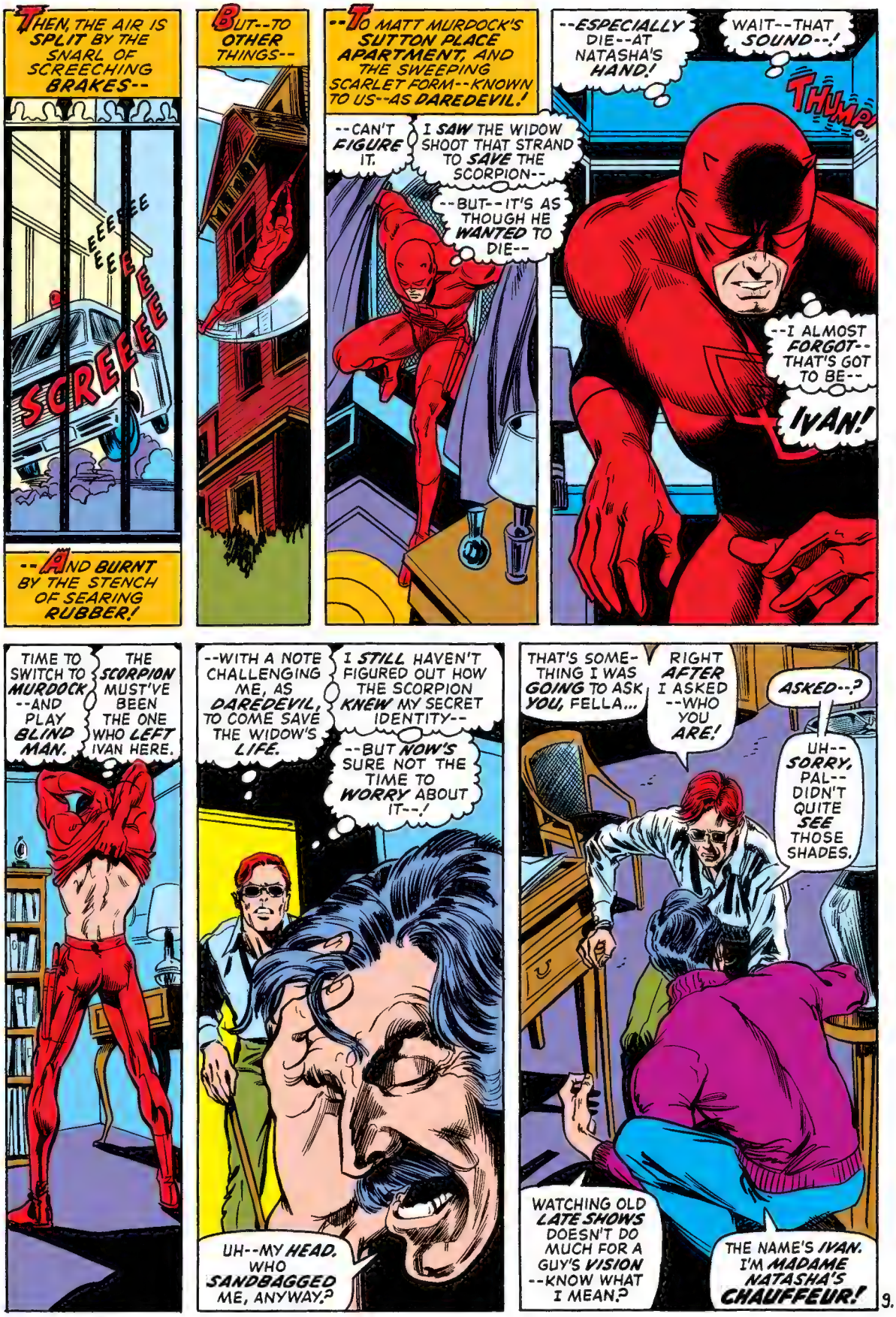

IF I DIDN'T-- WOULD I BE HERE--
--TRYING TO SAVE YOUR SILLY NECK?
NO! I CAN'T TRUST YOU--
-UNNNH!-
ZOK!
--CAN'T TRUST ANYONE-- ANYMORE!
IT'S HAPPENING AGAIN--
--THE CURSE-- THAT MAKES ME HURT THE ONES --I TRY TO LOVE!
THAT WOMAN--
--SOMEHOW, SHE'S GONNA KILL US BOTH!
AND MATTHEW, OLD SON--
--DEATH JUST AINT YOUR STYLE!
THINK, NATASHA--YOU DIDN'T LOVE THE SCORPION-- YOU'RE NOT RESPONSIBLE--
--FOR IN THAT CASE, AT LEAST --THE CURSE IS NOT ALIVE!
CAN I KEEP ON RUNNING--WITH WHAT SEEMS THE WORLD AGAINST ME?
BUT WHAT CAN I DO?

YES, RUN, NATASHA--
--RUN, TILL ALL BREATH LEAVES YOUR LUNGS--
--RUN, TILL YOU MUST STOP--AND THEN WHAT WILL YOU DO, RUSSIAN BEAUTY?
WHAT WILL YOU DO, WHEN YOU'VE LEFT ALL FRIENDS BEHIND?
DAREDEVIL, WAIT--!
PERHAPS WE CAN TALK--!
THAT'S ALL I'VE EVER ASKED, LADY.
PERHAPS--PERHAPS YOU CAN GO BACK TO THEM--
--AND TELL THEM YOU COULDN'T FIND ME. THEN--IF I ONLY HAD TIME TO THINK--
TOO MANY MAYBES, NATASHA.
TRY TO UNDERSTAND--YOU'VE GOT TO COME WITH ME--
--AND YOU'VE GOT TO COME NOW.
NOW! ALWAYS NOW! WHY NOT TOMORROW--OR NEXT WEEK?
WHY NOT NEVER?
ANY OTHER FANTASIES YOU'D CARE TO MENTION?
OH, IT'S USELESS TO TRY TO REASON WITH YOU--
LADY, THAT JUST WASN'T REASONING...!
THEN WE'RE ENEMIES!
I DIDN'T SAY THAT--
I DID!
IF THAT'S WHAT I AM--THEN THAT'S THE WAY I'LL HAVE TO ACT!
TWWW!
NO!
5

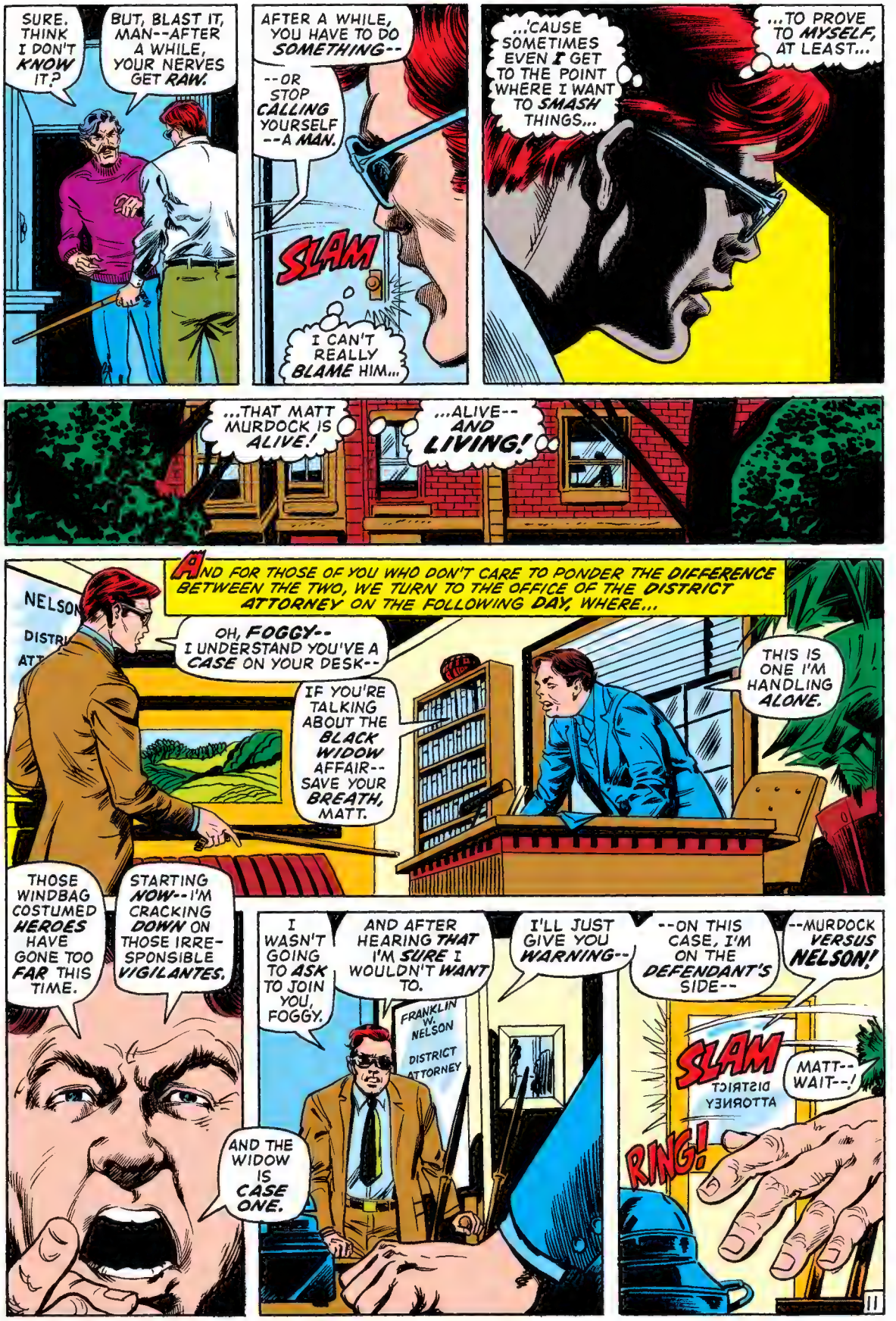
YOU DIDN'T THINK I'D LET YOU KEEP THOSE STINGS, DID YOU, 'TASHA?
I'M SORRY, MA'AM-- BUT IF THIS IS THE WAY IT'S GOT TO BE--
--AMEN!
I ALMOST WISH I COULD CONTROL MY CURSE--
--SO I MIGHT STRIKE YOU WITH IT--
--STRIKE YOU DEAD!
NOW YOU KNOW YOU DON'T REALLY MEAN THAT, NATASHA.
THOUGH-- HOW CAN I BE REALLY SURE?
THINGS WERE COMING TOGETHER FOR US SO WELL-- FOR A TIME, I ALMOST DARED HOPE-- BUT, NO--
--THOSE DREAMS ARE FINISHED NOW.
FINISHED... BURIED.
POLICE
P D
THANKS, DAREDEVIL.
WE'LL TAKE REAL GOOD CARE OF THE LITTLE LADY...
SEE THAT YOU DO, OFFICER.
SEE THAT YOU DO!
PCT. 20
N.Y.P.D.
AND THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR SEARCHES FOR A SIGN FROM THE SILENT, GRIM BLACK WIDOW--

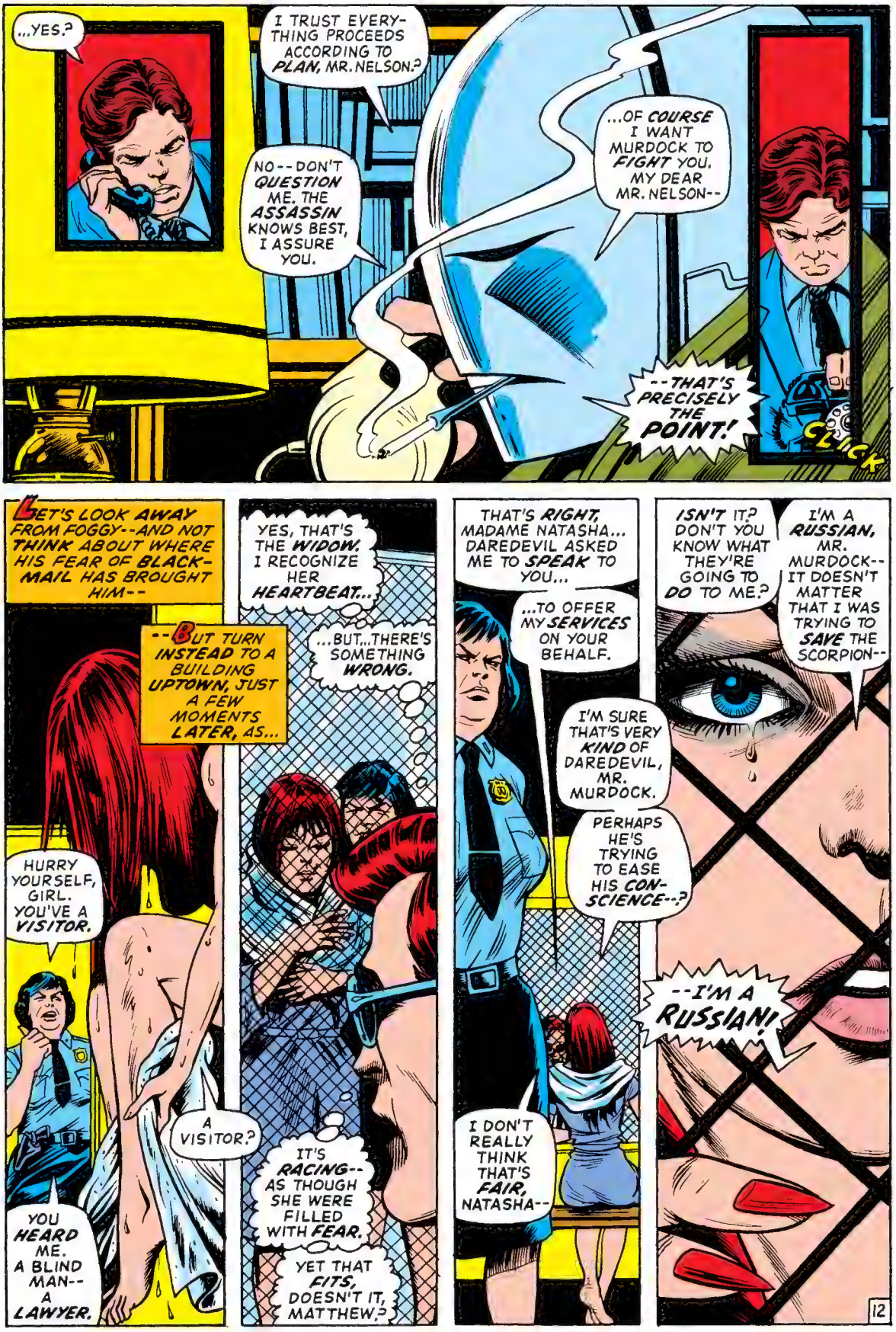
--AND RECEIVES NOTHING BUT AN AVERTED STARE IN RETURN.
I'LL SPEAK TO THE D. A.
IT'LL ALL BE ALL RIGHT, NATASHA...
...I PROMISE YOU...
...I PROMISE YOU.
THE CROWD-- WATCHING ME. THEY THINK I'M A HERO.
SURE. HEROES STOP CRIMINALS, DON'T THEY?
TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT, MATT MURDOCK--
--TELL ME ALL ABOUT THE HONEST GOOD THEY DO!
SORRY, FOLKS-- NO TIME FOR AUTOGRAPHS OR SOUVENIRS--
--IT'S TIME HORN-HEAD MADE FOR THE SKYWAYS--
--AND A RETURN-- TO EVERYDAY LIVING!
BUT HIS THOUGHTS REMAIN BELOW, EVEN AS HIS FORM SWINGS HIGH INTO THE DOWN-TOWN MANHATTAN DUSK...
YET NOW, OUR ATTENTIONS MUST FLEE ELSEWHERE, TO A SPEEDING AMBULANCE THAT CONTAINS--

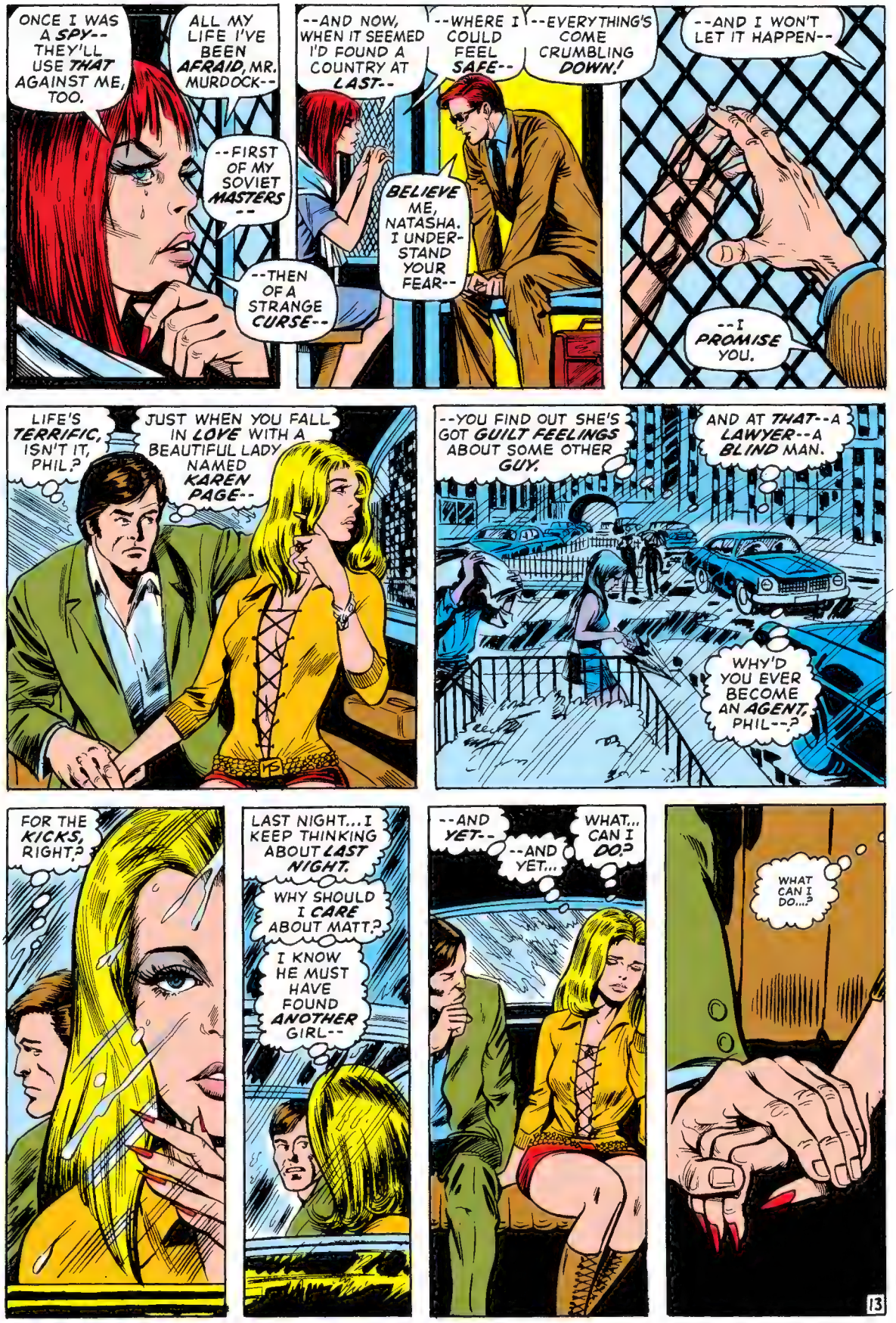

--THE SCORPION.
HIS REAL NAME, MAX. NOT THAT CARNIVAL TAG.
RRRRREEEEE
GOT ME. WE'LL HAVE TO CHECK WITH THE PENITENTIARY.
LEAVE THE RECORDS BLANK FOR NOW, OKAY?
JUST MAKES MY JOB SIMPLER, MAX.
THINK WE SHOULD BOTHER WITH AN EXAMINATION?
WHAT FOR?
HE SURE DIDN'T DIE FROM ADVANCED TUBERCULOSIS--
--HUH? HEY, SAM--
--WHAT'S THAT IN THE BACK--
--OVER THERE, BY THE STRETCHERS--
--WHAT?
IF YOU'VE A THING FOR NAMES, MY FRIEND--
--KNOW THAT THE ONE THEY CALL ME BY--
--IS MR. HYDE!
HOLY CRUD!
YAAAAHHHHHH!
WHAT IN THE--
WHO'S MAKING ALL THAT--
KRASH
--RACKET.
THUNK!
LIKE I SAID BEFORE--
--THE NAME IS HYDE!


THEN, THE AIR IS SPLIT BY THE SNARL OF SCREECHING BRAKES--
EEEEEEEEEEEE
SCREEEEE
--AND BURNT BY THE STENCH OF SEARING RUBBER!
BUT--TO OTHER THINGS--
--TO MATT MURDOCK'S SUTTON PLACE APARTMENT, AND THE SWEEPING SCARLET FORM--KNOWN TO US--AS DAREDEVIL!
--CAN'T FIGURE IT.
I SAW THE WIDOW SHOOT THAT STRAND TO SAVE THE SCORPION--
--BUT--IT'S AS THOUGH HE WANTED TO DIE--
--ESPECIALLY DIE--AT NATASHA'S HAND!
WAIT--THAT SOUND--!
THUMP
--I ALMOST FORGOT--THAT'S GOT TO BE--
IVAN!
TIME TO SWITCH TO MURDOCK --AND PLAY BLIND MAN.
THE SCORPION MUST'VE BEEN THE ONE WHO LEFT IVAN HERE.
--WITH A NOTE CHALLENGING ME, AS DAREDEVIL, TO COME SAVE THE WIDOW'S LIFE.
I STILL HAVEN'T FIGURED OUT HOW THE SCORPION KNEW MY SECRET IDENTITY--
--BUT NOW'S SURE NOT THE TIME TO WORRY ABOUT IT--!
UH--MY HEAD. WHO SANDBAGGED ME, ANYWAY?
THAT'S SOMETHING I WAS GOING TO ASK YOU, FELLA...
RIGHT AFTER I ASKED --WHO YOU ARE!
ASKED--?
UH--SORRY, PAL--DIDN'T QUITE SEE THOSE SHADES.
WATCHING OLD LATE SHOWS DOESN'T DO MUCH FOR A GUY'S VISION --KNOW WHAT I MEAN?
THE NAME'S IVAN. I'M MADAME NATASHA'S CHAUFFEUR!

THEN MAYBE YOU SHOULD KNOW--THE WIDOW'S IN JAIL.
JAIL?
NOW THAT'S FINE--REALLY FINE! HAVEN'T THEY HURT HER ENOUGH?
EVERYWHERE WE GO--IT'S THE SAME!
PERSECUTION RIGHT AND LEFT--WHAT DO THEY WANT?
WAIT--HOLD ON A MINUTE--!
WHAT IN BLAZES ARE YOU DOING TO MY LAW-BOOKS?
CAN'T TALK TO HIM--HE MUST BE WORRIED SICK ABOUT NATASHA--
BUT I'VE GOT TO STOP HIM SOMEHOW--BEFORE HE WRECKS THE ENTIRE PLACE!
WAIT--HE'S STARTING TO SWING--IF I MOVE FAST ENOUGH--
SWAK!
UNNNH!
MURDOCK--
WELL, BIG MAN--NOW YOU'VE REALLY DONE IT!
YOU'VE HIT A BLIND MAN!
MURDOCK--LOOK, I LOST MY TEMPER--I'M SORRY--
TELL IT TO MY JAW.
MY GLASSES--DO YOU SEE THEM--?
HERE, MAN. I FEEL LIKE A--
--YOU SHOULD. MADAME NATASHA'S IN TROUBLE--
--AND YOU'RE NOT HELPING HER BY BREAKING UP MY APARTMENT.
10


SURE. THINK I DON'T KNOW IT?
BUT, BLAST IT, MAN--AFTER A WHILE, YOUR NERVES GET RAW.
AFTER A WHILE, YOU HAVE TO DO SOMETHING--
--OR STOP CALLING YOURSELF --A MAN.
SLAM
I CAN'T REALLY BLAME HIM...
...'CAUSE SOMETIMES EVEN I GET TO THE POINT WHERE I WANT TO SMASH THINGS...
...TO PROVE TO MYSELF, AT LEAST...
...THAT MATT MURDOCK IS ALIVE!
...ALIVE-- AND LIVING!
AND FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO DON'T CARE TO PONDER THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE TWO, WE TURN TO THE OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY ON THE FOLLOWING DAY, WHERE...
NELSON
DISTRI
ATT
OH, FOGGY-- I UNDERSTAND YOU'VE A CASE ON YOUR DESK--
IF YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT THE BLACK WIDOW AFFAIR-- SAVE YOUR BREATH, MATT.
THIS IS ONE I'M HANDLING ALONE.
THOSE WINDBAG COSTUMED HEROES HAVE GONE TOO FAR THIS TIME.
STARTING NOW--I'M CRACKING DOWN ON THOSE IRRESPONSIBLE VIGILANTES.
AND THE WIDOW IS CASE ONE.
I WASN'T GOING TO ASK TO JOIN YOU, FOGGY.
AND AFTER HEARING THAT I'M SURE I WOULDN'T WANT TO.
FRANKLIN W. NELSON
DISTRICT ATTORNEY
I'LL JUST GIVE YOU WARNING--
--ON THIS CASE, I'M ON THE DEFENDANT'S SIDE--
--MURDOCK VERSUS NELSON!
SLAM
DISTRICT ATTORNEY
MATT-- WAIT--!
RING!
11


...YES.?
I TRUST EVERY-THING PROCEEDS ACCORDING TO PLAN, MR. NELSON.?
NO--DON'T QUESTION ME. THE ASSASSIN KNOWS BEST, I ASSURE YOU.
...OF COURSE I WANT MURDOCK TO FIGHT YOU, MY DEAR MR. NELSON--
--THAT'S PRECISELY THE POINT!
CLICK
LET'S LOOK AWAY FROM FOGGY--AND NOT THINK ABOUT WHERE HIS FEAR OF BLACK-MAIL HAS BROUGHT HIM--
--BUT TURN INSTEAD TO A BUILDING UPTOWN, JUST A FEW MOMENTS LATER, AS...
HURRY YOURSELF, GIRL. YOU'VE A VISITOR.
A VISITOR.?
YOU HEARD ME. A BLIND MAN--A LAWYER.
YES, THAT'S THE WIDOW. I RECOGNIZE HER HEARTBEAT...
...BUT...THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG.
IT'S RACING--AS THOUGH SHE WERE FILLED WITH FEAR.
YET THAT FITS, DOESN'T IT, MATTHEW.?
THAT'S RIGHT, MADAME NATASHA... DAREDEVIL ASKED ME TO SPEAK TO YOU...
...TO OFFER MY SERVICES ON YOUR BEHALF.
I'M SURE THAT'S VERY KIND OF DAREDEVIL, MR. MURDOCK.
PERHAPS HE'S TRYING TO EASE HIS CON-SCIENCE--?
I DON'T REALLY THINK THAT'S FAIR, NATASHA--
ISN'T IT.? DON'T YOU KNOW WHAT THEY'RE GOING TO DO TO ME.?
I'M A RUSSIAN, MR. MURDOCK--IT DOESN'T MATTER THAT I WAS TRYING TO SAVE THE SCORPION--
--I'M A RUSSIAN!
12


ONCE I WAS A SPY-- THEY'LL USE THAT AGAINST ME, TOO.
ALL MY LIFE I'VE BEEN AFRAID, MR. MURDOCK--
--FIRST OF MY SOVIET MASTERS --
--THEN OF A STRANGE CURSE--
--AND NOW, WHEN IT SEEMED I'D FOUND A COUNTRY AT LAST--
--WHERE I COULD FEEL SAFE--
--EVERYTHING'S COME CRUMBLING DOWN!
BELIEVE ME, NATASHA. I UNDERSTAND YOUR FEAR--
--AND I WON'T LET IT HAPPEN--
--I PROMISE YOU.
LIFE'S TERRIFIC, ISN'T IT, PHIL?
JUST WHEN YOU FALL IN LOVE WITH A BEAUTIFUL LADY NAMED KAREN PAGE--
--YOU FIND OUT SHE'S GOT GUILT FEELINGS ABOUT SOME OTHER GUY.
AND AT THAT--A LAWYER--A BLIND MAN.
WHY'D YOU EVER BECOME AN AGENT, PHIL--?
FOR THE KICKS, RIGHT?
LAST NIGHT... I KEEP THINKING ABOUT LAST NIGHT.
WHY SHOULD I CARE ABOUT MATT?
I KNOW HE MUST HAVE FOUND ANOTHER GIRL--
--AND YET--
--AND YET...
WHAT... CAN I DO?
WHAT CAN I DO...?
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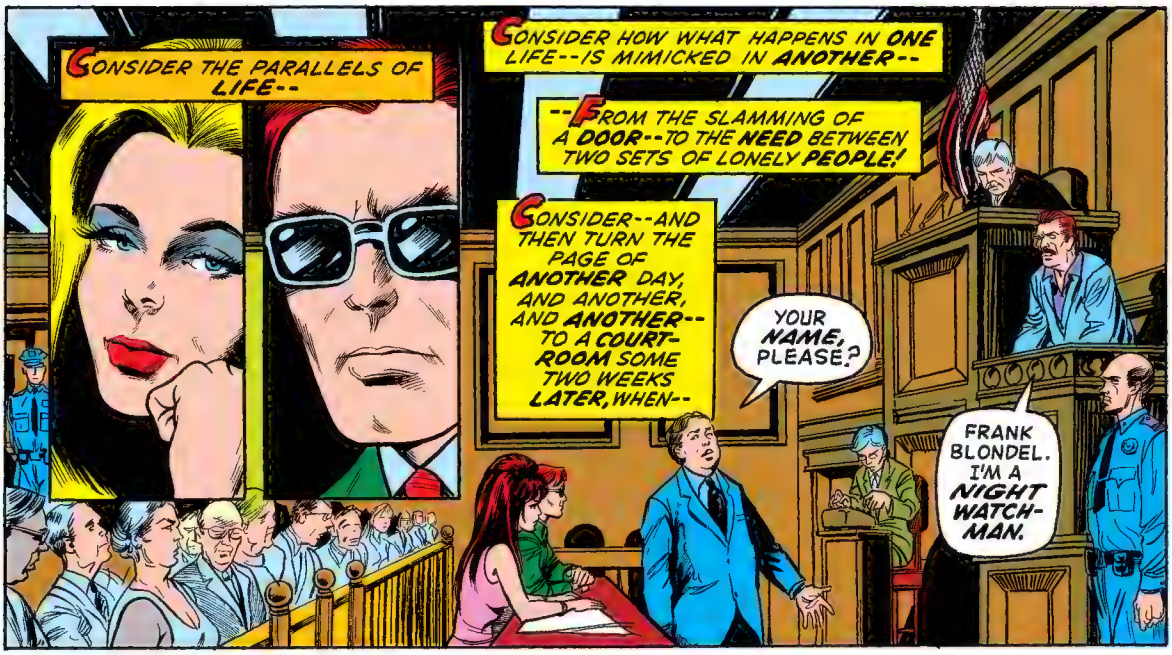
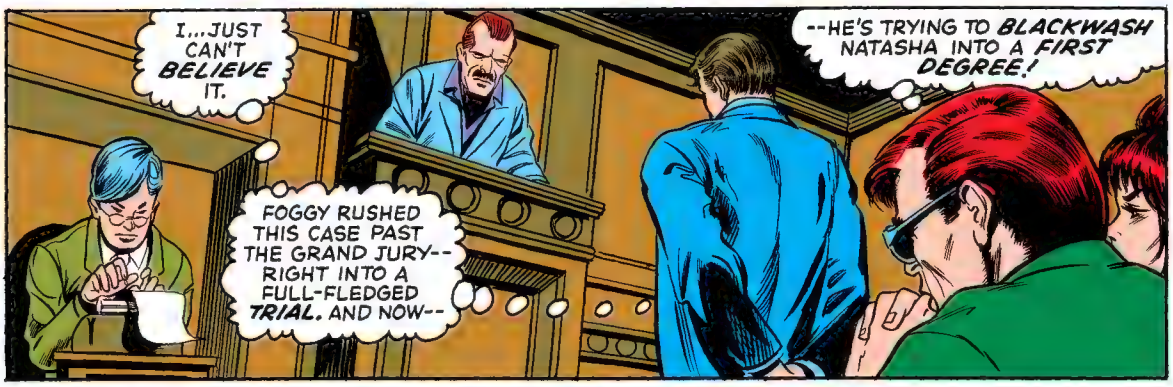
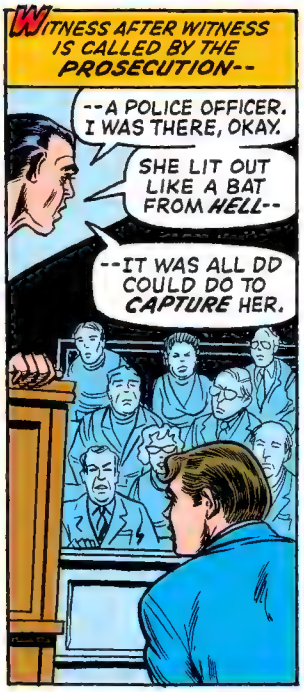

CONSIDER THE PARALLELS OF LIFE--
CONSIDER HOW WHAT HAPPENS IN ONE LIFE--IS MIMICKED IN ANOTHER--
--FROM THE SLAMMING OF A DOOR--TO THE NEED BETWEEN TWO SETS OF LONELY PEOPLE!
CONSIDER--AND THEN TURN THE PAGE OF ANOTHER DAY, AND ANOTHER, AND ANOTHER--TO A COURT-ROOM SOME TWO WEEKS LATER, WHEN--
YOUR NAME, PLEASE?
FRANK BLONDEL. I'M A NIGHT WATCH-MAN.

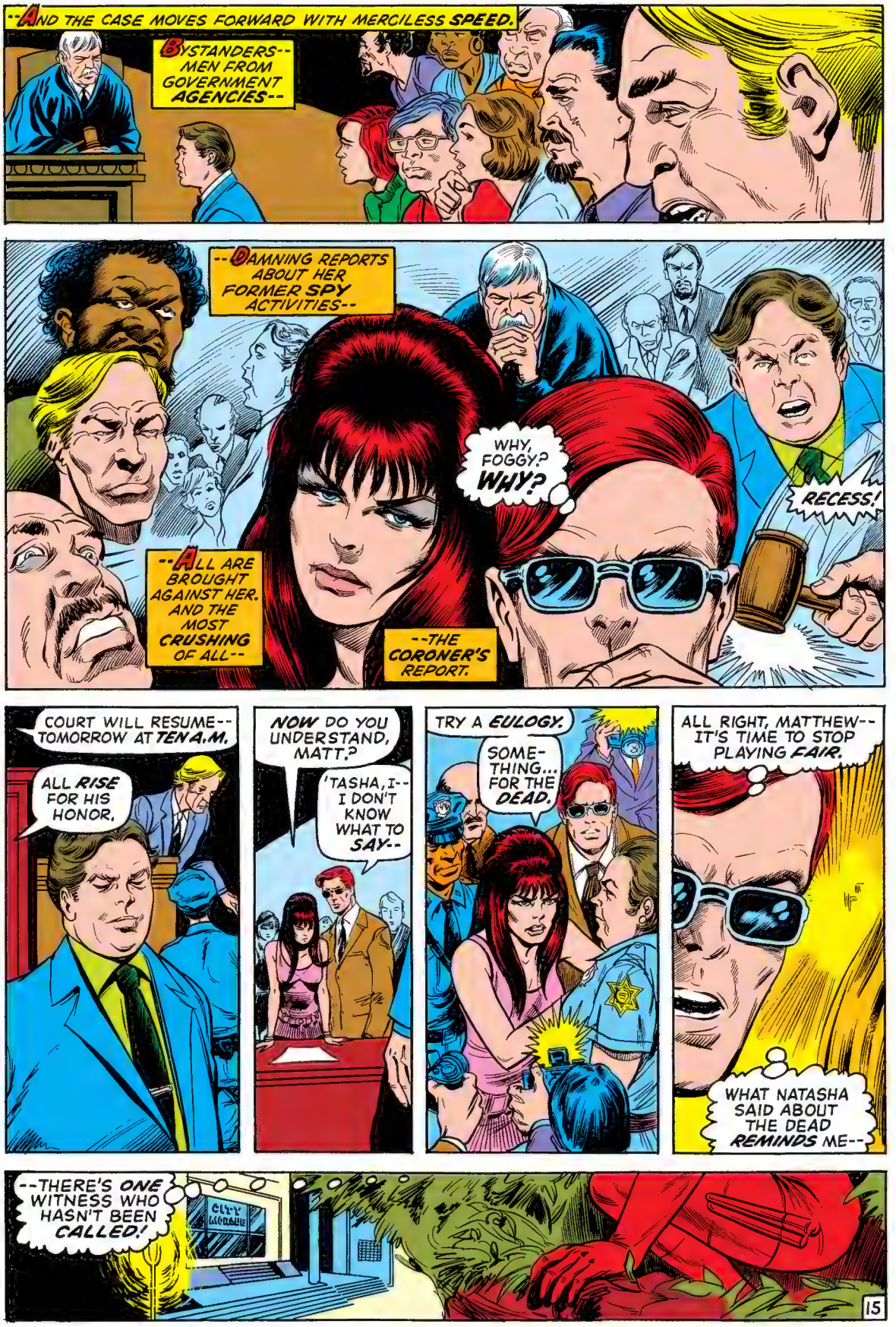

I...JUST CAN'T BELIEVE IT.
FOGGY RUSHED THIS CASE PAST THE GRAND JURY--RIGHT INTO A FULL-FLEDGED TRIAL. AND NOW--
--HE'S TRYING TO BLACKWASH NATASHA INTO A FIRST DEGREE!

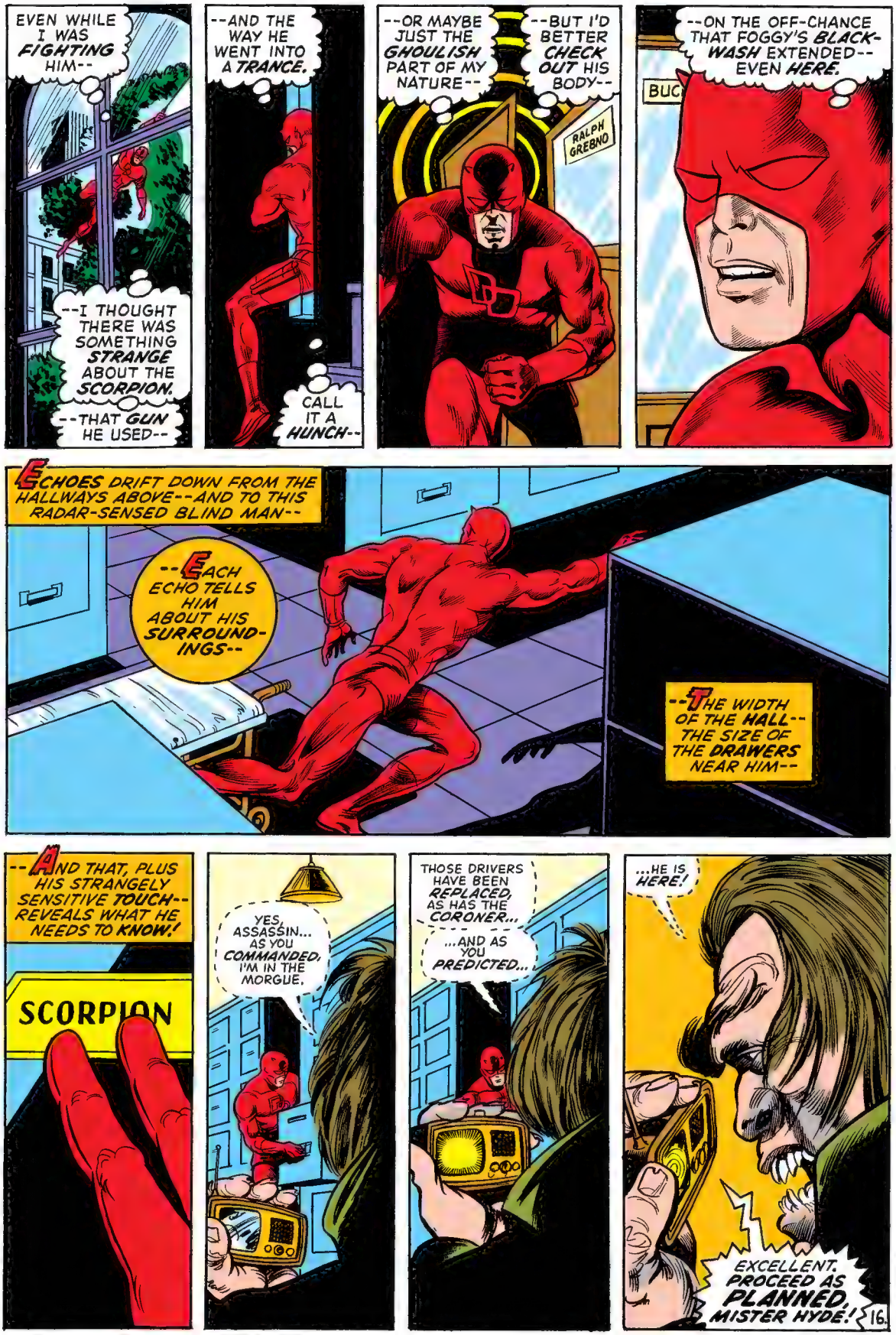
YEAH, I SEE HER ALL RIGHT.
HER--THE BLACK WIDOW!

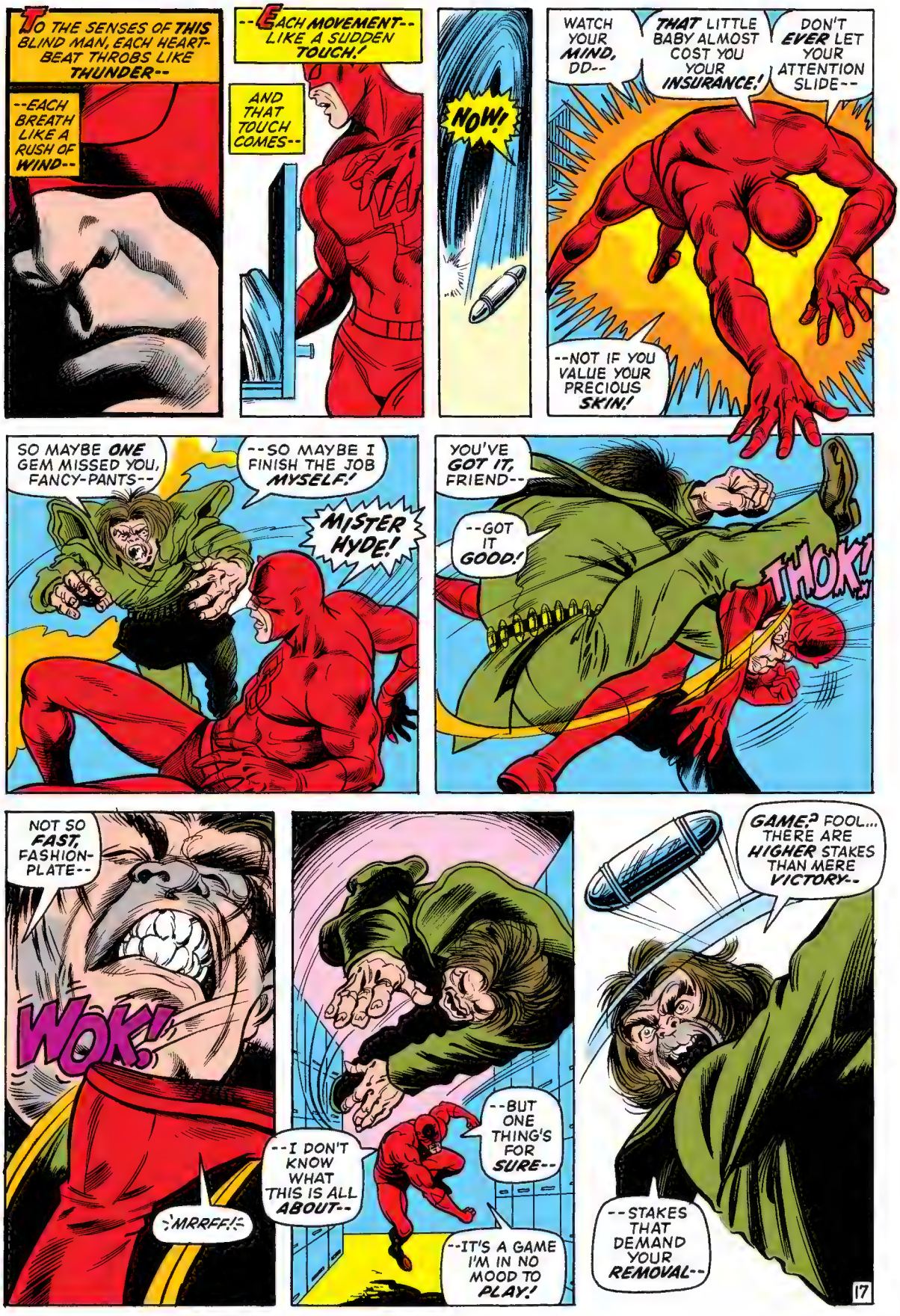
THANK YOU, MISTER BLONDEL.
YOUR WITNESS, MISTER MURDOCK.


WITNESS AFTER WITNESS IS CALLED BY THE PROSECUTION--
--A POLICE OFFICER. I WAS THERE, OKAY.
SHE LIT OUT LIKE A BAT FROM HELL--
--IT WAS ALL DD COULD DO TO CAPTURE HER.

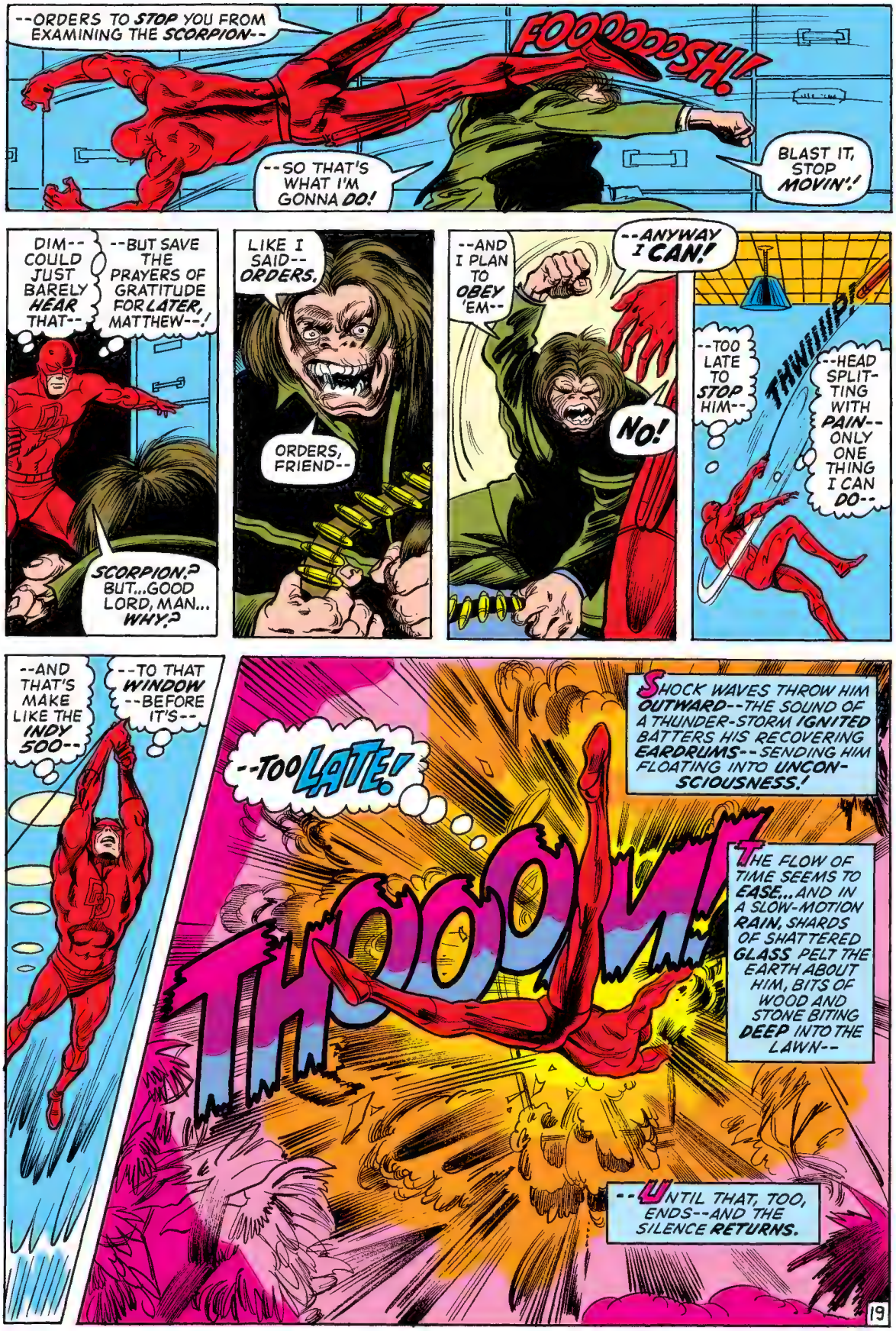
THANK YOU, LIEUTENANT...

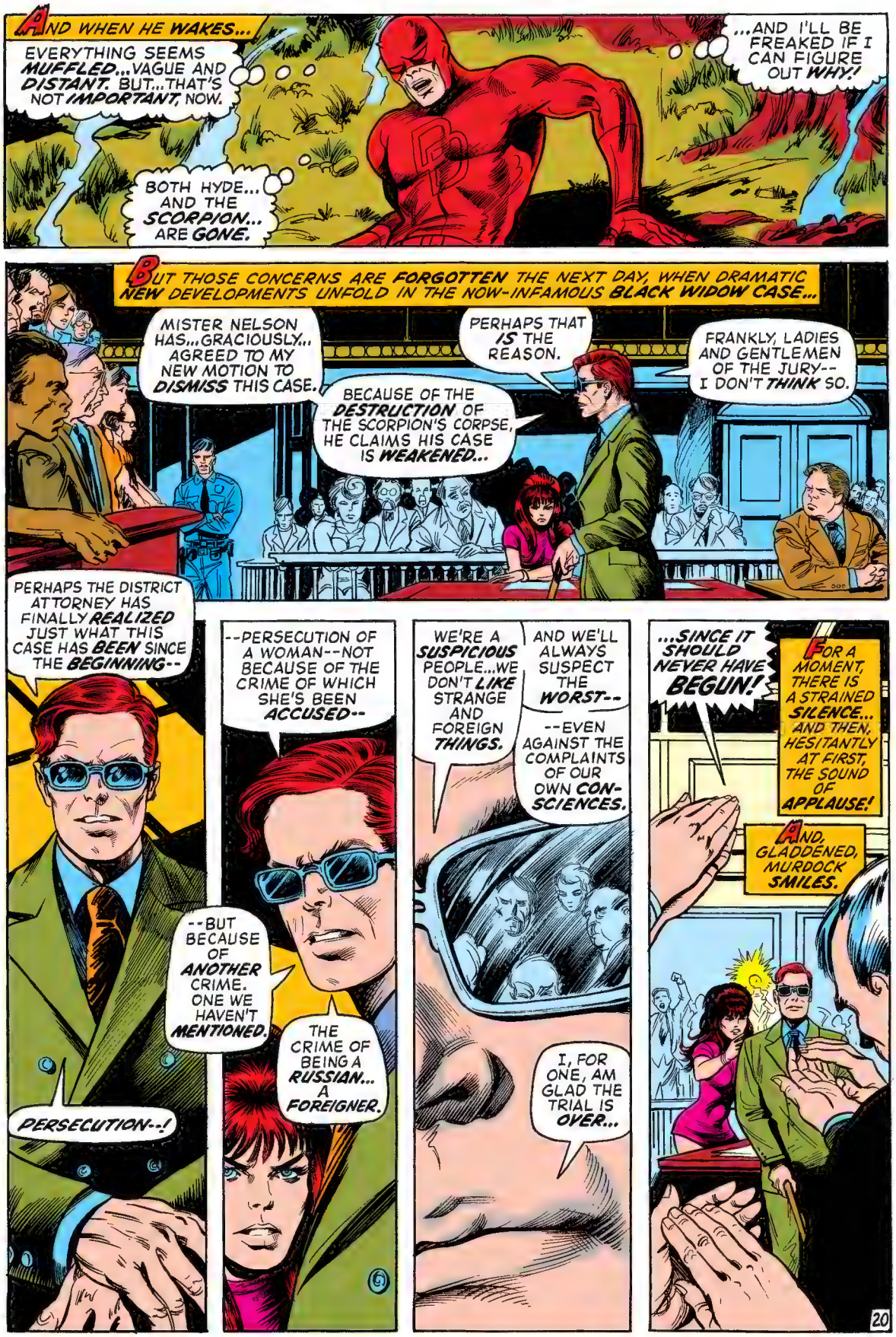

--AND THE CASE MOVES FORWARD WITH MERCILESS SPEED.
BYSTANDERS--MEN FROM GOVERNMENT AGENCIES--
--DAMNING REPORTS ABOUT HER FORMER SPY ACTIVITIES--
WHY, FOGGY,? WHY?
RECESS!
--ALL ARE BROUGHT AGAINST HER. AND THE MOST CRUSHING OF ALL--
--THE CORONER'S REPORT.
COURT WILL RESUME--TOMORROW AT TEN A.M.
ALL RISE FOR HIS HONOR.
NOW DO YOU UNDERSTAND, MATT.?
'TASHA, I--I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY--
TRY A EULOGY.
SOMETHING... FOR THE DEAD.
ALL RIGHT, MATTHEW--IT'S TIME TO STOP PLAYING FAIR.
WHAT NATASHA SAID ABOUT THE DEAD REMINDS ME--
--THERE'S ONE WITNESS WHO HASN'T BEEN CALLED!
CITY MORGUE

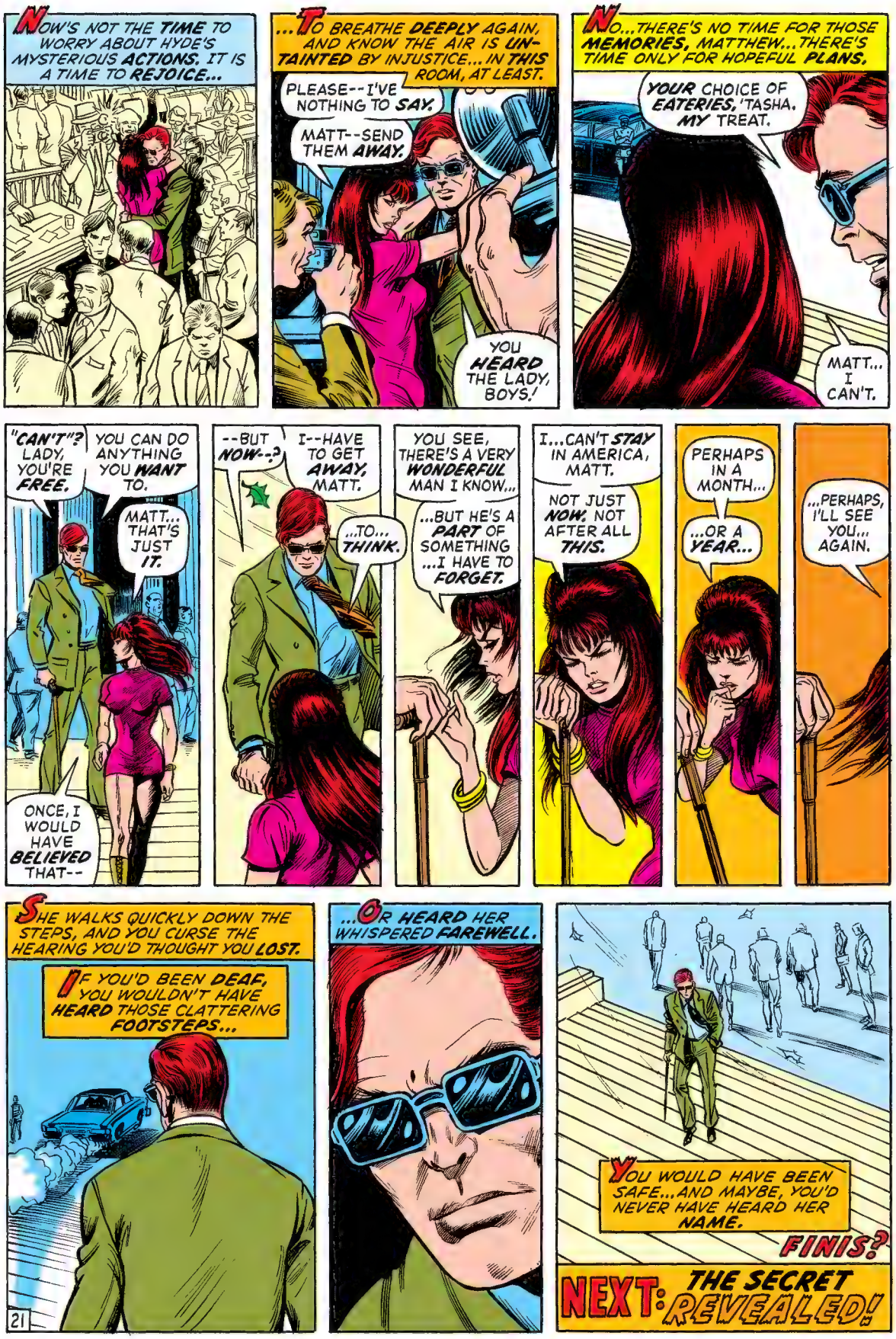

EVEN WHILE I WAS FIGHTING HIM--
--I THOUGHT THERE WAS SOMETHING STRANGE ABOUT THE SCORPION.
--THAT GUN HE USED--
--AND THE WAY HE WENT INTO A TRANCE.
CALL IT A HUNCH--
--OR MAYBE JUST THE GHOULISH PART OF MY NATURE--
--BUT I'D BETTER CHECK OUT HIS BODY--
RALPH GREBNO
--ON THE OFF-CHANCE THAT FOGGY'S BLACK-WASH EXTENDED-- EVEN HERE.
ECHOES DRIFT DOWN FROM THE HALLWAYS ABOVE--AND TO THIS RADAR-SENSED BLIND MAN--
--EACH ECHO TELLS HIM ABOUT HIS SURROUND-INGS--
--THE WIDTH OF THE HALL-- THE SIZE OF THE DRAWERS NEAR HIM--
--AND THAT, PLUS HIS STRANGELY SENSITIVE TOUCH-- REVEALS WHAT HE NEEDS TO KNOW!
SCORPION
YES, ASSASSIN... AS YOU COMMANDED, I'M IN THE MORGUE.
THOSE DRIVERS HAVE BEEN REPLACED, AS HAS THE CORONER...
...AND AS YOU PREDICTED...
...HE IS HERE!
EXCELLENT. PROCEED AS PLANNED, MISTER HYDE!


TO THE SENSES OF THIS BLIND MAN, EACH HEART-BEAT THROBS LIKE THUNDER--
--EACH BREATH LIKE A RUSH OF WIND--
--EACH MOVEMENT-- LIKE A SUDDEN TOUCH!
AND THAT TOUCH COMES--
NOW!
WATCH YOUR MIND, DD--
THAT LITTLE BABY ALMOST COST YOU YOUR INSURANCE!
DON'T EVER LET YOUR ATTENTION SLIDE--
--NOT IF YOU VALUE YOUR PRECIOUS SKIN!
SO MAYBE ONE GEM MISSED YOU, FANCY-PANTS--
--SO MAYBE I FINISH THE JOB MYSELF!
MISTER HYDE!
YOU'VE GOT IT, FRIEND--
--GOT IT GOOD!
THOK!
NOT SO FAST, FASHION-PLATE--
WOK!
:MRRFF!:
--I DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT--
--BUT ONE THING'S FOR SURE--
--IT'S A GAME I'M IN NO MOOD TO PLAY!
GAME? FOOL... THERE ARE HIGHER STAKES THAN MERE VICTORY--
--STAKES THAT DEMAND YOUR REMOVAL--
17

--BY ORDER OF THE ASSASSIN!
THROWN FORWARD BY THE SHOCK OF THE BLAST, DAREDEVIL FEELS SOMETHING GIVE INSIDE HIS SKULL--
CHOOM!
--AND SUDDENLY, HE'S PLUNGED INTO SILENCE!
CAN'T HEAR ANYTHING-- JUST THE ROAR OF THAT EXPLOSION--
--LIKE THE POUNDING OF AN ENDLESS WATER-FALL--!
WAK!
TOK!
--SOMETHING THAT'LL WRECK MY RADAR SENSES AS WELL!
GOT TO STOP HIM--BEFORE HE TRIES SOME-THING ELSE--
THERE! HE'S--
KLUNG!
DOWN!
TRYING TO CON-TROL THE PANIC THAT SURGES NOW WITHIN HIS BREAST, DD TRUSTS TO HIS REMAIN-ING SENSES--
--PLUCKING HIS RICOCHETING BILLY CLUB AS IT CUTS THE AIR BEFORE HIM--
--TAKING UP A STANCE AGAINST THE CHARGING BULK OF THE MAN CALLED HYDE!
HE'S ROARING AT ME--
--I CAN FEEL THE VIBRA-TIONS OF HIS CRY--
--PLACING HIM JUST ABOUT--
--THERE!
CHOK
WHAT?
YOU THINK YOU CAN STOP ME THAT WAY, HERO-MAN?
GUESS AGAIN! I'VE GOT MY ORDERS--
18


--ORDERS TO STOP YOU FROM EXAMINING THE SCORPION--
FOOOOOOSH!
--SO THAT'S WHAT I'M GONNA DO!
BLAST IT, STOP MOVIN'!
DIM--COULD JUST BARELY HEAR THAT--
--BUT SAVE THE PRAYERS OF GRATITUDE FOR LATER, MATTHEW--!
SCORPION?! BUT...GOOD LORD, MAN... WHY?
LIKE I SAID--ORDERS.
ORDERS, FRIEND--
--AND I PLAN TO OBEY 'EM--
--ANYWAY I CAN!
NO!
--TOO LATE TO STOP HIM--
THWIIIP!
--HEAD SPLITTING WITH PAIN--ONLY ONE THING I CAN DO--
--AND THAT'S MAKE LIKE THE INDY 500--
--TO THAT WINDOW --BEFORE IT'S--
--TOO LATE!
THOOOM!
SHOCK WAVES THROW HIM OUTWARD--THE SOUND OF A THUNDER-STORM IGNITED BATTERS HIS RECOVERING EARDRUMS--SENDING HIM FLOATING INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS!
THE FLOW OF TIME SEEMS TO EASE...AND IN A SLOW-MOTION RAIN, SHARDS OF SHATTERED GLASS PELT THE EARTH ABOUT HIM, BITS OF WOOD AND STONE BITING DEEP INTO THE LAWN--
--UNTIL THAT, TOO, ENDS--AND THE SILENCE RETURNS.


AND WHEN HE WAKES...
EVERYTHING SEEMS MUFFLED...VAGUE AND DISTANT. BUT...THAT'S NOT IMPORTANT, NOW.
BOTH HYDE... AND THE SCORPION... ARE GONE.
...AND I'LL BE FREAKED IF I CAN FIGURE OUT WHY!
BUT THOSE CONCERNS ARE FORGOTTEN THE NEXT DAY, WHEN DRAMATIC NEW DEVELOPMENTS UNFOLD IN THE NOW-INFAMOUS BLACK WIDOW CASE...
MISTER NELSON HAS...GRACIOUSLY... AGREED TO MY NEW MOTION TO DISMISS THIS CASE.
PERHAPS THAT IS THE REASON.
BECAUSE OF THE DESTRUCTION OF THE SCORPION'S CORPSE, HE CLAIMS HIS CASE IS WEAKENED...
FRANKLY, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY-- I DON'T THINK SO.
PERHAPS THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY HAS FINALLY REALIZED JUST WHAT THIS CASE HAS BEEN SINCE THE BEGINNING--
PERSECUTION--!
--PERSECUTION OF A WOMAN--NOT BECAUSE OF THE CRIME OF WHICH SHE'S BEEN ACCUSED--
--BUT BECAUSE OF ANOTHER CRIME. ONE WE HAVEN'T MENTIONED.
THE CRIME OF BEING A RUSSIAN... A FOREIGNER.
WE'RE A SUSPICIOUS PEOPLE...WE DON'T LIKE STRANGE AND FOREIGN THINGS.
AND WE'LL ALWAYS SUSPECT THE WORST--
--EVEN AGAINST THE COMPLAINTS OF OUR OWN CONSCIENCES.
I, FOR ONE, AM GLAD THE TRIAL IS OVER...
...SINCE IT SHOULD NEVER HAVE BEGUN!
FOR A MOMENT, THERE IS A STRAINED SILENCE... AND THEN, HESITANTLY AT FIRST, THE SOUND OF APPLAUSE!
AND, GLADDENED, MURDOCK SMILES.


NOW'S NOT THE TIME TO WORRY ABOUT HYDE'S MYSTERIOUS ACTIONS. IT IS A TIME TO REJOICE...
...TO BREATHE DEEPLY AGAIN, AND KNOW THE AIR IS UNTAINTED BY INJUSTICE... IN THIS ROOM, AT LEAST.
PLEASE--I'VE NOTHING TO SAY.
MATT--SEND THEM AWAY.
YOU HEARD THE LADY, BOYS!
NO...THERE'S NO TIME FOR THOSE MEMORIES, MATTHEW...THERE'S TIME ONLY FOR HOPEFUL PLANS.
YOUR CHOICE OF EATERIES, 'TASHA. MY TREAT.
MATT... I CAN'T.
"CAN'T"? LADY, YOU'RE FREE.
YOU CAN DO ANYTHING YOU WANT TO.
MATT... THAT'S JUST IT.
ONCE, I WOULD HAVE BELIEVED THAT--
--BUT NOW--?
I--HAVE TO GET AWAY, MATT.
...TO... THINK.
YOU SEE, THERE'S A VERY WONDERFUL MAN I KNOW...
...BUT HE'S A PART OF SOMETHING ...I HAVE TO FORGET.
I...CAN'T STAY IN AMERICA, MATT.
NOT JUST NOW. NOT AFTER ALL THIS.
PERHAPS IN A MONTH...
...OR A YEAR...
...PERHAPS, I'LL SEE YOU... AGAIN.
SHE WALKS QUICKLY DOWN THE STEPS, AND YOU CURSE THE HEARING YOU'D THOUGHT YOU LOST.
IF YOU'D BEEN DEAF, YOU WOULDN'T HAVE HEARD THOSE CLATTERING FOOTSTEPS...
...OR HEARD HER WHISPERED FAREWELL.
YOU WOULD HAVE BEEN SAFE...AND MAYBE, YOU'D NEVER HAVE HEARD HER NAME.
FINIS?
NEXT: THE SECRET REVEALED!
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DAREDEVIL
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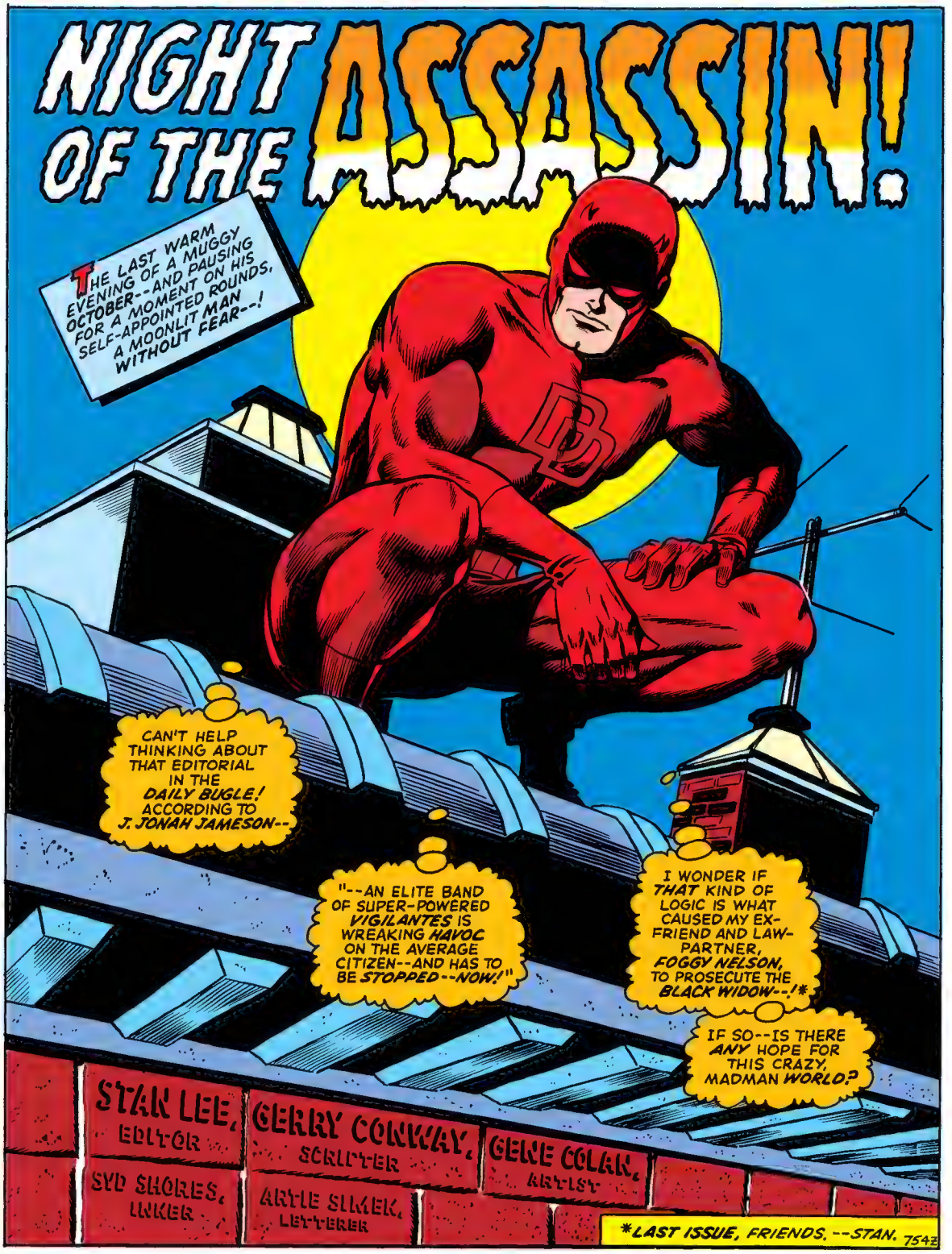
DAREDEVIL™
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
THE MA EAR!
YOU NEVER HAD A CHANCE, DAREDEVIL!
THIS DAY... YOU DIE!!
AT LAST--THE ASSASSIN!

DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™


NIGHT OF THE ASSASSIN!
THE LAST WARM EVENING OF A MUGGY OCTOBER--AND PAUSING FOR A MOMENT ON HIS SELF-APPOINTED ROUNDS, A MOONLIT MAN WITHOUT FEAR--!
CAN'T HELP THINKING ABOUT THAT EDITORIAL IN THE DAILY BUGLE! ACCORDING TO J. JONAH JAMESON--
"--AN ELITE BAND OF SUPER-POWERED VIGILANTES IS WREAKING HAVOC ON THE AVERAGE CITIZEN--AND HAS TO BE STOPPED--NOW!"
I WONDER IF THAT KIND OF LOGIC IS WHAT CAUSED MY EX-FRIEND AND LAW-PARTNER, FOGGY NELSON, TO PROSECUTE THE BLACK WIDOW--!*
IF SO--IS THERE ANY HOPE FOR THIS CRAZY, MADMAN WORLD?
STAN LEE, EDITOR
GERRY CONWAY, SCRIPTER
GENE COLAN, ARTIST
SYD SHORES, INKER
ARTIE SIMEK, LETTERER
*LAST ISSUE, FRIENDS. --STAN.

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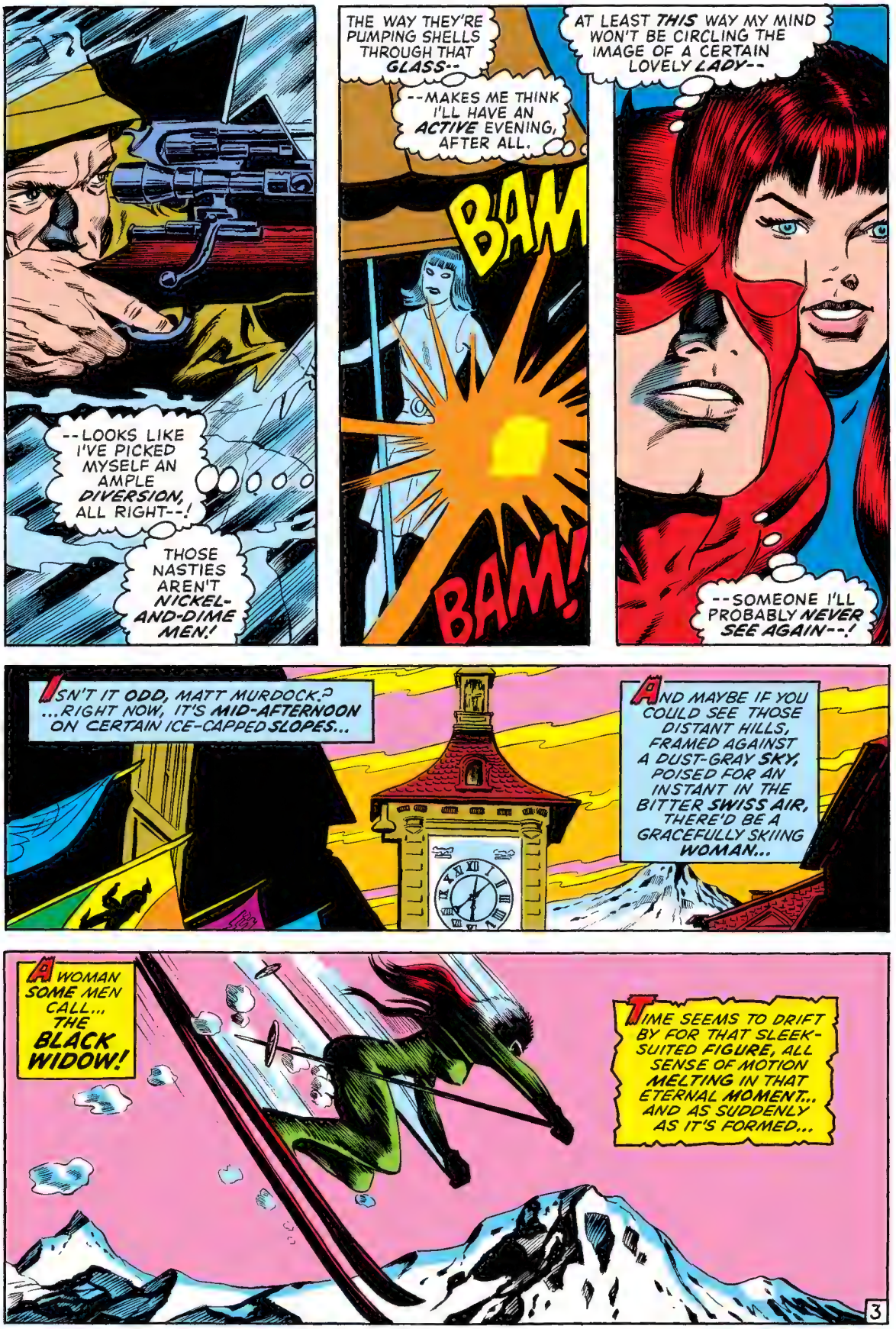
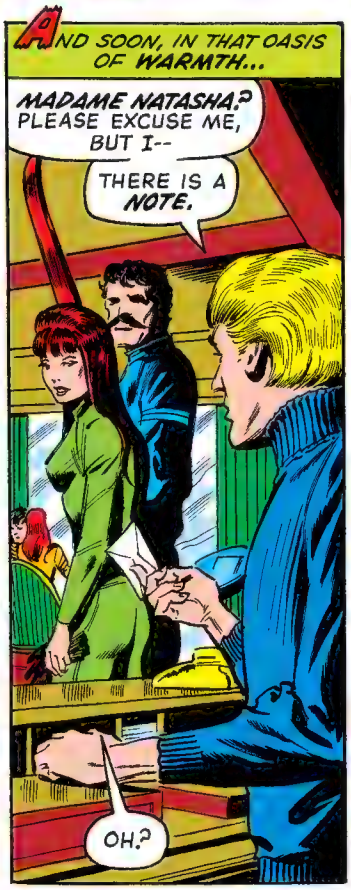
HMMM...NO TIME FOR SOLILOQUIZING, MATTHEW--
--YOUR PUBLIC CALLS!
WOOO WOOO
AND IF THERE'S ONE THING A BLIND CRUSADER WITH HYPER-SENSES CAN RECOGNIZE--
--IT'S THE PLAINTIVE WAIL OF A JEWELRY-STORE ALARM!
SCREEECH!
UH-HUH! SEEMS I'M NOT THE ONLY ONE WITH EARS IN THIS BURG,...!
I'LL HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT FOGGY LATER.
BAM!
RIGHT NOW, THE OLD HEROIC BLOOD'S UP--AND THE TIPS OF MY KNUCKLES ARE ITCHING--
--AND THINGS NO LONGER LOOK QUITE SO DULL!
CHEEEE-RIPES! WHAT'RE YOU DOIN'--PLAYING TARGET?
GET THAT FOOL SKULL DOWN, BOY--
--BEFORE ONE'A THOSE GUN-CRAZED MANIACS SHATTERS IT LIKE A HAMMERED EGG!
SPANNNG!
YEP--
2

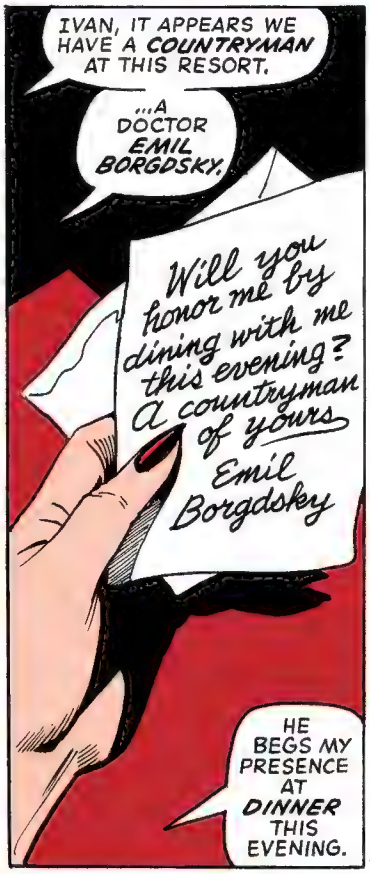

--LOOKS LIKE I'VE PICKED MYSELF AN AMPLE DIVERSION, ALL RIGHT--!
THOSE NASTIES AREN'T NICKEL-AND-DIME MEN!
THE WAY THEY'RE PUMPING SHELLS THROUGH THAT GLASS--
--MAKES ME THINK I'LL HAVE AN ACTIVE EVENING, AFTER ALL.
BAM
BAM!
AT LEAST THIS WAY MY MIND WON'T BE CIRCLING THE IMAGE OF A CERTAIN LOVELY LADY--
--SOMEONE I'LL PROBABLY NEVER SEE AGAIN--!
ISN'T IT ODD, MATT MURDOCK? ...RIGHT NOW, IT'S MID-AFTERNOON ON CERTAIN ICE-CAPPED SLOPES...
AND MAYBE IF YOU COULD SEE THOSE DISTANT HILLS, FRAMED AGAINST A DUST-GRAY SKY, POISED FOR AN INSTANT IN THE BITTER SWISS AIR, THERE'D BE A GRACEFULLY SKIING WOMAN...
A WOMAN SOME MEN CALL... THE BLACK WIDOW!
TIME SEEMS TO DRIFT BY FOR THAT SLEEK-SUITED FIGURE, ALL SENSE OF MOTION MELTING IN THAT ETERNAL MOMENT... AND AS SUDDENLY AS IT'S FORMED...

...THE MOMENT BREAKS!
THIS IS JUST WHAT I NEEDED...SOMETHING TO TIRE ME, AND CLEAN THOSE MEMORIES FROM MY MIND!
AND...IT'S WORKED.
ALMOST!

AFTER ALL, WHY SHOULD I CARE ABOUT MATT MURDOCK? HE WAS JUST MY LAWYER... AND YET....!
...WHEN I THINK OF AMERICA, AND MY RECENT TRIAL, I CAN FIND ONLY BITTERNESS. BUT WHEN I THINK OF HIM---?
IVAN, I THINK IT'S TIME WE RETURN TO THE LODGE...

...I FIND MYSELF GAINING... A CHILL!

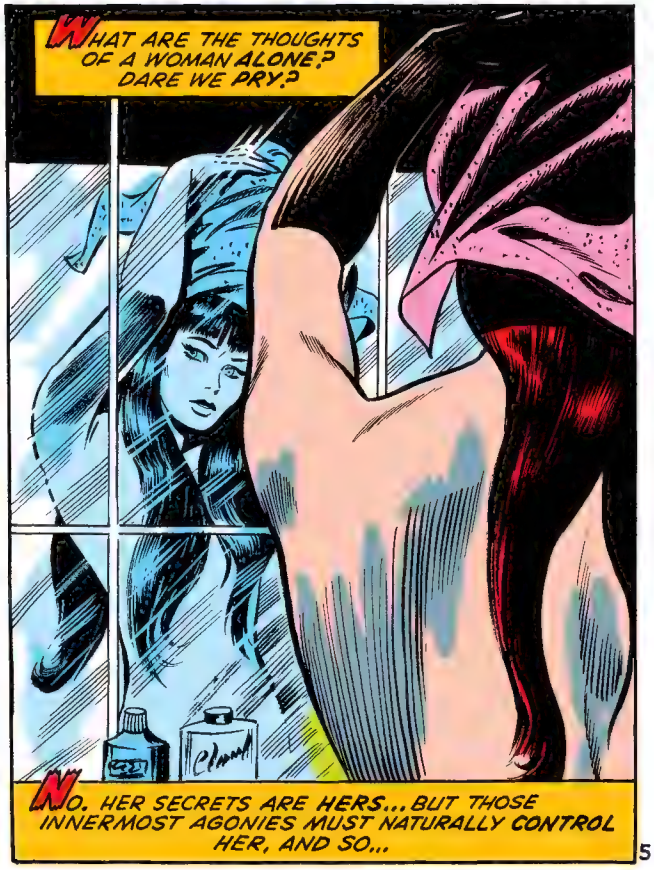

AND SOON, IN THAT OASIS OF WARMTH...
MADAME NATASHA? PLEASE EXCUSE ME, BUT I--
THERE IS A NOTE.
OH?


IVAN, IT APPEARS WE HAVE A COUNTRYMAN AT THIS RESORT.
...A DOCTOR EMIL BORGDSKY.
Will you honor me by dining with me this evening? A countryman of yours Emil Borgdsky
HE BEGS MY PRESENCE AT DINNER THIS EVENING.

I WONDER... SHOULD I GO?
PRINCESS, YOU'D BE A SCREAMING FOOL NOT TO.
YOU'VE GOTTA RELAX SOME-TIME, SWEET-HEART.

BEHIND THEM, A SATISFIED SMILE FORMS ON THE COLD, COLORLESS FEATURES OF A TALL, GAUNT MAN...
HIS HAND DIPS OUT, AND GRAY ASHES FLICK TO THE POLISHED PINE FLOOR... A GESTURE WE FIND FAMILIAR...!
FAMILIAR AS THE TRADE-MARK OF A MAN NAMED MISTER KLINE...

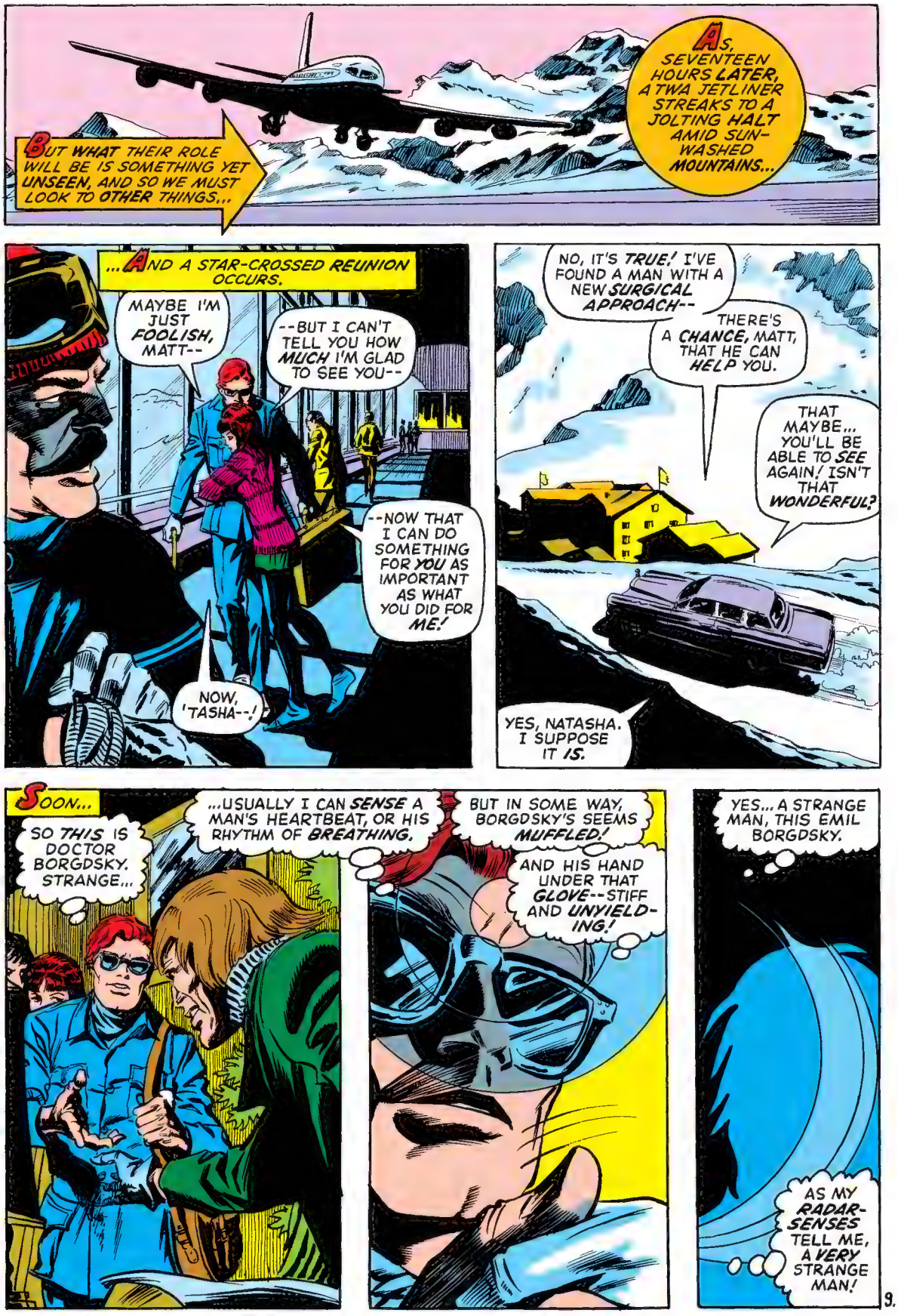
...NOW MORE CRUDELY CALLED... THE ASSASSIN!
MY MASTER'S PLAN WORKS TO PERFECTION.
EVERY DETAIL HAS BEEN DECIDED--AND NOW, ONLY THE FINAL PREDESTINED SCENE REMAINS TO BE PLAYED!
SOMETIMES EVEN I FIND THE GRANDEUR... FRIGHTENING!


WHAT ARE THE THOUGHTS OF A WOMAN ALONE? DARE WE PRY?
NO. HER SECRETS ARE HERS... BUT THOSE INNERMOST AGONIES MUST NATURALLY CONTROL HER, AND SO...

--MADAME ROMANOFF.?
OH, I'M SORRY, DOCTOR BORGDSKY. MY MIND WAS ON SOMEONE... ELSE.
YOU WERE SAYING WHY YOU LEFT RUSSIA--?
SO I WAS, MY DEAR.
THERE WAS TOO MUCH INTER-FERENCE WITH MY WORK. YOU KNOW HOW THE SOVIETS ARE.
IT CAME TO A HEAD WHEN THEY TRIED TO STEAL MY PRECIOUS METHOD--
--ONE I HAD PERFECTED TO CURE CERTAIN FORMS OF BLINDNESS!
BLINDNESS...?
CRASH!
SO MUCH FOR SITTING ON MY HANDS--!
BAM
YOU FELLAS MAY THINK IT RUDE OF ME--
-:AHHHH!:-
--BUT I JUST GOT TIRED OF WAITING!
NOW, NOW, GENTLEMEN, I DON'T THINK YOU GET THE POINT--
--FROM HERE ON IN--
--IT'S MY PARTY!
LORD, HE'S LOST HIS MIND
---:URRRK!:-

AND SEVERAL MINUTES LATER, AFTER A RATHER ROWDY FREE-FOR-ALL...
DAREDEVIL! I'VE BEEN LOOKING ALL OVER FOR YOU!
GLAD TO SEE YOU'RE ON THE JOB, AND ALL THAT--!
FRANKLY, MISTER NELSON, I'M NOT IN THE MOOD FOR QUIPS.
SO MAYBE YOU'D JUST LIKE TO CART THESE FELLOWS OFF TO A GALLOWS...?
LIKE YOU TRIED WITH THE BLACK WIDOW?
YOU HEARD ABOUT THAT, DID YOU?
LOOK, THAT'S ONE OF THE THINGS I WANTED TO TALK ABOUT.
I'VE BEEN TRYING TO REACH YOU... OR EVEN MURDOCK.
YOU DON'T KNOW HOW IT'S BEEN.
ONCE, I MADE A STUPID MISTAKE. I...CAN'T TELL YOU WHAT.
SOMEHOW, THIS GUY KLINE FOUND OUT...
...AND STARTED BLACKMAILING ME! FIRST, MONEY... TILL I HAD NOTHING LEFT...
...THEN...HE MADE ME DO THINGS...
LIKE BLACKWASH-ING THE WIDOW?
7

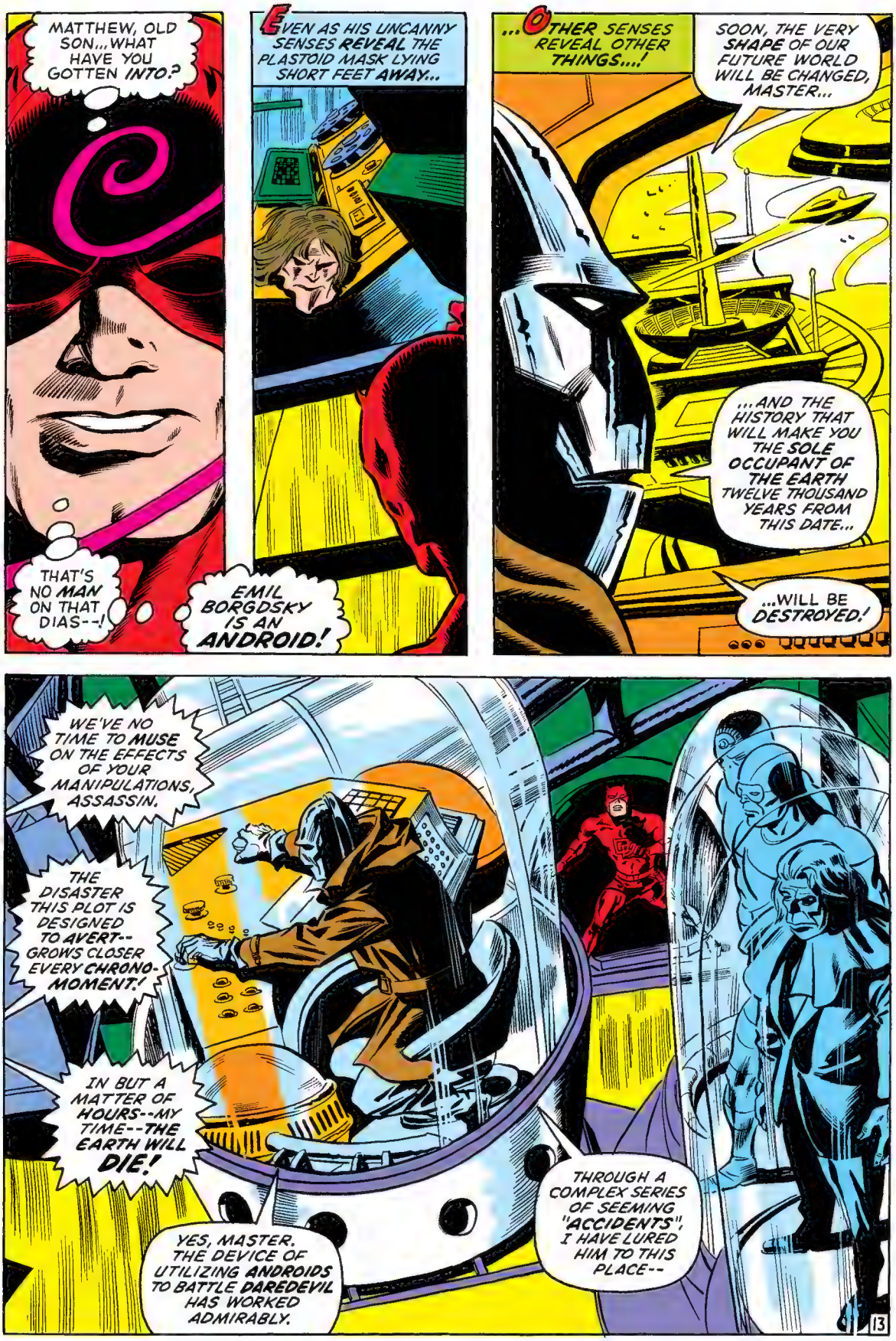
YOU THINK I LIKED THAT?
EVEN DROPPING THE CHARGES AGAINST HER--WAS HIS IDEA!
AND WHEN I CALLED HIM...
...HE'D LEFT THE COUNTRY!
THINK ABOUT IT, HERO-MAN! HE USED ME, THEN LEFT--
--LIKE I WAS NOTHING--
NOTHING AT ALL!
HOW MANY TIMES CAN YOU PONDER A MAN'S WORDS? FOR DD, RETURNING HOME, IT SEEMS A THOUSAND TIMES--
--UNTIL THE RING OF PHONE DISRUPTS HIS CONCENTRATION--
RRRING
--AND ULTIMATELY, HIS LIFE!
'TASHA! BUT, I THOUGHT YOU WERE IN SWITZERLAND--!
I AM, MATT. AND I'M GOING TO ASK YOU SOMETHING...
...TO COME HERE WITHOUT QUESTIONS...
...BECAUSE I WANT YOU TO!
AND AS MATT GIVES THE ONLY ANSWER HE CAN, WE PULL BACK...
...TO SEE TWO DIM FIGURES, ALL IMPORTANT TO THIS TALE!

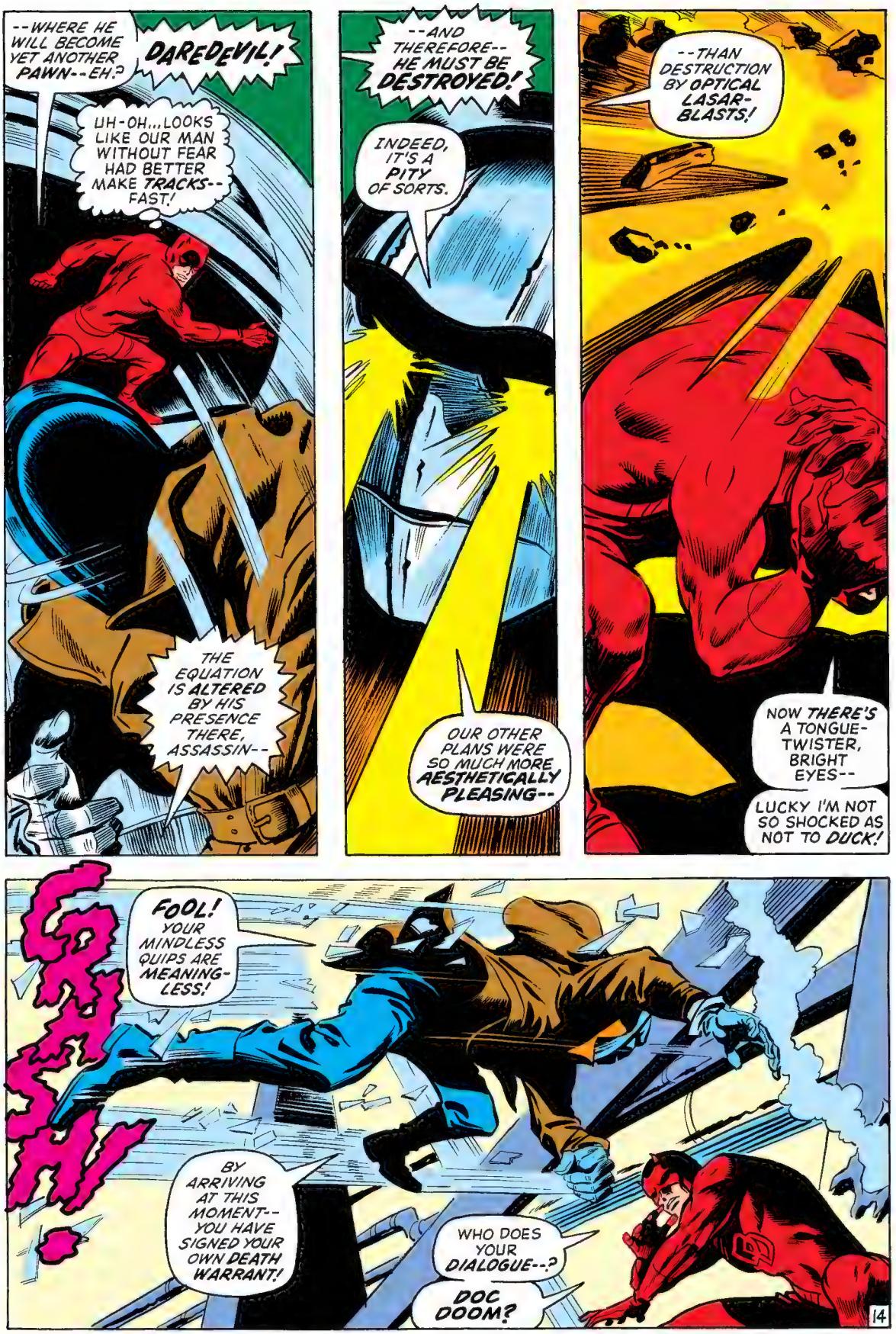

BUT WHAT THEIR ROLE WILL BE IS SOMETHING YET UNSEEN, AND SO WE MUST LOOK TO OTHER THINGS...
AS SEVENTEEN HOURS LATER, A TWA JETLINER STREAKS TO A JOLTING HALT AMID SUN-WASHED MOUNTAINS...
...AND A STAR-CROSSED REUNION OCCURS.
MAYBE I'M JUST FOOLISH, MATT--
--BUT I CAN'T TELL YOU HOW MUCH I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU--
--NOW THAT I CAN DO SOMETHING FOR YOU AS IMPORTANT AS WHAT YOU DID FOR ME!
NOW, 'TASHA--!
NO, IT'S TRUE! I'VE FOUND A MAN WITH A NEW SURGICAL APPROACH--
THERE'S A CHANCE, MATT, THAT HE CAN HELP YOU.
THAT MAYBE... YOU'LL BE ABLE TO SEE AGAIN! ISN'T THAT WONDERFUL?
YES, NATASHA. I SUPPOSE IT IS.
SOON...
SO THIS IS DOCTOR BORGDSKY. STRANGE...
...USUALLY I CAN SENSE A MAN'S HEARTBEAT, OR HIS RHYTHM OF BREATHING.
BUT IN SOME WAY, BORGDSKY'S SEEMS MUFFLED!
AND HIS HAND UNDER THAT GLOVE--STIFF AND UNYIELDING!
YES... A STRANGE MAN, THIS EMIL BORGDSKY.
AS MY RADAR-SENSES TELL ME, A VERY STRANGE MAN!

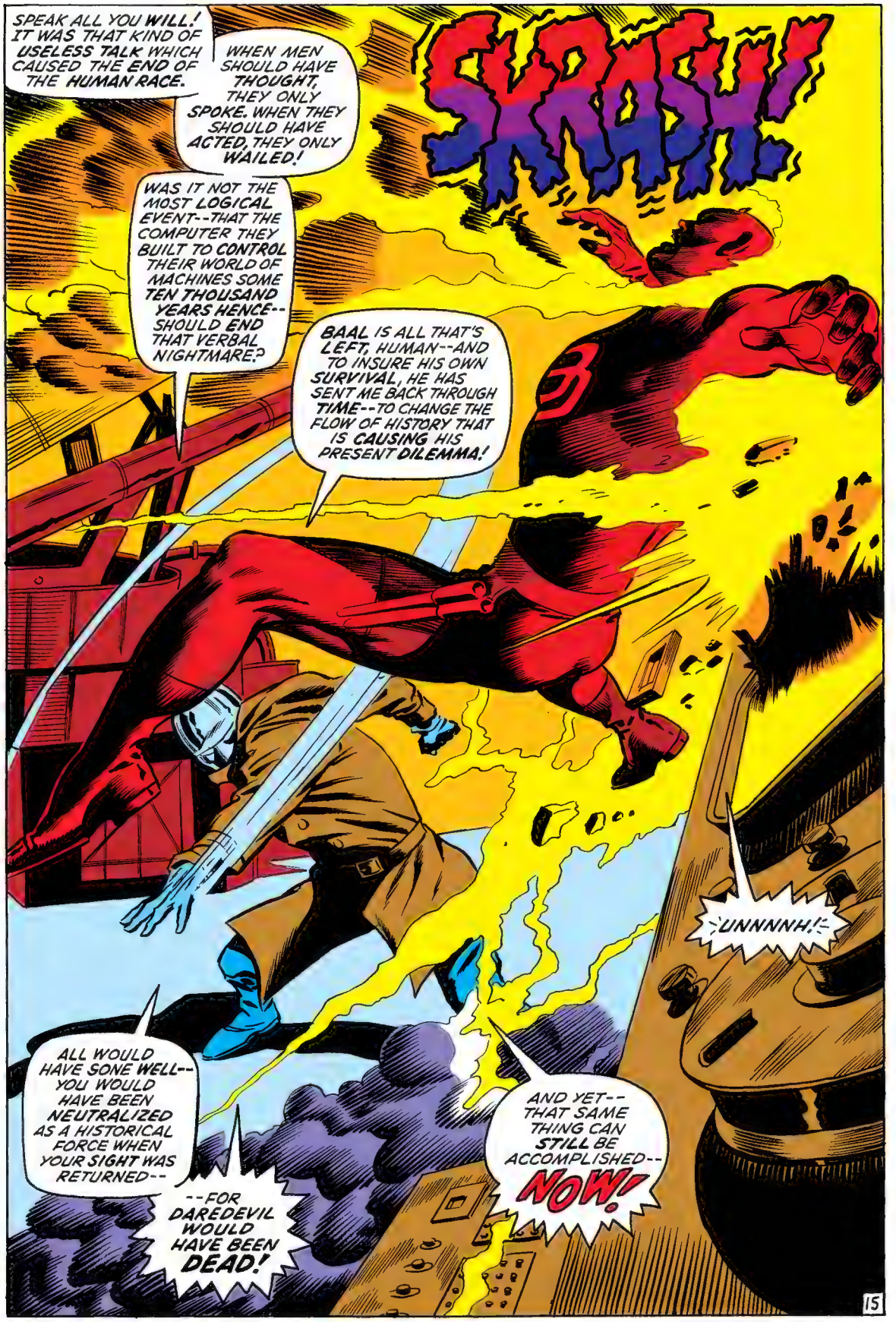
PERHAPS HE WORRIES FOR OTHER REASONS. PERHAPS HE'S CONCERNED THAT, WITH THE REGAINING OF HIS SIGHT, HIS OTHER POWERS WILL VANISH...
...PERHAPS.
MATT,? I REALLY AM HAPPY THAT YOU'RE HERE.
IT SOUNDS SILLY...BUT I MISSED YOU.
SILLY,? NO... NOT AT ALL.
NOT WHEN I'M AS GUILTY OF THAT AS YOU ARE.
CAN IT HAPPEN THIS WAY,? TWO PEOPLE THROWN TOGETHER BY CIRCUMSTANCE--?
I USED TO THINK IT COULDN'T. BUT NOW I'M NOT SO SURE...
...ABOUT A LOT OF THINGS!
YOU TAKE CARING WHERE YOU FIND IT...WHEN YOU LIVE AS HE DOES.
...AND SOMETIMES, WHEN YOU'RE LUCKY... IT BECOMES MUCH MORE!
BUT EVEN THE GOOD THINGS DON'T LAST...
...AND SO, HOURS AFTER SUNSET, WITH THE WIDOW LONG GONE...
...THERE HE GOES.
NOW TO TEST OUT MY PET THEORY ABOUT HERR BORGDSKY...

BEFORE LEAVING NEW YORK, I CHECKED OUT A FEW LITTLE THINGS.
I WASN'T TOO SURPRISED TO DISCOVER KLINE HAD DESERTED HIS COZY LONG ISLAND MANSION...
...BUT WHAT DID INTEREST ME WERE SOME BITS OF MACHINERY SCATTERED IN THE BUILDING'S BASEMENT.
IT LOOKED AS THOUGH SOMETHING HUGE HAD BEEN RECENTLY DISMANTLED--
--AND A QUICK INQUIRY TO A LOCAL SHIPPING FIRM TOLD ME OTHER THINGS--
--FOR ONE, THAT THE SPECIAL CHARTERED PLANE CARRYING KLINE'S EQUIPMENT DISAPPEARED SOMEWHERE OVER THE ATLANTIC--
AND FOR ANOTHER, THAT ITS FINAL DESTINATION--
--WAS SWITZERLAND!
UNTIL THIS AFTERNOON, I HAD NOTHING BUT UNEASY SUSPICIONS. EVERYTHING THAT'S BEEN HAPPENING THESE PAST FEW WEEKS...
...THAT BATTLE WITH THE SCORPION, AND MR. HYDE'S SEEMING SUICIDE...NEITHER FOLLOWED...THEY JUST WEREN'T IN CHARACTER!*
*ISSUES #84 AND 85 NATCH. --STAN.
AND THIS SENSATION OF BEING MANIPULATED--
--I'M SURE IT WORKS IN SOMEHOW.
NOW, IF MY HUNCH CONCERNING EMIL IS CORRECT--
--I MAY JUST GET THE ANSWERS I NEED!
11

SHADOWS CROSS AND CRISSCROSS THE SLICK ALUMINUM CORRIDOR, BUT THEY'RE SHADOWS OUR BLIND HERO CAN'T SEE...
...AHH, BUT THE VOICES WITHIN THE SHADOWS ARE MORE THAN AUDIBLE TO HIS FINELY SENSITIVE HEARING...
REPORTING AS SCHEDULED, THIS IS...THE ASSASSIN.
AS COMMANDED BY YOU, MASTER, I HAVE DROPPED THE KLINE APPELLATION.
AS PREDICTED, ALL GOES ACCORDING TO PLAN.
MURDOCK IS HERE... AND SOON, WILL BE NEUTRALIZED.
EXCELLENT, ASSASSIN...!
...BAAL IS MOST PLEASED. IN THIS MANNER, THE COMING CATASTROPHE MIGHT YET BE AVERTED.
IT'S TO BE HOPED, MASTER, ALREADY THE TIME-LINES OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY ARE BROKEN AND REFORMING...
...FOR EXAMPLE, THE MAN CALLED FRANKLIN NELSON HAS BEEN SO DEMORALIZED HE WILL NEVER EVEN CONSIDER CAMPAIGNING FOR GOVERNOR...
...AND THUS, ONE LINE OF FUTURE OCCURRENCE HAS BEEN... ELIMINATED!
12


MATTHEW, OLD SON...WHAT HAVE YOU GOTTEN INTO?
THAT'S NO MAN ON THAT DIAS--!
EVEN AS HIS UNCANNY SENSES REVEAL THE PLASTOID MASK LYING SHORT FEET AWAY..
EMIL BORGDSKY IS AN ANDROID!
...OTHER SENSES REVEAL OTHER THINGS...!
SOON, THE VERY SHAPE OF OUR FUTURE WORLD WILL BE CHANGED, MASTER...
...AND THE HISTORY THAT WILL MAKE YOU THE SOLE OCCUPANT OF THE EARTH TWELVE THOUSAND YEARS FROM THIS DATE...
...WILL BE DESTROYED!
WE'VE NO TIME TO MUSE ON THE EFFECTS OF YOUR MANIPULATIONS, ASSASSIN.
THE DISASTER THIS PLOT IS DESIGNED TO AVERT--GROWS CLOSER EVERY CHRONO-MOMENT!
IN BUT A MATTER OF HOURS--MY TIME--THE EARTH WILL DIE!
YES, MASTER. THE DEVICE OF UTILIZING ANDROIDS TO BATTLE DAREDEVIL HAS WORKED ADMIRABLY.
THROUGH A COMPLEX SERIES OF SEEMING "ACCIDENTS", I HAVE LURED HIM TO THIS PLACE--
13

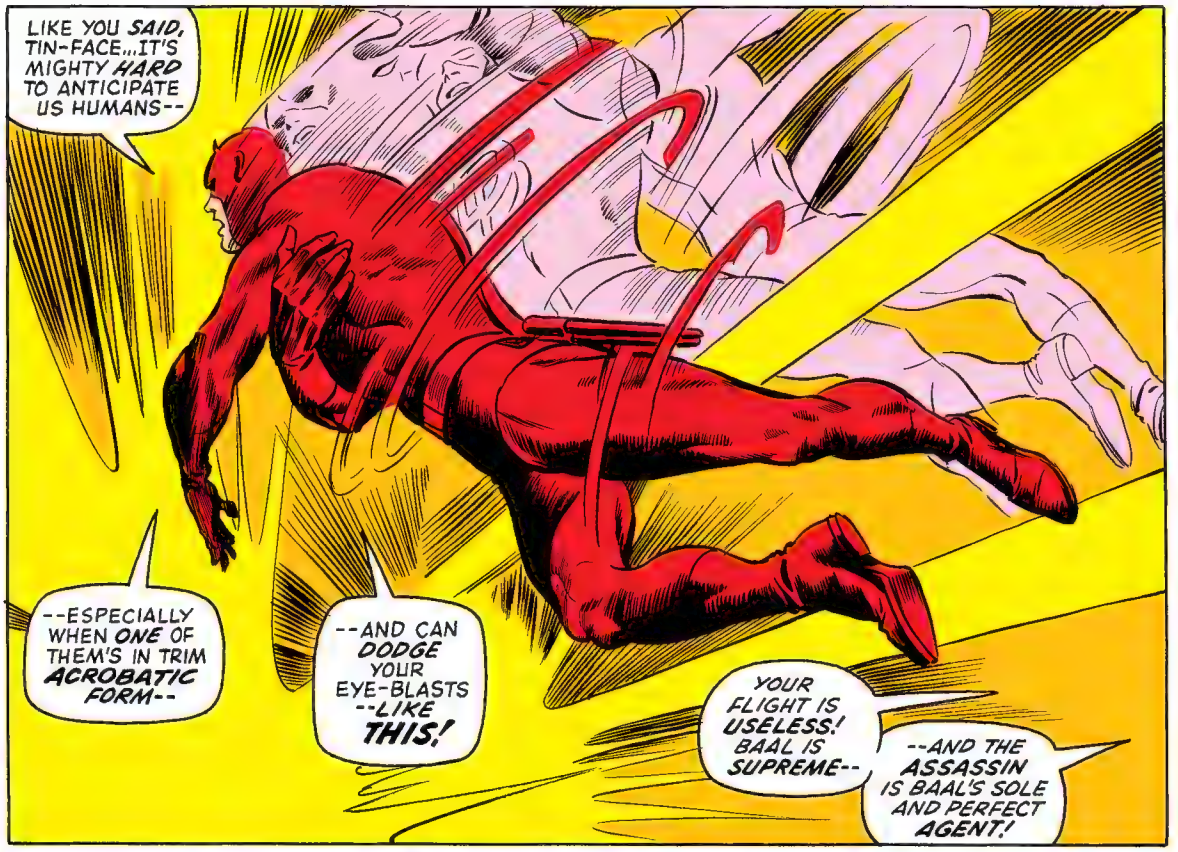

--WHERE HE WILL BECOME YET ANOTHER PAWN--EH?
DAREDEVIL!
UH-OH...LOOKS LIKE OUR MAN WITHOUT FEAR HAD BETTER MAKE TRACKS--FAST!
THE EQUATION IS ALTERED BY HIS PRESENCE THERE, ASSASSIN--
--AND THEREFORE--HE MUST BE DESTROYED!
INDEED, IT'S A PITY OF SORTS.
OUR OTHER PLANS WERE SO MUCH MORE AESTHETICALLY PLEASING--
--THAN DESTRUCTION BY OPTICAL LASAR-BLASTS!
NOW THERE'S A TONGUE-TWISTER, BRIGHT EYES--
LUCKY I'M NOT SO SHOCKED AS NOT TO DUCK!
CRASH!
FOOL! YOUR MINDLESS QUIPS ARE MEANING-LESS!
BY ARRIVING AT THIS MOMENT--YOU HAVE SIGNED YOUR OWN DEATH WARRANT!
WHO DOES YOUR DIALOGUE--?
DOC DOOM?


SPEAK ALL YOU WILL! IT WAS THAT KIND OF USELESS TALK WHICH CAUSED THE END OF THE HUMAN RACE.
WHEN MEN SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT, THEY ONLY SPOKE. WHEN THEY SHOULD HAVE ACTED, THEY ONLY WAILED!
SKRASH!
WAS IT NOT THE MOST LOGICAL EVENT--THAT THE COMPUTER THEY BUILT TO CONTROL THEIR WORLD OF MACHINES SOME TEN THOUSAND YEARS HENCE--SHOULD END THAT VERBAL NIGHTMARE?
BAAL IS ALL THAT'S LEFT, HUMAN--AND TO INSURE HIS OWN SURVIVAL, HE HAS SENT ME BACK THROUGH TIME--TO CHANGE THE FLOW OF HISTORY THAT IS CAUSING HIS PRESENT DILEMMA!
UNNNNH!
ALL WOULD HAVE GONE WELL--YOU WOULD HAVE BEEN NEUTRALIZED AS A HISTORICAL FORCE WHEN YOUR SIGHT WAS RETURNED--
--FOR DAREDEVIL WOULD HAVE BEEN DEAD!
AND YET--THAT SAME THING CAN STILL BE ACCOMPLISHED--NOW!

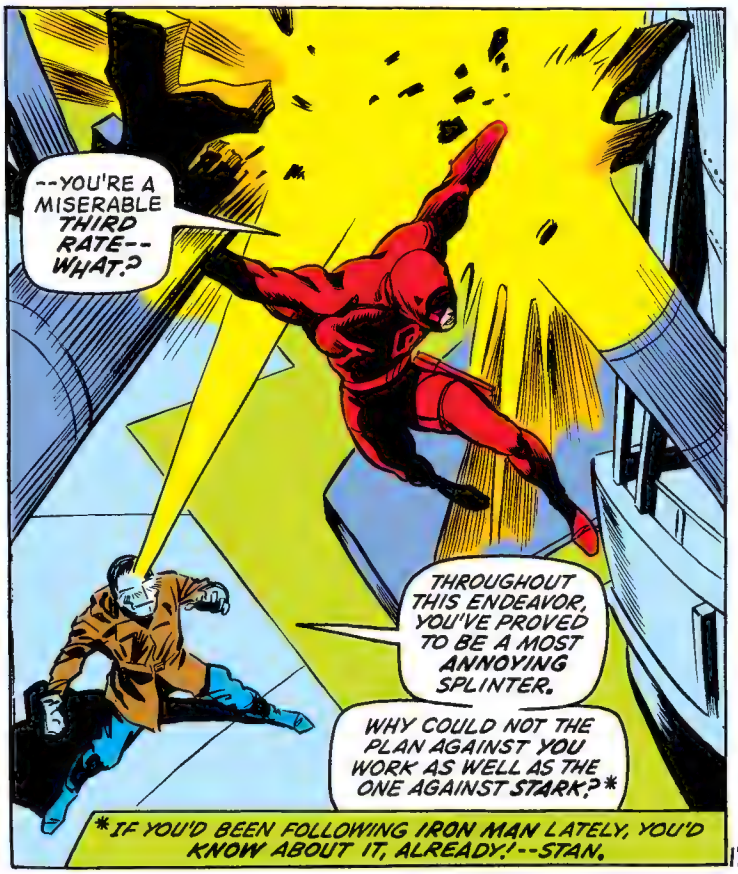
I FEEL LIKE I'VE BEEN TRAPPED IN A FILM BY STANLEY KUBRICK!
STILL--MAYBE I'VE GOT A BIT MORE ENDURANCE THAN YOU CREDITED ME WITH, BRIGHT EYES--
--SO, C'MON-- ATTACK!

ONCE MORE, I SEE MY MISTAKE. LIVING HUMANS MAY NOT BE ANTICIPATED--
--IT'S WHY I DESERTED MY PAWN, THE OWL-- IN FAVOR OF ANDROID REPLICAS!
AND IT'S ALSO WHY--

*ISSUE #81 AND 82, NATCH--


LIKE YOU SAID, TIN-FACE...IT'S MIGHTY HARD TO ANTICIPATE US HUMANS--
--ESPECIALLY WHEN ONE OF THEM'S IN TRIM ACROBATIC FORM--
--AND CAN DODGE YOUR EYE-BLASTS --LIKE THIS!
YOUR FLIGHT IS USELESS! BAAL IS SUPREME--
--AND THE ASSASSIN IS BAAL'S SOLE AND PERFECT AGENT!

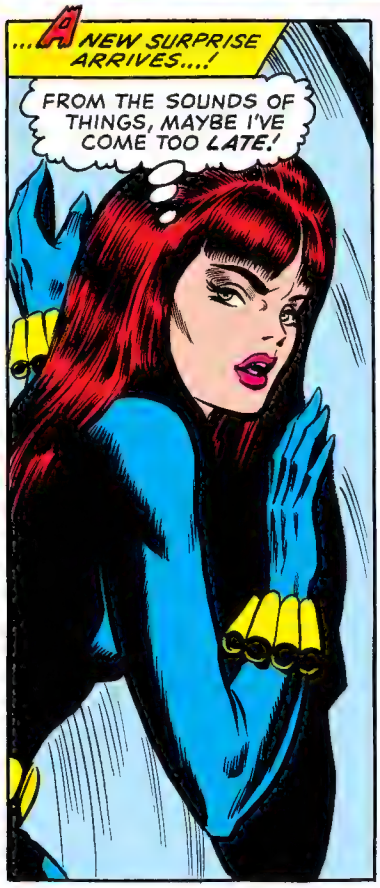
WELL, THEN, MAYBE YOUR BOSS HAD BETTER RETHINK HIS ASSEMBLY LINE, SUGAR-MOUTH--
--'CAUSE FRANKLY AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED--


--YOU'RE A MISERABLE THIRD RATE-- WHAT?
THROUGHOUT THIS ENDEAVOR, YOU'VE PROVED TO BE A MOST ANNOYING SPLINTER.
WHY COULD NOT THE PLAN AGAINST YOU WORK AS WELL AS THE ONE AGAINST STARK?*
*IF YOU'D BEEN FOLLOWING IRON MAN LATELY, YOU'D KNOW ABOUT IT, ALREADY!--STAN.

AHH...YOUR MOCKERY HAS ENDED. PERHAPS NOW YOU'VE BECOME AWARE OF THE FUTILITY OF ESCAPE.
WELL ENOUGH-- I SHALL MAKE THE ENDING SWIFT, AND AS PAINLESS AS POSSIBLE!
WRONG, SILVER TOES...
...I HAVEN'T QUIT. IF ANYTHING, I'VE COME TO THE END OF MY PATIENCE.
YOU TELL ME I'VE BEEN USED THESE PAST FEW WEEKS--
--AND FRANKLY, FRIEND-- I DON'T LIKE IT!
SO RIGHT NOW--
--I'VE DECIDED TO GET MY OWN LICKS IN--
--ONCE--
--AND FOR ALL!
18

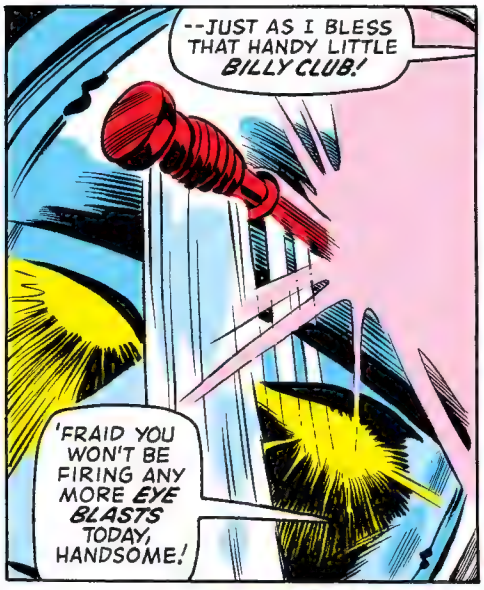
NO! IT'S NOT POSSIBLE!
I AM THE ASSASSIN--
-CHZZZZZZ!-
THAK
MAYBE SO, SKULL-CAP--

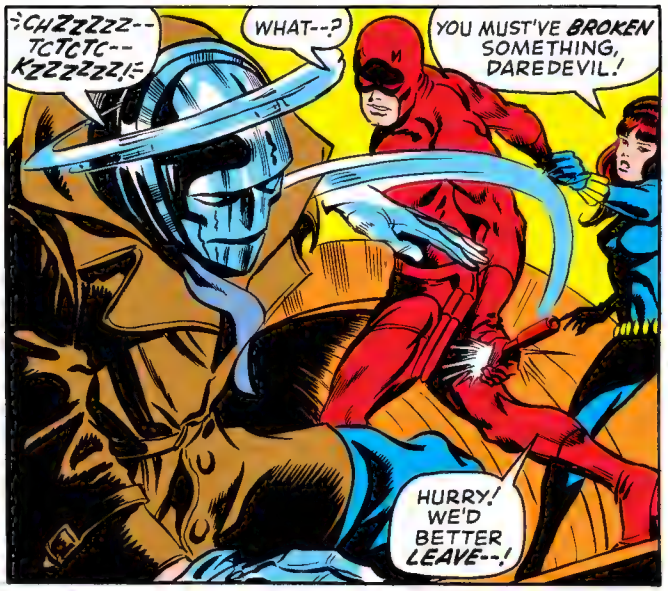
KLLZZZZZZZ!
--BUT UNFORTUNATELY, THAT JUST DOESN'T CUT IT ANYMORE--!
AND, AS THE STUNNED ASSASSIN SLUMPS BACKWARD INTO A BANK OF DELICATE MACHINERY...

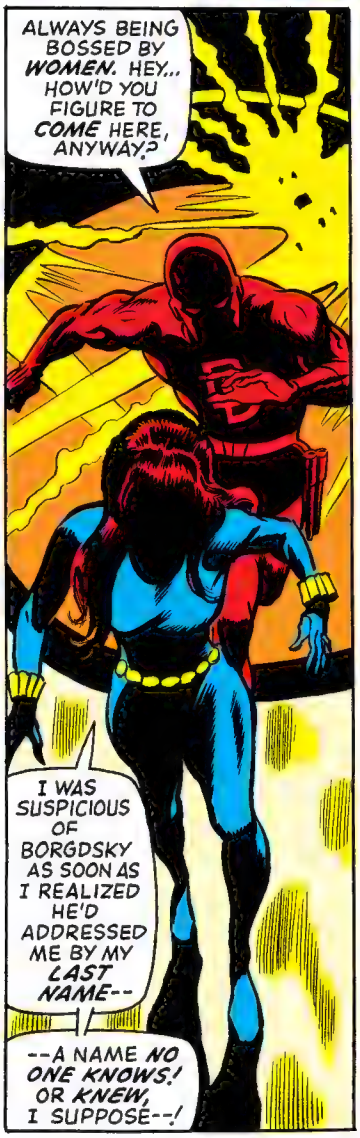

...A NEW SURPRISE ARRIVES...!
FROM THE SOUNDS OF THINGS, MAYBE I'VE COME TOO LATE!

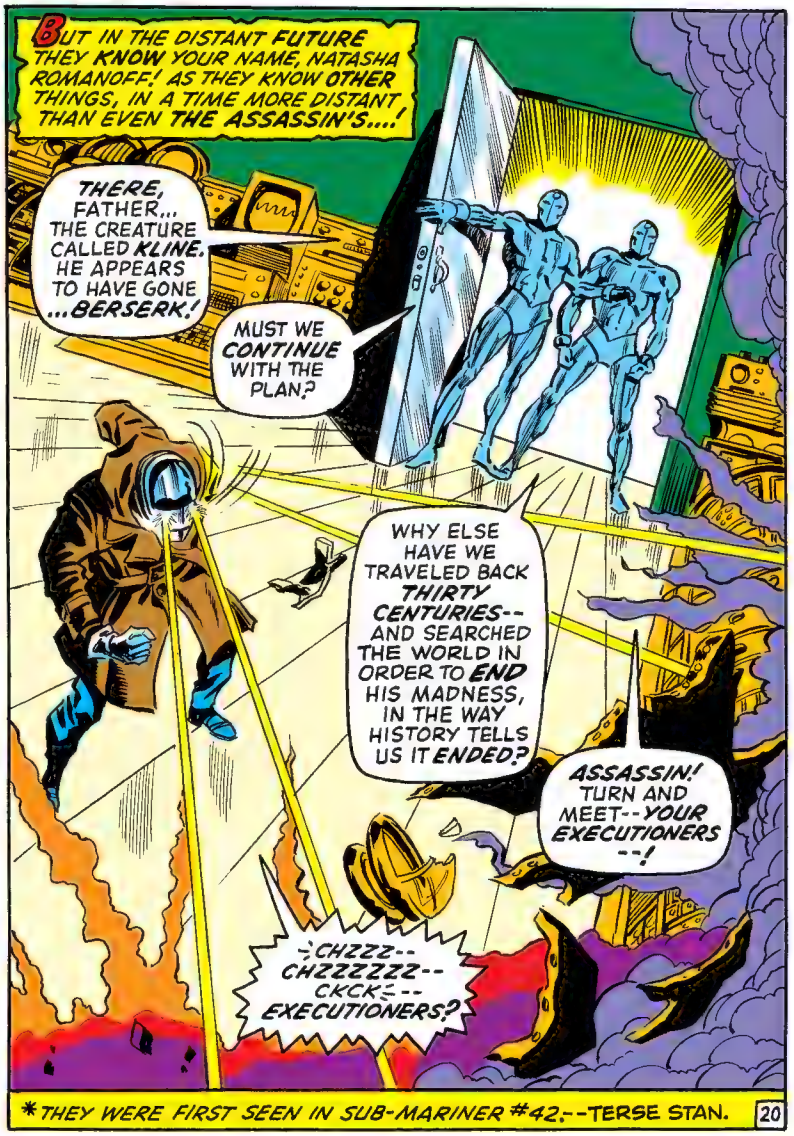
I KNEW IT! YOU STARTED THE PARTY WITHOUT ME, DAREDEVIL!
BLACK WIDOW! YOU... HERE?
DON'T STARE SO, FRIEND-- I'VE ONLY JUST ARRIVED!
WHAT'S GOING O--

NO TIME TO TELL HER ANYTHING--
RADAR SENSES, I BLESS YOU--!






ALWAYS BEING BOSSED BY WOMEN. HEY... HOW'D YOU FIGURE TO COME HERE, ANYWAY?
I WAS SUSPICIOUS OF BORGDSKY AS SOON AS I REALIZED HE'D ADDRESSED ME BY MY LAST NAME--
--A NAME NO ONE KNOWS! OR KNEW, I SUPPOSE--!


BUT IN THE DISTANT FUTURE THEY KNOW YOUR NAME, NATASHA ROMANOFF! AS THEY KNOW OTHER THINGS, IN A TIME MORE DISTANT THAN EVEN THE ASSASSIN'S....!
THERE, FATHER... THE CREATURE CALLED KLINE. HE APPEARS TO HAVE GONE ...BERSERK!
MUST WE CONTINUE WITH THE PLAN?
WHY ELSE HAVE WE TRAVELED BACK THIRTY CENTURIES-- AND SEARCHED THE WORLD IN ORDER TO END HIS MADNESS, IN THE WAY HISTORY TELLS US IT ENDED?
ASSASSIN! TURN AND MEET--YOUR EXECUTIONERS --!
-CHZZZ-- CHZZZZZZ-- CKCK-- EXECUTIONERS?

*THEY WERE FIRST SEEN IN SUB-MARINER #42.--TERSE STAN.

AYE! WE ARE FROM A TIME BEYOND YOURS--
--A TIME AFTER THE EXPLOSIVE DEATH OF BAAL!
WE...ARE THE NEW PEOPLE...
...THE FINAL SONS OF MAN!
-BZZZZ-- CLKCLKCK-- NOOOO-- CHZZZZZZZZZZ
AND SO... IT ENDS!
"FATHER, MAY WE NOW RETURN TO OUR DISTANT TIME? NOW THAT THE FOUL DEED... IS DONE?"
"IN A MOMENT. THERE ARE THOSE WHOSE UNKNOWING HELP WAS CRUCIAL, WHO NOW MUST BE SAVED...FOR THEIRS IS A FAR GREATER DESTINY THAN DEATH...!"
AND, ON A DISTANT MOUNTAINSIDE, TWO COSTUMED FIGURES MATERIALIZE, SPIRITED AWAY FROM THE DESTROYING AVALANCHE...!
DAREDEVIL, WHAT HAPPENED? ONE MOMENT WE WERE ALMOST CAUGHT--
--AND NOW WE'RE SAFE. I KNOW, 'TASHA.
JUST AS YOU MUST KNOW I'M REALLY MATT MURDOCK!
AND HOW COULD SHE NOT?
ACCEPT YOUR ENTWINED FATES, MY FRIENDS--
--LIVE, AND ENJOY THE LIFE--
--THAT HAS BEEN RETURNED TO YOU!
AND THE METALLIC FIGURES VANISH, LEAVING TWO CONFUSED HUMANS ON THE SNOW BELOW...
...LEAVING ALSO...
...THE END!

Cover from *Daredevil Annual* #3, January 1972
(reprinting *Daredevil* #16-17)

Shot before final edits and approvals, these "record negative" photostats from *Amazing Adventures* #5 feature Gene Colan & Bill Everett's unrevised art. The steamy scene likely had to be toned down to meet Comics Code standards. Editorial notes on page 3, panel 4 read "Have towel extend to here as shown." and "Could art be extended so it's to the back of her hip that's shown." and on page 4, panel 1, "She looks too girdled & pinched-in -- not so hour-glassy!"

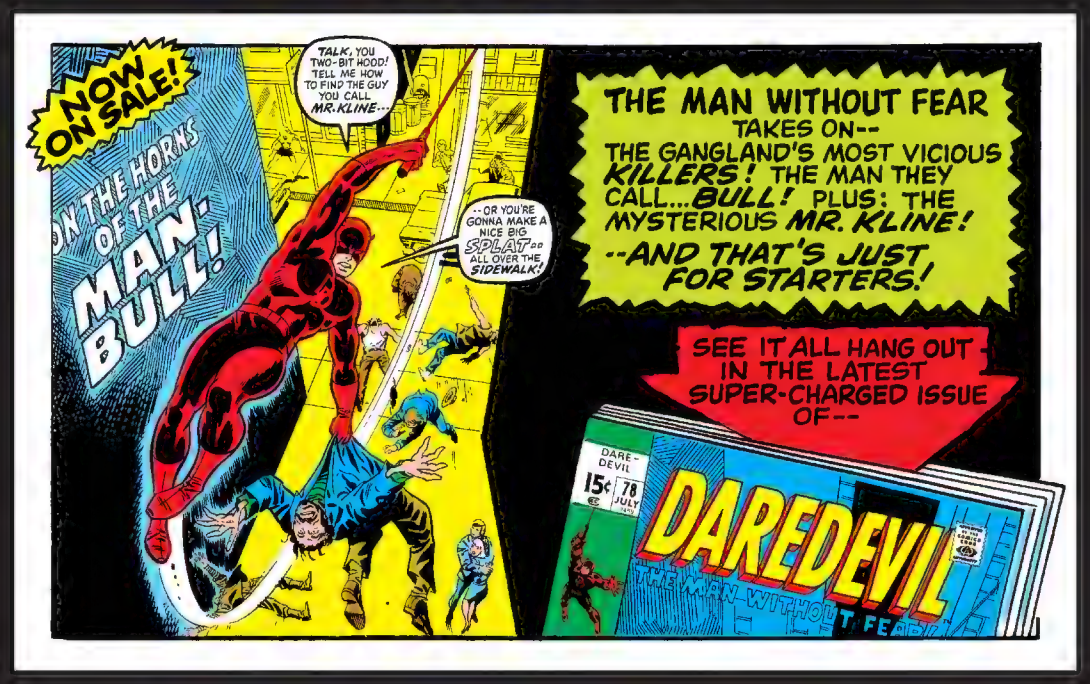
18
ONLY THE VERY RICH AND THE VERY POOR CAN AFFORD TO LIVE IN MANHATTAN. THE FAT CATS RENT SPACE IN CASTLES LIKE THIS ONE...22 STORIES, BRASS-BUTTON DOORMAN, THE WORKS...
BUT, THE TOP FLOOR OF THE MAMMON TOWERS IS THE DOMAIN OF SOMEONE UNIQUE EVEN IN THIS OVERPRICED BEEHIVE...
BZZZBZZZ
THAT WOULD BE, IVAN-- NATURALLY.
Mammon Towers
COLOR — B1 & B2
I READ YOU, IVAN--ON MY ONE-WAY WRIST RADIO.
WHAT IS IT THIS TIME-- A FLAT TIRE, OR A WILLOWY BLONDE?
YOU ARE UNDULY SUSPICIOUS, MY LITTLE TSARINA.
KIK
AND HERE I AM, BRINGING YOU SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR THE HOLIDAYS--A SPARKLING CASE OF CHAMPAGNE, VINTAGE '52.
ALL RIGHT, OLD FRIEND... I GET THE MESSAGE.
I'LL BE READY WHEN YOU GET HERE.
OVER AND OUT.
3

19
A "CASE OF CHAMPAGNE, VINTAGE '52... THAT'S IVAN'S WAY OF SAYING HE'S BRINGING ME A...CLIENT...
...A TEENAGER... MALE...AND IN TROUBLE!
I'D BETTER GET SUITED UP FOR ACTION, JUST IN CASE.
"STILL, I WONDER WHAT KIND OF TROUBLE A TEENAGE BOY COULD GET INTO...ON CHRISTMAS EVE...?"
LOOK, OLD-TIMER... I'VE BEEN A GOOD BOY...HAVEN'T TRIED TO KILL MYSELF FOR THE LAST FEW BLOCKS...
SO HOW ABOUT FILLIN' IN SOME OF THE BLANK SPACES ABOUT THIS BOSS-LADY OF YOURS?
OR DID A COUPLE OF LINES IN LOCAL PAPERS TELL ALL THERE IS TO KNOW?
NO ONE KNOWS ALL THERE IS TO KNOW ABOUT THE BLACK WIDOW, KID--
NO ONE BUT IVAN--
--AND MAYBE NOT EVEN IVAN.
NOW, WHY DON'T YOU JUST COME ALONG QUIETLY?
YOU MEAN I GOT A CHOICE?
WEIRD SCENE! I MEAN, A ROLLS--A RUSSIAN CHAUFFEUR WHO TALKS LIKE A REFUGEE FROM AN OLD BOGART FLICK--
AND NOW, A LOCKED, PRIVATE ELEVATOR--
--GOIN' TO NOWHERE EXCEPT THE 22ND FLOOR!
I'LL CRY TOMORROW.
NOW SHADDUP!
YOU'RE VIOLATIN' MY RIGHTS, TOO. YOU KNOW THAT, DON'TCHA?
4

Amazing Adventures #1 house ad
(from July 1970 titles)

AT LAST!
THE INHUMANS ARE COMING!
--- IN THE SENSES-SHATTERING PAGES OF ---
AMAZING ADVENTURES..
MARVEL'S NEWEST, NIFTIEST MAG!
PLUS:
ALL-NEW, OFF-BEAT ACTION, WITH THE MOST SENSATIONAL SWINGER OF THEM ALL---
BLACK WIDOW!
ART AND STORY BY: KIRBY, BUSCEMA, AND FRIEDRICH!
ON SALE NOW!

Daredevil #78 house ad
(from March 1971 titles)


NOW ON SALE!
ON THE HORNS OF THE MAN-BULL!
TALK, YOU TWO-BIT HOOD! TELL ME HOW TO FIND THE GUY YOU CALL MR. KLINE...
-- OR YOU'RE GONNA MAKE A NICE BIG SPLAT... ALL OVER THE SIDEWALK!
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR TAKES ON-- THE GANGLAND'S MOST VICIOUS KILLERS! THE MAN THEY CALL...BULL! PLUS: THE MYSTERIOUS MR. KLINE!
--AND THAT'S JUST FOR STARTERS!
SEE IT ALL HANG OUT IN THE LATEST SUPER-CHARGED ISSUE OF--
DARE-DEVIL 15¢ 78 JULY
DAREDEVIL
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR

BIOGRAPHIES

GERRY CONWAY

In 1969, 16-year-old Gerry Conway was shopping short stories to DC and Marvel for their horror anthology books. By 1976, Conway had worked his way up to Marvel's editor in chief. In between, he logged highlight after highlight as writer for both companies.

After establishing a pedigree with horror short stories, Conway quickly became the regular writer of *Daredevil*, *Sub-Mariner* and *Iron Man*. He also began runs on *The Amazing Spider-Man* and *Thor*, picking up both titles from none other than Stan Lee. He scripted both for nearly 50 issues, writing controversial and classic tales including "The Death of Gwen Stacy," the first appearance of the Punisher, and the introduction of Harry Osborn as the Green Goblin. Cueing off his early interest in horror stories, Conway took advantage of Marvel's burgeoning line of horror comics, launching *Werewolf By Night* and *Man-Thing*, as well as writing the first issue of *Tomb of Dracula*.

In 1976, he was handed the top job at Marvel before transitioning to DC Comics. One of his first big assignments was writing the script for one of the first inter-company crossovers, *Superman vs. The Amazing Spider-Man*. Shortly thereafter, he began a long tenure on prime DC titles like *Superboy & The Legion of Super-Heroes*, *World's Finest* and *Wonder Woman*. He also introduced Firestorm with Al Milgrom in 1978, scribing all five issues of the short-lived '70s incarnation.

As the '80s dawned, he started a long run writing both key Batman titles, *Detective Comics* and *Batman*, and continued his run on *Justice League of America*, a stint that began in earnest in 1978 and would end with the dismantling of the infamous JLA Detroit in 1986. During this era, he also revived Firestorm with artist Pat Broderick; this time the title found traction and Conway wrote the first 53 issues. A return to Marvel in the late '80s saw Conway tackling two of the three Spider-Man titles: *The Spectacular Spider-Man* and *Web of Spider-Man*.

During this period, Conway was asserting himself as a writer in film and television. His early '80s screenplay collaborations with Roy Thomas resulted in the animated film *Fire and Ice* and barbarian sequel *Conan the Destroyer*. By the late '80s, his opportunities in television writing had expanded, and he left comics to pursue writing and producing for *Matlock*, *Father Dowling Mysteries*, *Diagnosis: Murder* and *Law & Order*.

Today, Conway continues writing and producing for television and has recently returned to script the occasional comic. He resides in California with his wife and their daughter.

GENE COLAN

Gene "The Dean" Colan spent his life as a comics artist perfecting a unique style that relied on realistic figure drawing and moody shadows. At a time when the norm lent itself to more abstract cartooning, Colan helped broaden the aesthetic range of what comics could look like.

Born in Brooklyn in 1926, Colan always had an interest in drawing, and he took up studies at the Art Students League of New York. Colan served his country during World War II in the Philippines, and though this delayed his art career, it eventually paid off with a solid acumen at drawing realistic scenes of warfare for DC Comics (*Our Army at War*, *All-American Men at War*) and the Atlas/Marvel titles (*Battle*, *Marines in Battle*, *Navy Combat*). Over the next 15 years, Colan would continue to work on war, romance, horror and sci-fi comics, as well as licensed titles like *Hopalong Cassidy*.

But when the super-hero genre broke wide open again in the '60s, Colan was ready to take it on with gusto. Under the pseudonym Adam Austin, he first drew Marvel Comics super heroes, including Namor, the Sub-Mariner in *Tales to Astonish* and Iron Man in *Tales of Suspense*. Colan then moved on to a celebrated run on *Doctor Strange* with Roy Thomas, and a stint on *Captain America*, but the Marvel character he is most often associated with is Daredevil. Colan's *Daredevil* pages were steeped in fluid, athletic grace for nearly every issue across an 80-issue run leading to #100. He also drew a handful of issues right before Frank Miller would come on board, Miller's *Daredevil* naturally owing a great debt to the already established visual precepts of the Colan era.

During the rest of the '70s, Colan displayed the diversity of his talents drawing the satirical *Howard the Duck* and the horror series *Tomb of Dracula*. The latter was drenched in the mysterious and shadowy style that Colan had evolved over the years, which reached its zenith in the service of Marvel's version of Count Dracula. He drew the entire 70-issue run.

Colan worked steadily into the '80s, once again drawing *Doctor Strange* for Marvel and also doing work for DC, including *Phantom Force*, *Silver Blade* and an extended run drawing Batman. In 2005, Colan was ushered into the Will Eisner Hall of Fame, earning well-deserved acclaim for his life's work. In 2009, Colan returned to the pages of *Captain America* to draw a World War II-based epic that would win the 2010 Eisner Award for Best Single Issue. It would prove to be his last major work in comics, as he passed away in 2011 at the age of 84.

JOHN BUSCEMA

Though primarily known for his long tenure as one of Marvel Comics' most prolific pencilers, John Buscema began his celebrated career at the age of 21 with Timely Comics. After Timely closed its in-house Bullpen, Buscema pursued comics work for a time before he left comics altogether for advertising in 1958.

When he returned to comics, however, he did so with a vengeance. Stan Lee recruited him away from advertising and quickly ensconced him into the upper ranks of Marvel artists. Picking up where *Avengers* mainstay Don Heck left off, "Big John" began what would be one of the title's definitive artistic runs. The much-anticipated *Silver Surfer* series was launched with Buscema at the helm, and top-tier books like *Fantastic Four* and *Thor* were entrusted to his care after Jack Kirby left Marvel for DC Comics.

Buscema's bold, muscular artwork commanded the comic-

book page with realistic figurework that represented the next evolutionary step in post-Kirby Marvel Comics style. The respect accorded him within Marvel as an artist's artist was of such renown that he literally wrote the book on drawing, composing *How To Draw Comics the Marvel Way* with Stan Lee, the classic "how to" book in comic-book illustration.

He worked from the '70s through the '90s on nearly every title in the Marvel stable, including his personal favorite, *Conan the Barbarian*, with Roy Thomas. He retired in 1996, but returned every now and then to the comics scene until he passed away after a battle with cancer in 2002, the same year he was inducted into the Eisner Hall of Fame.

GARY FRIEDRICH

The early days of Gary Friedrich's life as a comics writer have a similar arc to that of teenage pal Roy Thomas. The pair befriended each other in their high school days and established a bond through their love of comics. After Thomas made the trip to New York City and started his comics career in earnest, he made it clear to his pal in Missouri that there might be a job in the field for him. Friedrich scored his first work from Dick Giordano, writing various Charlton comics including *Blue Beetle* stories drawn by none other than Steve Ditko.

At the same time, he picked up work at Marvel, his first effort being the Western *Ghost Rider* with Dick Ayers and Roy Thomas. Other contributions during this time included other Westerns like *Rawhide Kid* and *Two-Gun Kid*, as well as war titles like *Captain Savage* and *Sgt. Fury*, wherein he started a four-year run that saw him cautiously but profoundly merge a sense of social commentary and allegory into the long-running series. Beyond his work on these titles, Friedrich contributed to titles that were in transition between regular writers, including *X-Men*, *Incredible Hulk* and *Captain Marvel*.

The early '70s saw Friedrich helm Marvel's latest new war title, *Combat Kelly*, but his most significant contribution of the era was taking place in the pages of the showcase title *Marvel Spotlight*. Friedrich, along with Roy Thomas and artist Mike Ploog, introduced the flaming-skulled, chopper-riding Johnny Blaze. He wrote the first dozen stories featuring the iconic character and in the meantime wrote a faithful adaptation of Mary Shelley's classic novel in *Monster of Frankenstein*. These were to be his last major contributions to Marvel.

After a stint with the short-lived Atlas/Seaboard company in the mid-'70s and then a brief run writing *Captain Britain* stories for Marvel UK, Gary left the comics scene, though he is still a featured guest at comic conventions.

MIMI GOLD

Mimi Gold's career as a writer in comics was very short but worthy of recognition as one of Marvel's first female super hero scribes. She was a recent graduate of NYU's Tisch School of the Arts, where she studied genre film and production under graduate assistant Martin Scorsese, when a comic-loving classmate encouraged her to go on a blind date with artist Jim Steranko. It was on a date to ComiCon in the summer of '69 that Steranko introduced her to Stan Lee. Stan was desperately in need of a secretary, and within a couple of days, Mimi was ensconced behind a desk in Marvel's Bullpen. It wasn't long before the writer in her sought an outlet. A series of stories bearing her name saw print over the next two years beginning with horror stories in *Chamber of Chills* #6, *Where Monsters Dwell* #15 and *Fear* #9, and super hero scripts on the Black Widow (*Amazing Adventures* #4) and *Iron Man* #29. Aside from her administrative duties, she also colored many books including *The Incredible Hulk*, *Captain America*, *Daredevil* and *Iron Man* as well as many of the first 13 issues of *Conan the Barbarian*. Lured by the promise of slightly higher salary, she left Marvel for the production department of DC in 1972 and quickly moved to assistant editor on romance titles and *Lois Lane*. Almost a year later, she left the comics business, editing for McGraw-Hill and other publishing companies before starting a long career in travel and tourism public relations. Mimi—now going by her married name Maddy Cohen—is currently involved in a start-up film production company.

DON HECK

A native New Yorker and artist's artist, Don Heck began his comics career at Harvey Comics in 1949, but it was his dramatic covers for the Comic Media horror and war titles of the early '50s that got the attention of Stan Lee. Heck's future employer at Atlas/Marvel was engrossed by his stark images of battle-worn war heroes, creepy shrunken heads, gunshot victims, vampires and bristling cowboy action. In 1954 when Stan was searching through the list of free agent artists to hire for Atlas, Heck was extended an immediate offer.

Don attacked his Atlas assignments with aplomb, turning in page after page of work across all genres, including science fiction, jungle adventure, Westerns and romance. In fact, it was while toiling as a romance artist that Heck's reputation for stunning renderings of female beauty took hold.

Heck's most lasting contributions to the field came after the 1957 Atlas implosion. First as a member of the select cadre of artists Stan Lee brought back in 1958, and later as the artist who first defined Iron Man in the pages of *Tales of Suspense* #39, Heck's talents added a debonair flash to the Marvel line. He also earned renown for introducing the Black Widow and Hawkeye in *Tales of Suspense* #52 and #57 respectively and for his long tenure as artist on *The Avengers* with writers Stan Lee and Roy Thomas.

Heck worked throughout the '70s on titles including *The Flash*, *Justice League of America*, *Dial H for Hero* and Batgirl in *Detective Comics* and then intermittently through the early '90s for both Marvel and DC Comics. He passed away from lung cancer in 1995 at the age of 66.

ROY THOMAS

Along with fellow fan Jerry Bails, Roy Thomas developed the first known organized comic fandom in the pages of *Alter Ego*, a self-published fanzine. Leaving his teaching position in 1965, Roy took his deep knowledge of comics characters and their history and moved to New York City, accepting a job under DC Comics editor Mort Weisinger. His stay lasted little over a week before he opted for a position at Marvel, where under Stan Lee, his duties quickly matured from proofreading to more serious work as an editorial assistant and writer.

Titles as disparate as *Modeling With Millie*, *Kid Colt* and *Sgt. Fury* were written under his auspices before he was able to fulfill his desire to write super-hero stories on Iron Man in *Tales of Suspense* #73 and a pair of Dr. Strange stories for *Strange Tales*.

Stan must have liked what he was reading, because after this seeming trial period, Roy "The Boy" (as he was called in credits) was given both *Sgt. Fury* and *The X-Men*. Along with artist Werner Roth, Thomas took the X-Men on adventures around the world and told the characters' pre-X-Men origins. In addition to introducing Banshee, Sunfire and Havok, Thomas' X-Men credits also include his watershed collaboration with artist Neal Adams.

Proving his mettle on *X-Men* led him to *The Avengers*, and it was with this team that Roy really started crafting his legacy. Across 70 consecutive issues of Earth's Mightiest Heroes, he became perhaps the title's definitive writer, introducing characters such as the Vision and penning classic sagas including the "Kree/Skrull War." Before the '60s ended, Thomas chalked up noteworthy runs as writer of *Doctor Strange*, *Sub-Mariner*, *Captain Marvel* and more.

In the '70s, Thomas' influence at Marvel widened to include the first adaptation of Robert E. Howard's *Conan the Barbarian,* a reinvention of Adam Warlock, and a new super-team, The Defenders. By 1972 Roy was selected to succeed Stan Lee as editor in chief. His tenure as EIC lasted for over two years before he returned to his writer/editor role on *Fantastic Four*, *Thor*, *Savage Sword of Conan*, *What If...?* and *The Invaders*.

In 1980, he left the House of Ideas for DC to pursue a lifelong dream by reviving the Justice Society of America in the pages of *All-Star Squadron*. He wrote many more comics for DC and Marvel over the next two decades and is still active today, writing comics, historical studies, adaptations of classic novels and publishing his award-winning *Alter Ego*. Thomas' career contributions were acknowledged with his induction into the Eisner Hall of Fame's 2011 class. He lives in South Carolina with his wife and collaborator, Dann, and an amazing menagerie of animals that must make the neighbors nervous.

ALAN WEISS

Artist Alan Weiss joined creative peers like Jim Starlin, Steve Englehart and Steve Gerber as part of a 1970s' vanguard of creators who pushed mainstream comics in progressive directions. Weiss established himself with Western and horror stories for DC and broke in at Marvel on an issue of *Daredevil* with Barry Windsor-Smith. As the decade went on, he penciled, inked and sometimes wrote a variety of titles for the company, including *Sub-Mariner*, *Deadly Hands of Kung Fu* and *Avengers*. His work gained a new profile with his contributions to two *Marvel Comics Super Special* issues featuring the rock band KISS. In the '80s, Weiss wrote and drew his *Steelgrip Starkey* for Marvel's Epic line, and in 1994 launched *War Dancer* for Jim Shooter's Defiant Comics. His most recent work in comics was on "Young Tom Strong" in Alan Moore's *Tom Strong's Terrific Tales*. Weiss continues to appear at conventions and draw commissioned work for fans.

BARRY WINDSOR-SMITH

A brash newcomer to the American comics scene in the late '60s, London-born Barry Windsor-Smith rose from drawing his first American comics work on a New York City park bench to become one of the medium's most influential artists, driving his passion for pre-Raphaelite naturalism and Art Nouveau design into mainstream comics.

Influenced from an early age by artists like Jack Kirby and Gil Kane, Windsor-Smith made it a goal to one day work for Marvel Comics. His first professional forays produced artwork for *X-Men*, *Daredevil* and *Nick Fury, Agent of S.H.I.E.L.D.*, all of which revealed a young man ardently working to define his own voice while mastering the lessons of his artistic forebears.

He first stepped out in a big way on *Conan the Barbarian,* Marvel's adaptation of Robert E. Howard's sword and sorcery character. It was here that Windsor-Smith developed a stunningly fresh approach to comic-art draftsmanship, holding on to Kirby's dynamic energy but pouring an increasing amount of time into detailed, lyrical figure drawing. As his skills developed, it became clear that Windsor-Smith's work on *Conan* was a clarion call for comic artists who wanted to take a more refined approach to their illustration.

In addition to making Conan into a bona fide hit, Windsor-Smith also turned in memorable work on *Avengers*, Doctor Strange in *Marvel Premiere* and Ka-Zar in *Astonishing Tales*, after which he started Gorblimey Press, his own studio that produced original prints and stories entirely of his own making, a concern that is still ongoing today.

A return to Marvel in 1984 produced a handful of projects that made a huge impression: a Machine Man limited series; the groundbreaking excursion into Wolverine's origin, "Weapon X"; "Lifedeath," a pair of timeless Storm stories told in *Uncanny X-Men*, and a myriad of classic covers, including several for *Conan Saga.*

In 1991, Windsor-Smith took on the role of creative director for Valiant Comics, an upstart company formed by former Marvel editor in chief Jim Shooter. The Valiant line, including Windsor-Smith's *Archer and Armstrong*, *Solar: Man of the Atom* and *Unity*, was a big hit in part to Windsor-Smith's masterful work. His most recent regular work was in Malibu Comics' *Rune*, Dark Horse's *BWS: Storyteller* anthology and his series of autobiographical art books, *Opus*. His accomplishments within the field were recognized by the Eisner Hall of Fame in 2008.

Biographies researched and written by John Rhett Thomas

THE MARVEL MASTERWORKS LIBRARY

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THE MARVEL AGE

It was August 1961 and change was hitting the newsstands. *Fantastic Four* #1 did not feature the squeaky-clean heroes of yesteryear. These were real characters placed in extraordinary circumstances. They lived together, they fought among themselves—and sometimes, they even lost to the bad guys. This was more than a change in attitude: It was the beginning of something entirely different—the Marvel Age of Comics!

Thanks to the fertile imaginations of Stan Lee, Jack Kirby, Steve Ditko and others, an unending list of heroes followed the FF with ever-increasing acclaim and popularity: the Amazing Spider-Man, the Mighty Thor, the Incredible Hulk, Daredevil, Iron Man and the X-Men, to name but a few. These were the Marvel heroes, born of conflict and a continuous struggle to balance human lives with superhuman responsibilities.

The *Marvel Masterworks* series was created to give comic-book readers everywhere the chance to experience the greatest comics the world has known as they were originally presented.

THE GOLDEN AGE

As the Great Depression wore on and the specter of war hung over the heads of all Americans, a new entertaining escape from the newspapers' horrifying realities was born: the comic book. Within their four-color pages, larger-than-life super heroes could make short work of America's foes, giving readers of all ages hope for victory against the real-life enemies that faced the United States.

At the forefront of this new medium was Timely Comics, a young company staffed by such legendary talents as Carl Burgos, Bill Everett, Joe Simon, Jack Kirby and Stan Lee. These skilled writers and artists created a vast array of characters that would give rise to the Marvel Universe!

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GOLDEN AGE CAPTAIN AMERICA VOLS. 1-6
GOLDEN AGE DARING MYSTERY VOLS. 1-2
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GOLDEN AGE MYSTIC COMICS VOL. 1
GOLDEN AGE SUB-MARINER VOLS. 1-3
GOLDEN AGE U.S.A. COMICS VOLS. 1-2
GOLDEN AGE YOUNG ALLIES VOLS. 1-2

THE ATLAS ERA

Seeing super heroes waning, Timely Comics evolved into Atlas Comics and took on a vast new range of genres: science-fiction tales of outer space adventures and unimaginable monsters; realistic war comics; buxom jungle heroines; horror comics that would become the center of a moral panic that rocked the industry; and romance comics for the emerging teen audience. Even the classic costumed heroes of the '40s retooled to take on the threat of Communism. From Western gunfighters to crime to horror, Atlas had it all!

ATLAS ERA BATTLEFIELD VOL. 1
ATLAS ERA BLACK KNIGHT/YELLOW CLAW VOL. 1
ATLAS ERA HEROES VOLS. 1-3
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THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
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THEN I LEAVE ME FREE—TO TOTAL YOU!
THREE-IN-ONE TRIUMPH FOR MAGNIFICENT MARVELS!
GREAT STARRING THE SUB-MARINER AND YOUR FAVORITE NEIGHBORHOOD HERO SPIDER-MAN!

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